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LONDON AND WESTMINSTER:

City and Suburb.

STRANGE EVENTS, CHARACTERISTICS, AND CHANGES, OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.

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By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF "A CENTURY OF ANECDOTE," "CLUB-LIFE OF LONDON," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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TO THE READER.

How different a place London is to different people may, it is hoped, be gathered from these two volumes of records of its chequered life, roving in subject from the age of its early civilisation to our own times. The changeful life of a great city may not inaptly be compared to those countless forms which are presented to us by the turns of that wonderful toy of science, the kaleidoscope. Every phase of human action may be studied by the thoughtful visitor to our vast metropolis as well as by its indweller; whether he takes his stand at that "full-tide of human affairs," Charing-cross, or in the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral; in the broad course of Regent-street, or in the narrow gorge of the Poultry, through which rushes a stream of busy life unmatched in the world's existence—

> "Where, with like haste, through several ways they run,
> Some to undo, and some to be undone."

By casting our net in Court and City, we have taken a draught of "the peculiar ways of life and

conversation," their respective customs, manners, and interests, and thus insured variety. By glancing at London at various periods, we obtain a sort of moral topography of the City, and in these retrospective gleanings sometimes pick up incidents of the past which had been overlooked in the grand scramble of the present. To show how London was victualled in the Plantagenet times may not be unprofitable to those who have their being in the Victorian era. And to trace the ladder of life in the golden fortunes of London's Lord Mayors—from the Norman magnate who chopped off the head of a noisy rogue whom he was otherwise unable to reduce to silence—may convey many a useful lesson in contrast with the milder measures of the Mayors of our time, who are soundly rated for riding in a "gingerbread coach," though it is painted with moral lessons as thickly as the engravings in an illustrated chronicle of our time. There is, too, in each round of this civic ladder that sort of teaching by example which, in the phrase of our day, is the most profitable kind of "self-help."

In contrast with these bright pictures, we have here some of the darker scenes of the great Town, in the lives of its dangerous classes—as in Tuttle-fields of other days; the Trials by Battle; the "Heavy Hill," and Hangings; the Rogueries of old Clerkenwell, and its loose population, and

nesting-places of cruelty and crime; in barbarous punishment; and that

" most celebrated place,
Where angry Justice shows her awful face."

We miss the "Golden Globe, the gilded pill,"—would that all were blank "before the Debtors' door"!

How many public buildings of our metropolis are landmarks in its history,—as Guildhall and Crosby-place; St. James's Palace and old Savile House; Temple Bar and our Inns of Court; to say nothing of the historic Inns of Southwark; and the abodes of many persons of note, swept away for the site of a new Palace of Justice! And here we may notice that of the clearances for the great metropolitan improvements now in progress, especial note is taken in these volumes, so as to invest the localities with an interest beyond that of the dry bones of history.

Meanwhile, topics of lighter anecdotic variety have not been overlooked in these volumes, so as to make them cared for beyond the moment, more especially if the reader who is thoughtful in thoroughfares turns his philosophy to such account as did the graceful and polished Bishop Berkeley.

"When I walk the streets," said Berkeley, "I use the following natural maxim (viz. that he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he

that owns it without the enjoyment of it), to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary, pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look upon the beaux and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or a library, that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things; let them who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; and with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others."

Fine philosophy this wherewith to walk through London, and to enjoy the Sights and Shows of our province covered with houses!

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
LORD MAYORS AND MEMORABLE MAYORALTIES	1
THE LORD MAYOR AT THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA	68
THE LORD MAYOR'S STATE-COACH	74
CIVIC CURIOSITIES	77
SWAN-UPPING ON THE THAMES	79
MEMORIALS OF THE DANES IN LONDON	84
VICTUALLING PLANTAGENET LONDON	86
LONDON IN THE THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES	91
LONDON IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH	102
LONDON IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.	119
THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON	124
HISTORIC INNS OF SOUTHWARK	129
TOTHILL-FIELDS IN FORMER DAYS	142
SAVILE HOUSE AND LEICESTER-SQUARE	154
CELEBRATED RESIDENTS ON THE NEW COURTS-OF-JUSTICE SITE	172
INNS-OF-COURT DINNERS	183
LIVING IN CHAMBERS	189
COWPER IN THE TEMPLE	227
"THE FLOCK OF SLAUGHTER"	231
MEMBERS EXPELLED THE HOUSE OF COMMONS	235
TRIALS BY BATTLE	238

PAGE

DEGRADATION OF A KNIGHT 246

THE SANCTUARY OF ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND 247

OLD TAVERN SHARPING 251

BURNINGS IN SMITHFIELD 254

THE REVOLUTION PLOT IN BLOOMSBURY 263

BLACK SPOTS IN CLERKENWELL 266

UP "THE HEAVY HILL" 284

THE ST. GILES'S AND TYBURN GALLOWS 294

SOME ACCOUNT OF JACK KETCH 296

RESUSCITATION AFTER HANGING 307

A SCHOOL FOR THIEVES 310

JACK SHEPPARD—FROM THE PULPIT 312

JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT 315

HOGARTH'S "LONDON APPRENTICES," OR "INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS" 319

*** Page 62. Since this page was printed, the honour of Knighthood has been conferred upon Alderman Rose.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER:

CITY AND SUBURB.

LORD MAYORS AND MEMORABLE MAYORALTIES.

THERE is no portion of English history that possesses such popular interest as the municipal records of the chief city of the kingdom, which for nearly eight centuries has been recognised as a subsisting community, with a chief magistrate dignified as the portgerefa, portgrave, or sheriff of the port, provost or bailiff, mayor, and lord mayor. The word *grave*, in Saxon, signifies earl or count; "and thence," says Stow, "is the reason of the sword being carried before him;" and according to a paper in the *Edinburgh Review*, "the common-law portreeve was anciently a member of parliament by virtue of his office, and without any special election." Lists of these officers, with marginal notes of events and woodcuts, may be seen in the Corporation library at Guildhall; and here is kept the charter granted to the City by William the Conqueror in 1067. It is beautifully written in Saxon characters, in about four

lines, upon a slip of parchment six inches long and one broad.

The title *Maire* (Norman) soon became Englished as Mayor. The prefix of *Lord* is referred to the same period; but this is a mere courtesy, for in his own acts he designates himself officially as Mayor. The style of "Right Honourable" is also a courtesy, and not a right from his being a Privy Councillor. Godfrey Fielding, mercer, Lord Mayor 1452, was made a privy councillor by Henry VI. This is the earliest instance of a person of his rank being advanced to such an honour.

Though the office of Mayor is only elective, yet its authority ceases neither on the demise nor abdication of the sovereign, as does that of other commissions when this happens; but the Lord Mayor is then the principal officer in the kingdom, and takes his place in the Privy Council until the new sovereign is proclaimed. Thus, when James I. was invited to take possession of the throne, Robert Lee, then Lord Mayor, signed the invitation before all the great officers of state and the nobility.*

In early times, the power of the Mayor was tremendous. The Roman prefect and the Saxon portreeve bequeathed a portion of their power as well as duties to the Norman Mayor of London. We have an instance of this in the circumstance of a city riot in the very olden time. The Mayor was engaged in what would be tantamount in these days to reading the Riot Act, in which occupation he was opposed by a violent fellow, whom his worship was unable to reduce to silence,

* Upon the accession of Queen Victoria, in 1837, her Majesty's first Council, at Kensington-palace, was attended by the then Lord Mayor, Kelly, whose portrait is in the picture of the Council painted by Sir David Wilkie.

till he resorted to a very summary process, that of ordering the noisy rogue to be dragged into a neighbouring street, where he had his head chopped off!

In 1189 (1st Richard I.), Henry Fitz-Ailwyn, the draper of London Stone, was elected the first Mayor; he was probably descended from Aylwyn Child, a native of London, who founded the priory of Bermondsey in 1082. But the mayoralty was first given in terms to the citizens by King John in 1214-15, on condition that the Mayor should be presented to the king or his justice for approval. This condition occasioning great expense and inconvenience, the citizens obtained from Henry III. in 1266-67 a new charter, empowering them to present their Mayor to the "Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster," when the king should not be there. Hence the presentations to the Lord Chancellor, as representative of the sovereign, on Nov. 2; and to the Barons of the Exchequer on Nov. 9, the first day of the mayoralty.

The office at this time was held for life. Thus, Fitz-Ailwyn served twenty-five years, and his successor, Richard Renger, four years. Of Fitz-Ailwyn there is a half-length portrait, or panel, over the Master's chair in Drapers' Hall: it is painted in oil, and therefore not contemporary. "This," says Pennant, "I need not say is a fictitious likeness. In his days I doubt whether the artists equalled in any degree the worst of our modern sign-painters."

1240. The presentation of the Mayor to the king appears to have been sometimes a troublesome affair. Thus, in this year Gerard Bat was chosen Mayor a second time, and with him certain of the citizens proceeded to the palace of Woodstock (the site of which is now denoted by a few trees in the park at Blenheim), for the purpose of presenting him. "And," says the

Chronicles of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London, "his lordship the king [Henry III.] declined to admit him [to the mayoralty] there, or before he had come to London. And on the third day after, upon the king's arrival there, he admitted him; and after the oath had been administered to him, that he would restore everything that had before been taken and received, and would not receive the forty pounds which the Mayors had previously been wont to receive from the City, the Mayor said, when taking his departure, 'Alas, my lord, out of all this I might have found a marriage-portion to give my daughter!' For this reason the king was moved to anger, and forthwith swore upon the altar of Saint Stephen, by Saint Edward, and by the oath which he that day took upon that altar, and said, 'Thou shalt not be Mayor this year; and for a very little I would say never. Go, now,' he said. Gerard hereupon, not caring to have the king's ill-will, resigned the mayoralty, and Reginald de Bunge was appointed Mayor of London." Considering the distance of Woodstock from London, and the slow travelling of six centuries since, this must have been a long journey, and a sad disappointment to Gerard Bat.

1264. Upon the Mayor and Aldermen doing fealty to the king (Henry III.) in the church of St. Paul, we find, in the *Chronicles of Mayors and Sheriffs*, this marginal note: "Then those who were present might see a thing wondrous and unheard of in this age; for this most wretched Mayor, when taking the oath, dared to utter words so rash as these, saying unto his lordship the king, in presence of the people, 'My lord, so long as you unto us will be a good lord and king, we will be faithful and duteous unto you.'" This we take to be pretty strong for the thirteenth century!

1275-1282. Gregory Rokesley, Mayor in these years, lived in Milk-street, in a house belonging to the priory of Lewes, in Sussex. He was tenant-at-will, and paid an annual rent of twenty shillings, without being liable to reparations and other charges. "Such," observes Stow, "were the events of those times."

These were, however, troubled times; for in 1265 Henry III. seized and imprisoned the Mayor and principal citizens for fortifying the City in favour of the barons; and for four years the king appointed *custodes*. But the City recovered their liberties, and again elected their Mayors until 1285, when Sir Gregory Rokesley, the then Mayor, refusing to appear at the Tower before the king's justices, conceiving himself not bound to go out of the City, the mayoralty and liberties were again seized into the king's hands; and after the City had been some months without a Mayor, two *custodes* were appointed, and held office until 1298, when Henry Walleis was elected and served the mayoralty. The *custos* had extraordinary powers over the City, to chastise it, and to amerce and chastise the aldermen and sheriffs and their servants, when disobedient. Thence the office of Mayor has continued in constant succession, only the election appears to have been sometimes guided by the king's nomination. An exception, however, occurred in 1391 (15 Ric. II.), when the Mayor of London, incurring the king's displeasure, was sent a prisoner to Windsor Castle, and a *custos* appointed. The mayoralty was also "in the king's hands" in the reign of Edward II., when he appointed Sir Nicholas Farindon Mayor "as long as it pleased him." And the Aldermanry having become the personal property of William de Farndon, and it having been retained in the family for fourscore and two years, they called the lands after their own

name. The consideration named in 1277 was, besides twenty marks as a fine, one clove or slip of gilliflower at the feast of Easter, as the warranty against all people for ever. The gilliflower was a flower of great rarity. The custom of the time was the payment of a particular flower for tenements or lands; for we find on March 20, the eighteenth year of the reign of Elizabeth, there was paid a red rose for the gatehouse and garden of Ely Palace, Holborn, and the liberty of the Bishop of Ely, who granted the same, of gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly in the same.

At the present time no other Ward in the City is known by the name of an individual, probably because the Farndons were owners, and other persons were only residents and representatives; but at one time Vintry was called the Ward of Henry de Coventrie, and the Ward of Candlewick-street was the Ward of Thomas de Bayling. In process of time Farndon's Ward became Faryngdon Ward, and then Farringdon. Farindon lived to a great age, as he witnessed several deeds in the year 1363. His will is dated 1361, fifty-three years after his first being Mayor. He first occurs as Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company in 1338, and for the last time in 1352. He was buried in St. Peter-le-Chepe, then standing at the corner of Wood-street, Cheapside, but being burnt in the Great Fire 1666, was never rebuilt. A noble plane-tree, often tenanted by rooks, and a graveyard beneath, tells us the site of the ancient church. An entry in the Goldsmiths' books, 10 Henry VIII. (1519) shows that "Nicholas Farrington gave out of his lands in the parish of St. Peter-le-Chepe towards maintaining a light, to be burning before our Lady there for ever, 4*s*."

The mayoralty of 1339, Andrew Aubrey, had a tur-

bulent incident; for his worship was assaulted in a tumult, the ringleaders of which were tried and convicted, and beheaded in Cheapside. Henry Picard, Mayor in 1356, had a brilliant event, for he feasted in one day the kings Edward III. of England, John King of Austria, the King of Cyprus, and David King of Scotland, besides Edward the Black Prince.

Sir William Walworth, M.P., who was Mayor in 1374 and 1380, in his second year slew Wat Tyler in Smithfield. Walworth was a brave fishmonger, and at the Company's Hall, London Bridge, are preserved some memorials of him; as a statue, carved in wood by E. Pierce, of Sir William, who carries a dagger. In his hand was formerly said to be the identical weapon with which he stabbed Wat Tyler, though in 1731 a publican of Islington pretended to possess the actual poniard. Beneath the statue is the inscription:

"Brave Walworth, knight, lord mayor, y^t^ slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes;
The King, therefore, did give in liew
The dagger to the City armes.
In the 4th year of Richard II. anno Domini 1381."

A common but erroneous belief was thus propagated; for the dagger was in the City arms long before the time of Sir William Walworth, and was intended to represent the sword of St. Paul, the patron saint of the Corporation. The reputed dagger of Walworth, which has lost its guard, is preserved by the Company; the workmanship is of Walworth's period. The weapon now in the hand of the statue (which is somewhat picturesque, and in our recollection was coloured *en costume*) is modern. Here, too, is Walworth's funeral pall. The will of Walworth shows, in the catalogue of his books, the sort of reading usual with the great citi-

zens of the metropolis in the fourteenth century. The Walworths held the manor of that name in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and we remember a sign in the Walworth-road of Sir William Walworth despatching Wat Tyler. This tragical event has, however, waned in the historic distance; it appearing that Wat had destroyed several of the stew-houses on the Bank-side, and had thus seriously injured the property of Walworth, which is thought to have had some weight with Sir William when he gave the rebel the deadly blow. On his monument in St. Michael's Church were the following lines, which Weever has preserved:

"Here under lyeth a man of fame,
William Walworth called by name;
Fishmonger he was in lifetime here,
And lived Lord Mayor, as in books appear;
Who with courage stout and manly might
Slew Wat Tyler in King Richard's sight;
For which act done and true intent
The King made him Knight incontinent;
And gave him arms, as here you see,
To declare his fact and chivalry.
He left this life the year of our Lord
Thirteen hundred fourscore three and odd."

In a pageant in 1740 was a personation of Walworth, dagger in hand, and the head of Wat Tyler carried on a pole. Here, too, is an original drawing of a portion of the pageant exhibited by the Company when Sir John Leman, a fishmonger, entered on the office of Lord Mayor, said to be the earliest representation of a mayoralty show in existence. The groups and objects, grotesque as well as picturesque, in this procession show our present realisation of a lord mayor's show to be but a very frigid and formal business. Beneath the picture hangs a drawing of the Com-

pany's state barge, whose "golden glister" on the fishful river now exists but in memory. Curious it is to look back at the empty enactment of five hundred years since, "that no fishmonger be Lord Mayor of this city," and contrast it with the records which show that more than fifty of the Company have been Lord Mayors. Stow tells us of "these Fishmongers having been jolly citizens, and six Mayors of their Company in the space of twenty-four years;" and in our time Sir Matthew Wood and Mr. William Cubitt, fishmongers, each filled the civic chair twice.

The prefix of lord to mayor is traced to Walworth's time. A subsidy was needed for a war in 1378, when there was a general assessment according to the rank of the individual. A question arose as to the proper position of the Mayor of London in the table of precedency. "Have him among the earls" was a suggestion readily adopted; and in consequence of the honour, my lord was assessed at four pounds, which in present value caused him to contribute little less than 100*l.* to the exigencies of the war.

There is an old Philpot-lane in Fenchurch-street, where dwelt Sir John Philpot, its owner; he was Lord Mayor in 1378, in which year, by the way, he captured Mercer, a Scottish sea-rover, a red-letter boast for his mayoralty. In the previous year Philpot, with William Walworth, held the funds to support the war against France; and old Fuller calls Philpot "the scourge of the Scots, the fright of the French, the delight of the Commons, the darling of the merchants."

1401. Sir John Chadworth, or Shadworth, Mayor, is buried in the Church of St. Mildred, Bread-street, and has this "obite consecrated to his happye memoriall:

"Here lyeth a man that faith and works did even,
Like fiery chariots, mount him up to heaven;
He did adorn this church; when words are weak,
And men forget, the living stones will speak.
He left us land,—this little earth him keeps;
These black words mourners, and the marble weeps."

1426. Sir John Rainwell, Mayor, is buried in St. Botolph's Church, Billingsgate, beneath a tomb bearing this epitaph:

"Citizens of London, call to remembrance
The famous John Rainwell, sometime your Mayor,
Of the staple of *Calice*, so was his chance.
Here lies now his corpse; his soul bright and fair
Is taken to heaven's bliss, thereof is no despair;
His acts bear witness, by matters of accord,
How charitable he was, and of what record:
No man hath been so beneficial as he
Unto the City in giving liberally," &c.

He was a *sanitarian* Mayor; for having received information that the Lombard merchants were guilty of adulterating their wines, and finding the charge to be true, he ordered the vile compound, to the quantity of 150 butts, to be emptied into the kennel.

1445. Sir Simon Eyre, Mayor, left 3000 marks (3000*l.* sterling) to the Company of Drapers, for prayers to be performed by a priest in his chapel at Guildhall, to the market-people. In a small pamphlet, entitled *Singular History of Sir Simon Eyre, Shoemaker, Lord Mayor of London, and Founder of Leadenhall*, it is related that when it was proposed to him at Guildhall that he should stand for sheriff, he would fain have excused himself, as he did not think his income sufficient; but he was soon silenced, by one of the aldermen observing, "that no citizen could be more capable than the man who had openly asserted that he broke his fast every day on a table for which he would not take a thousand

pounds.' This assertion excited the curiosity of the then Lord Mayor and all present, in consequence of which his lordship and two of the aldermen—having invited themselves—accompanied him home to dinner. On their arrival, Mr. Eyre desired his wife to 'prepare the little table and set some refreshments before his guests.' This she would fain have refused, but finding he would take no excuse, she seated herself on a low stool, and spreading a damask napkin over her lap, with a venison pasty thereon, Simon exclaimed to the astonished Mayor and his brethren, 'Behold the table which I would not take a thousand pounds for!'" . . . . "Soon after this, Sir Simon was chosen Lord Mayor, on which occasion, remembering his former promise 'at the conduit,' he, on the following Shrove Tuesday, gave a pancake feast to all the 'prentices in London; on which occasion they went in procession to the Mansion House, where they met with a cordial reception from Sir Simon and his lady, who did the honours of the table on this memorable day, allowing their guests to want for neither ale nor wine."

'Sir Richard Whittington, the most renowned name in civic annals, was "thrice Lord Mayor"—1397, 1406, 1419.* He was the son of Sir William Whittington, Knight, and his early destitution rests but upon the nursery tale. His prosperity is referred to the coal-carrying *cat* of Newcastle; but a scarce print by Elstrucke, of Whittington in his mayoralty robes, has a cat beside the figure, showing the version of the nursery tale to have been then popular: in the early impressions of this plate a skull appears in place of the cat, which

* He is sometimes said to have been *four times* Mayor, his predecessor dying in his year of office 1396, when Whittington succeeded him.

has rendered the original print a rarity of great price among collectors. Whittington's wealth rebuilt Newgate, and St. Michael's Church, Paternoster Royal; part of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the library of Christ's Hospital, and added to the Guildhall. He also bequeathed his house at "College-hill" for a college and almshouse, which have been taken down, and the institution removed to a handsome collegiate building near Highgate-archway, not far from the stone marking the spot whereon tradition states Whittington to have rested when a poor boy and listened to the bells of Bow; the original stone (removed in 1821) is said to have been set up by desire of Whittington, to assist horsemen to mount at the foot of the hill; but it is thought to have been the base of a wayside cross, and to have been appropriated for the story. Whittington was buried in St. Michael's Church, beneath a costly marble tomb; but his remains were twice disturbed before the church was destroyed by fire, and now there is no olden memorial of Whittington to be traced. Whittington was of the Mercers' Company; his will, preserved at Mercers' Hall, bears a curious illumination of Whittington on his death-bed, his three executors, a priest, &c. Recently, a painted-glass window, a memorial to Whittington, has been set up in St. Michael's Church.

1418. Sir William de Sevenoake, Mayor this year, rose from poverty to opulence. According to Lambarde, in his *Perambulation of Kent*, De Sevenoake was deserted by his parents when a boy, and found lying in the streets. By some charitable persons he was brought up, and apprenticed to a grocer in London. "He arose by degrees to be maior and chief majistrate of that citie." He was knighted by Henry VI., and represented that city in Parliament. After accumulating immense wealth, he

died in 1432, and was buried in St. Martin's Church, Ludgate Hill.

1453. Sir John Norman, Mayor, "rowed to Westminster, with silver oars, at his own cost and charges." In the Show, which had originated in the presentation, the Mayor had hitherto ridden on horseback. There is a drawing of the Show on the river in the Pepysian library. Fabyan, in the second volume of his *Chronicles*, ed. 1559, alludes to a "roundell or songe" made by the watermen in praise of Sir John Norman, who, instead of riding to Westminster, like his predecessors, "was rowed thither by water." All that the chronicler gives of the song are the well-known lines:

> "Rowe the bote, Norman,
> Rowe to thy lemman;"

but Dr. Rimbault believes that he has found the *original* music to which it was sung: it is in John Hilton's *Catch that catch can*, printed in 1673.

1455. Sir Stephen Foster, of the Fishmongers' Company, Mayor; he rebuilt Ludgate prison. His early poverty may be as traditional as Whittington's. Rowley's comedy of *A Woman never vext, or the Widow of Cornhill*, is founded upon the tradition of the handsome Stephen Foster, 1454, *begging at the grate* of Ludgate, and attracting the sympathy of a rich widow, who paid the debt for which he was confined, and afterwards married him.

> "*Mrs. S. Foster.* But why remove the prisoners from Ludgate?
> *Stephen Foster.* To take the prison down and build it new,
> With leads to walk on, chambers large and fair;
> For when myself lay there, the noxious air
> Choked up my spirits. None but captives, wife,
> Can know what captives feel." Act v. sc. 1.

Between 1454 and 1463 the prison was much enlarged,

and a chapel built by Dame Agnes Foster and the executors of Stephen her husband, as thus recorded on a copper-plate upon the walls:

"Deout soules that passe this way,
for *Stephen Foster*, late Maior, heartily pray,
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
that of pitie this house made of Londoners in *Ludgate*,
So that for *lodging and water* prisoners here nought pay,
as their keepers shall all answere at dreadful doomes day."

At the rebuilding of Ludgate in 1566, "the verse being unhappily turned inward to the wall," Stow tells us he had the like "graven outward in prose, declaring him (Foster) to be a fishmonger, because some upon a light occasion (as a maiden's head in a glass window) had fabled him to be a mercer, and to have begged there at Ludgate," &c.

1457. Sir Geoffry Bullen, Lord Mayor, was grandfather to Thomas Earl of Wiltshire, father to Anne Bullen, and grandfather to Queen Elizabeth; the highest genealogical honour the City can boast of. Thomas Moule, the genealogist, says: "The ennobled families of Cornwallis, Capel, Coventry, Legge, Cowper, Thynne, Ward, Craven, Marsham, Pulteney, Hill, Holles, Osborne, Cavendish, Bennet, and others, have sprung either directly or collaterally from those who have been either Mayors, sheriffs, or aldermen of London; and a very large portion of the peerage of the United Kingdom is related, either by descent or intermarriage, to the citizens of the metropolis."

1479. When England was ravaged by a pestilence, and Bartholomew James was Mayor, Sheriff Byfield, kneeling too closely to the chief magistrate, at prayer, before one of the shrines in St. Paul's, was fined 50*l.*, now equal to 1000*l.* This has been set down to the

Mayor's grandeur; but "the plague was about, and the Mayor might have caught it; and the City lacked conduits: and so the fine was levied, and therewith new conduits were built, or old ones repaired."

1482. Sir Richard Spaa, Mayor, King Richard the Third's merchant, to whom he sold much of his plate.

A few Lord Mayors were brave men: Sir Walter Horne, Mayor in 1487, was knighted on Bosworth Field by Henry VII.

1485. There were three Mayors, the first two having died of the sweating-sickness, which made its first appearance in this country in the army of the Earl of Richmond, on his landing at Milford Haven: on September 21, same year, it reached London, where it raged till the latter end of October.

1486 and 1495. Sir Henry Colet, father of Dean Colet, who founded St. Paul's School. In the first mayoralty, 1486, John Percival, the Mayor's carver, while waiting at his table, was chosen one of the sheriffs by Sir Henry Colet, the Mayor, *drinking to him* in a cup of wine (as the custom was to drink to him whom he list to serve sheriff); and forthwith the said Percival sat down at the Mayor's table, and was afterwards mayor himself, in 1498.

1490. Sir John Matthew, stated to have been the first bachelor Lord Mayor.

1502. Sir John Shaw, who gave, in the Guildhall, the first Mayor's feast, hitherto kept in the Merchant Tailors' and Grocers' Halls. The great kitchen at Guildhall was built at his expense.

1520. Sir John Brugges (Brydges), Mayor, of a family as old as the Conquest; his ancestor, Sir John Brydges, fought at Agincourt.

1537. Sir Richard Gresham, Mayor, father of the

celebrated Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange. Eleven letters of his ancestor, James Gresham, lord of the manor of East Beckham, written between the years 1443 and 1464, have been published among those of the Paston family. They are dated from London, and *sealed with a grasshopper;* a sufficient refutation, by the way, of an idle tradition accounting for the adoption of that heraldic symbol by Sir Thomas Gresham, which Mr. Lodge, in his *Portraits of Illustrious Personages*, has not thought undeserving of notice (Burgon's *Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham*, vol. i. p. 7). There are known to exist four letters of Sir Richard, three of which were written during his mayoralty; each being, in its way, highly interesting, important, and characteristic. With Sir Richard Gresham rests the honour of having originally projected the "goodely burse," which his son, thirty years later, constructed.

1546. Sir Martin Bowes, Mayor, the wealthy goldsmith who lent Henry VIII. the sum of 300*l.* He was butler at the coronation of Elizabeth, and left to the Goldsmiths' Company his gold fee-cup, out of which the Queen drank. In the portrait of Sir Martin attributed to Holbein, at Goldsmiths' Hall, this cup is introduced.

1547. Sir John Gresham, Mayor, brother of Sir Richard Gresham, and uncle to the founder of the Royal Exchange. Sir John succeeded in obtaining from Henry VIII. the hospital of St. Mary Bethlem, which has continued ever since in the hands of the Corporation of London, as an asylum for lunatics. In his mayoralty Sir John Gresham revived the splendid pageant of the Marching Watch, on the eves of St. John and St. Peter; and what rendered it particularly attractive on this oc-

casion was an accession of "more than 300 demi-launces and light horsemen, that were prepared by the citizens to be sent into Scotland." In proof of the interest this pageant excited, Stow relates that Henry VIII. and his Queen, Jane Seymour, "stood in Mercers' Hall, and saw the Watch of the City most bravely set out," during the mayoralty of his privy-counsellor, Sir John Aleyn.

1551. Sir Andrew Judde, a native of Tunbridge, was advanced to the mayoralty: he bequeathed part of his wealth to found a public school in his birth-place. Among his bequests were "the sandhills on the back side of Holborn," which then let for a few pounds a year, but are now covered with houses. In about thirty-five years the rental of this estate alone will exceed 20,000*l.* a year. Sir Andrew is buried in the church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, beneath a marble monument, which bears this inscription:

"To Russia and Muscovia,
To Spayne, Germany, without fable,
Travelled he by land and sea,
Both Mayre of London and Staple.

The commonwealth he nourished
So worthelie in all his dayes,
That ech state full well him lov'd,
To his perpetual prayse.

Three wives he had,—one was Mary,
Fower sunnes, one mayde he had by her;
Anny had none by him truly;
By dame Mary he'd only one daughter.

Thus in the month of September,
A thousande fyve hundred fiftey
And eyght, dyed this worthy stapler,
Worshipyinge his posterytye."

1553. Sir Thomas White, Mayor, founder of St.

John's College, Oxford. He was the son of a retired clothier, and his education did not exceed writing and arithmetic. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a London tradesman, who bequeathed to him 100*l.*, then a handsome legacy, to begin the world with. In a few years he rose to great wealth and honour. He so distinguished himself in his mayoralty by preserving the peace of the City during Sir Thomas Wyat's rebellion, that Queen Mary conferred on him knighthood. He was twice married, his second wife being Joan, the widow of Sir Ralph Warren, twice Lord Mayor.

Sir Thomas White's Show was a very splendid pageant. He went to take his oath at Westminster, and proceeded by water, attended by all the aldermen in scarlet, and the crafts of London in their best liveries, with trumpets blowing, and the waits playing. A goodly foist, trimmed with banners and guns, waited on my Lord Mayor's barge, and all the crafts' barges with streamers, and the banners of every craft. So to the Exchequer, and then homewards. They landed at Baynard's Castle; and in St. Paul's Churchyard the procession was set in array. "First went two tall men bearing two great standards of the Merchant Taylors' arms; then came a drum and a flute playing, and another with a great [fife?], all in blue silk; then two wild men of the wood, all in green, with great beards, great clubs, and burning squibs, and two targets on their backs; then came sixteen trumpeters, blowing; and then seventy men in [blue] gowns, caps, and hose, and blue-silk sleeves, every man having a target and a javelin; then came a devil; next the bachelors, all in a livery and scarlet hoods; and then the pageant of St. John the Baptist (the patron saint of the Merchant Taylors, Sir Thomas's Company), gorgeously arrayed, with goodly

speeches; then all the king's trumpeters blowing, each having scarlet caps; then the waits of the City playing, with caps and goodly banners; then the crafts; then my Lord Mayor's officers; and then my Lord Mayor, and two good henchmen (since supplied by the sword-bearer and the common crier, the latter carrying the mace); and then all the aldermen and the sheriffs. So they went to dinner. After dinner, they repaired to St. Paul's, where all they that before bare targets carried staff-torches; and with all the trumpets and waits, passed round about the quire and the body of the church blowing, and so home to the Lord Mayor's house."

In one of the pageants of Sir John Gore's mayoralty, 1624, by Webster, the munificence of Sir T. White was thus commemorated: "The fourth eminent pageant, the Monument of Charity and Learning, is fashioned like a beautiful garden, with all kinds of flowers; at the four corners, four artificial bird-cages, with variety of birds in them." In the midst of this garden, under an elm-tree, sits Sir Thomas White, Mayor, who founded St. John's College, Oxford, upon a spot "where two bodies of an elm sprang from one root," according to a dream that so directed him, and which occasioned him to visit Cambridge, where he could find no such tree; and make a mistake at Oxford, where he thought he found it in Gloster Hall Garden, and immediately set to work to enlarge and endow that college; but discovering the very tree "out at the north gate at Oxford," as he rode there one day, on that spot he founded St. John's College. "This I have heard," says Webster, "fellows of the house, of approved credit, and no way superstitiously given, affirm to have been delivered from man to man, since the first building of it;" and "to this day the elm grows in the garden carefully preserved." On one side

of Sir Thomas sits Charity, with a pelican on her head; on the other, Learning, with a book in one hand and a laurel wreath in the other; behind is a model of St. John's College, "and round about the pageant sit twelve of the four-and-twenty cities to which this worthy gentleman hath been a benefactor." Two cornets play, and Learning addresses the Mayor.

1559. Sir William Hewet, clothworker, Mayor, was a merchant, possessed of a great estate of 6000*l.* per annum, and was said to have had three sons and one daughter, Anne, to which daughter this mischance happened, the father then living upon London Bridge. The maid, playing with her out of a window over the river Thames, by chance dropped her in, almost beyond expectation of her being saved. A young gentleman named Osborne, then apprentice to Sir William the father, which Osborne was one of the ancestors of the Duke of Leeds in a direct line, at this calamitous accident leaped in and saved the child. In memory of this deliverance, and in gratitude, her father afterwards bestowed her on the said Mr. Osborne, with a very great dowry. Several persons of quality courted the young lady, and particularly the Earl of Shrewsbury; but Sir William Hewet said, "Osborne saved her, and Osborne should enjoy her." The Leeds family preserve the portrait of Sir William, in his costume as Lord Mayor, at Kiveton House, in Yorkshire. It is a fine picture, valued at 300*l.* It is a half-length, in panel: his dress is a black gown, furred, and red vest and sleeves; a gold chain, and a bonnet. There is also an engraved portrait of Osborne himself, said to be unique, in a series of woodcuts in the possession of Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart. They consist of portraits of forty-three Lord Mayors in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The gallant action of Osborne has

likewise been engraved for some ephemeral publication: he is leaping from a window. The artist, Samuel Wale, died in 1786, so that the print is of little authority as a representation of the fact; but it is nevertheless interesting as a portraiture of the dwellings on London Bridge in his time. There is also a print drawn by Wale, and engraved by Grignon, of the first Duke of Leeds pointing to a portrait of Hewet's daughter, and relating the anecdote to King Charles II.

1570 and 1590. Sir Rowland Haywood, Mayor in these years, was proud of his family numerically. He was buried in the church of St. Alphage, London Wall, where his monument represented his effigy, carved in a kneeling posture, with his first wife and eight children in a similar position at his right hand, and his second wife and eight children at his left.

1583. Sir Edward Osborne, the aforesaid, Mayor, "dwelled," says a Ms. in the Heralds' College, "in Philpot-lane, in Sir William Hewet's house, whose da. and heire he married, and was buried," in 1591, "at St. Dennis, in fanchurch Streete."

1586. Sir Wolston Dixie, whose mayoralty pageant was the first ever printed.*

* The Pageant or Show of the Lord Mayor has been illustrated with a vast amount of research. The late Mr. Fairholt, F.S.A., left the *Lord Mayor's Pageant* (tenth volume of the Percy Society's publications, completed by *The Civic Garland, or a Collection of Songs from London Pageants;* also an account of *Gog and Magog*, 1859). Mr. Fairholt had been for many years engaged in amassing a collection of works in illustration of pageants in all parts of the world; and this collection, comprising nearly two hundred volumes, he most generously bequeathed to the Society of Antiquaries. "I am sure," said Earl Stanhope, the president, in his anniversary address, 1867, "you will agree with me that among the benefactors to this Society the name of Frederick William Fairholt must henceforth hold a distinguished place. The Council, as at present advised, design to make

1594. Sir John Spencer, "rich Spencer." He kept his mayoralty at Crosby-place, Bishopsgate. Elizabeth, his only daughter and heiress, married William, second Lord Compton, Lord President of Wales, who is traditionally said to have contrived her elopement from her father's house at Canonbury, Islington, in a baker's basket. This was the lady that, about the year 1617, wrote the remarkable letter to her husband in which, after requiring an annuity of 2,200*l.*, the like sum for her privy purse, and 10,000*l.* for jewels, her debts to be paid, and horses, coaches, male and female attendants, &c., to be provided for her, she concludes by praying him, when he becomes an earl, "to allow her 1,000*l.* more than she now desires, with double attendance." In August 1618 Lord Compton was created Earl of Northampton, and from him the present owner of Canonbury, the Marquess of Northampton, is lineally descended. At Sir John Spencer's funeral one thousand persons followed in mourning-cloaks and gowns. Sir John Spencer died worth 800,000*l.* according to the value of property in the year 1609. The year of his mayoralty was a time of famine, and at his persuasion the City Companies bought a quantity of corn in foreign parts, and laid up the same at the Bridge House, for the use of the people.

1609. Sir Thomas Campbell. The mayoralty show revived by the king's (James I.) order.

1611. Sir William Craven, son of the gallant soldier Sir William Craven, who married the widowed Queen of Bohemia. Thus the son of a Wharfdale peasant

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these volumes—some of them of the greatest rarity and value—the nucleus of a special collection of works of pageantry. They have, for this purpose, been placed in a separate case in the ante-room" (at Somerset House).

matched with the sister of Charles I., and founded the present noble family of Craven. Tradition tells that, terrified at an outbreak of plague, he took horse, rode away westward, and never stopped till he reached those wild Berkshire downs, where he found refuge in a farm-house, and subsequently built Ashdown House on the spot now occupied by a more recently built mansion. The old local story-teller informs us that four avenues led to the house from the four cardinal points of the compass, and that in each wall of every room there was a window, in order that if the plague entered on one side, it might find issue by the other! "This tradition," says the *Athenæum*, "is still rife, and though probably exaggerated, it doubtless rests upon some substratum of fact."

1612. Sir John Swinnerton, Mayor, at his banquet entertained Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, then lately arrived to marry Elizabeth, the King's only daughter. "The Palsgrave dyned in the Guildhall," as Howes's *Chronicle* informs us, "accompanied with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, and divers earls and barons; and during the whole dinner the Palsgrave and the Lord Archbishop entertained the time with sundry discourses in Latine." After dinner, the Lord Mayor and his brethren presented the Palsgrave with a very large basin and ewer of silver richly gilded and curiously wrought, and two great gilded livery pots; the basin and ewer weighing 234 ounces 3 grains. The Merchant Adventurers had sent him a present of wine to the value of one hundred marks. In very good fashion at the feast, he would needs go and salute the Lady Mayoress and her train, where she sat. The Show had four or five pageants and other devices, and the pageant is one of Dekker's rarest works.

1613. Sir Thomas Myddelton, brother of Hugh Myddelton, then Lord Mayor elect, and Sir John Swinnerton, Lord Mayor, attended by many of the aldermen, witnessed the water admitted into the basin called the New River Head, at Islington. "The flood-gates flew open, the stream ran gallantly into the cisterne, drummes and trumpets sounding in triumphall manner, and a brave peal of chambers gave full issue to the interested entertainment."

1618. Sir Sebastian Harvey, ironmonger, sworn Mayor; but no printed account of his pageantry has been discovered. On this Lord Mayor's Day was executed Sir Walter Raleigh. "The time," observes Aubrey, "was contrived to be on my Lord Mayor's Day, that the pageants and fine shows might avocate and draw away the people from beholding the tragedie of the gallantest worthie that England ever bred" (Aubrey's Ms. in the Ashmolean Museum).

1641. Sir Richard Gurney, Mayor; Charles I. was feasted at Guildhall with a political object, which failed.

In the midst of the most factious and turbulent times, when every engine was set to work to annihilate the regal power, the City, under its Lord Mayor, Sir William Acton, made a feast unparalleled in history for its magnificence. All external respect was paid to his Majesty, the last he ever experienced in the inflamed City. Of the entertainment we know no more than that it consisted of five hundred dishes. The "sotelties," or the subtilities, as they were called, were the ornamental part of the dessert, and were extremely different from those in present use.

1644. January, the City gave a splendid entertainment, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, to both Houses of Parliament, the Earls of Essex, Warwick, and Man-

chester, with other lords, the Scotch Commissioners, and the principal officers of the army. The company assembled at "sermon, in Christ Church, Newgate-street, and thence went on foot to the Hall." The Lord Mayor and aldermen led the procession; and, as they went through Cheapside, on a scaffold many popish pictures, crucifixes, and superstitious relics were burnt before them. This entertainment was given in consequence of the discovery of a design to read a letter from the king at a Common Hall, the obvious tendency of which was to destroy the prevailing unanimity of the citizens in favour of the Parliament.

1645. June 12th, both Houses of Parliament were magnificently entertained by the citizens, in Grocers' Hall, on occasion of the decisive victory obtained by Fairfax and Cromwell over the king's army at Naseby, "and after dinner they sang the 46th Psalm, and so parted."

1646. Sir John Gayer, Mayor, and a merchant of opulence, had nearly been cut off before he reached the civic chair this year. He was returning from a trading voyage, when he was cast away on the coast of Africa; in his distress, he saw a lion making towards him, and falling on his knees, he declared that "if the Almighty would please to direct him out of his perilous situation, he would, on his return to England, evince his gratitude, and endeavour, to the end of his life, to inculcate reliance on Providence in the worst extremes of human wretchedness." The lion passed on without molesting him; and the next day having got on board a vessel, Gayer soon arrived in his native country. He immediately placed in trust the sum of 200*l.*, the interest of which was to supply bread for the poor of the parish for ever; he also left 20*s.* to be paid annually to a

minister for preaching a sermon on every succeeding 16th of October, the day of the miraculous escape. The sermon is preached in the church of St. Catharine Cree.

1649. Sir Abraham Reynardson, committed to the Tower and put out of his mayoralty for not proclaiming the Act against kingly government, which seven weeks after his successor, Alderman Andrews, proclaimed. On January 7th, the Lord Mayor and Common Council gave a splendid entertainment to the House of Commons and principal officers of the army, at Grocers' Hall, in commemoration of the late suppression of the Levellers.

1653. Cromwell dined with the Corporation at Grocers' Hall, when he knighted the Mayor, John Fowkes.

1660. (Restoration of Charles II.) Sir Thomas Alleyne, Mayor. All the aldermen who had served during the usurpation were displaced.

1661. Sir John Frederick, Mayor, of whom Pepys records: "It seems, this Lord Mayor begins again an old custom, that upon the three first days of Bartholomew's fayre—the first, there is a match of wrestling, which was done, and the Lord Mayor there and the aldermen in Moorfields yesterday; second day, shooting; and to-morrow, hunting. And this officer performs the ceremony of riding through the City, to proclaim or challenge any to shoote. It seems the people of the fayre cry out upon it as a great hindrance to them.

"Sept. 2. To dinner with my Lord Mayor; a very great dinner and most excellent venison; but it almost made me sick by not daring to drink wine. After dinner we talked of the Lord Mayor's sword. They say it is a hundred or two hundred years old; and he hath another which is called the black sword,—which he wears when he mournes, but properly is their Lenten sword to

wear upon Good Friday and other Lent days,—is older than that. The Lord Mayor observed that this City is as well watered as any city in the world; and that the bringing of water had cost, first and last, above 300,000*l.*"

1663. Sir Anthony Bateman, Mayor. His banquet is thus described by Pepys: "To Guildhall and up and down to see the tables; where under every salt there was a bill of fare,-and at the end of the table the persons proper for the table. Many were the tables, but none in the hall but the Mayor's and the Lords of the Privy Council that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. I sat at the Merchant Strangers' table, where ten good dishes to a mess, with plenty of wine of all sorts; but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes"! This is believed to be the earliest account of a Lord Mayor's inauguration dinner. Pepys calls Bateman "a buffle-headed fellow."

1664. Sir John Lawrence, Mayor; celebrated for a splendid banquet given by him to their Majesties, and for his judicious conduct during the visitation of the Plague, which took place in his mayoralty. He did not desert the City at this time, but continued at his residence, in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, enforced the wisest regulations then known respecting the prevention of the pestilent contagion, and saw them executed himself. He supported on this occasion forty thousand discharged servants.

"London's generous Mayor,
Who, when contagion with mephitic breath
And withered famine urged the work of death,
With food and faith, with medicine and prayer,
Raised the weak head, and stayed the parting sigh,
Or with new life relumed the swimming eye."—*Darwin.*

1671. Sir George Waterman, Mayor, who had for his guest Charles II. at the inauguration dinner. The pageant was very grand. There was "a forest properly accommodated with several animals, sylvans, satyrs, and wood-nymphs, sitting and stirring in very good order; the nymphs attired in various-coloured robes; and in the front were two negroes, richly adorned with Oriental pearls and jewels, mounted upon two panthers. Near to the presence of the King, Queen, Duke, and other members of the royal family, near Milk-street end, was erected a stage, where the much-magnified Jacob Hall and his company expressed the height of their activity in tumbling and the like." And a notice occurs in a poem, "Upon the stately Structure of Bow Church and Steeple," printed in the *Collection of Poems on Affairs of State*, which would seem to prove that Hall was frequently seen in the mayoralty shows:

> "When Jacob Hall on his high rope shows tricks,
> The dragon* flutters, the Lord Mayor's horse kicks;
> The Cheapside crowds and pageants scarcely know
> Which most t' admire—Hall, hobby-horse, or Bow."

1674. Sir Robert Viner, Mayor. Charles II. was *nine times* entertained by the City. He dined with the citizens this year, when the Mayor, getting elated with continually toasting the royal family, grew a little fond of his Majesty. "The King understood very well how to extricate himself in all kinds of difficulties, and, with an hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off, and made towards his coach, which stood waiting for him in Guildhall-yard. But the Mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and catching him fast by the hand, cried out

* Alluding to the dragon which forms the weathercock of Bow Church.

with a vehement oath and accent, 'Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle!' The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air (for I saw him at the time, and do now) repeated this line of the old song,

'He that is drunk is as great as a king,'

and immediately turned back and complied with his landlord."—*Spectator*, No. 462.

1679. Sir Robert Clayton, Mayor: he was the friend of Algernon Sidney and William Lord Russell; sat in seven Parliaments the representative of the City; more than thirty years Alderman of Cheap Ward, and ultimately Father of the City; the mover of the celebrated Exclusion Bill (seconded by William Lord Russell), and eminent alike as a patriot, a statesman, and a citizen. He was President of St. Thomas's Hospital, and the liberal benefactor of Christ's Hospital; he was the munificent patron of art; and, in the words of Macaulay, "Sir Robert Clayton was the wealthiest merchant of London, whose palace, in the Old Jewry, surpassed in splendour the aristocratical mansions of Lincoln's-Inn-fields and Covent-garden, whose banqueting-room was wainscoted with cedar and adorned with battles of gods and giants in fresco, whose villa among the Surrey hills was described as a Garden of Eden, whose banquets vied with those of kings, and whose judicious munificence, still attested by numerous public monuments, had obtained for him in the annals of the City a place second only to that of Gresham." The portrait of Sir Robert Clayton is in the library at Guildhall, with exquisite wood-carving by Grinling Gibbons. Charles II. and the Duke of York supped with Sir Robert Clayton, during his mayoralty, at his house in Old Jewry; the balconies of the houses in the streets

were illuminated with flambeaux; and the King and the Duke had a passage made for them by the Trained Bands upon the guard from Cheapside. Sir Robert had the house built for keeping his shrievalty; it was taken down in the year 1864.

1688. Sir John Shorter, appointed Mayor by King James II.: he was maternal grandfather of Horace Walpole, and of his cousins the Conway Seymours. He met with his death in this manner: Bartholomew Fair was opened by the Lord Mayor, and the proclamation for the purpose read before the entrance to Cloth-fair in Smithfield. On these occasions it was the custom for the Lord Mayor to call upon the keeper of Newgate, and partake of "a cool tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar." This custom (which ceased in the second mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood) occasioned the death of Sir John Shorter: in holding the tankard, he let the lid flap down with so much force, that his horse started, and he was thrown to the ground with great violence. He died the next day.

1688-1691. Sir Thomas Pilkington, whose mayoralties are satirised in a poem published anonymously in 1691, and entitled *The Triennial Mayor, or the New Raparees.* This little piece was written in commendation of Pilkington, and in condemnation of the Tory party in the Common Council, petitioning against him. The "new Raparees" are the "Church party," the ultra-supporters of

> "That Church which they, when maudlin, vow'd to serve,
> And, in their cups, swore, D—n 'em, they'd preserve!"

For this party in the Council, the satirist has small respect and much less fear. They are more likely to suffer, he thinks, from the consequences of their own ignorant zeal:

"And, as I once a hieroglyphick saw,
Where the feign'd artist did a monarch draw,
Driving a nail, the point towards him full,
Into a wainscot, with his unarm'd skull;
The motto being, '*Though my brain lies here,*
And pate be mash'd, yet still it shall go there;'
So they, though ne'er so difficult it seem,
Resolve to drive the tenter through the beam."

Of the heads of these parties there are some sharp sketches, valuable as pictures of Tory aspirants to City honours of that day, and, in some respects, of the times to which they belong. Sir William Dodson, under the name of *Woolus*, is described as

"Busy in sects, in self-opinion strong,
And in at all things, whether right or wrong;
No plot without him can be called entire,
As without my Lord Craven's horse, no fire."

The magistrate, Sir Ralph Box, is presented to us under the pseudonym of *Sylvanus;* and this relic of the gay Stuart days is thus limned:

"A pigmy body with a waxen soul,
Which by close palming always would receive
Any impression the Court Seal would give;"

and Sir Ralph's Tory friend, Alie, appears to have been as wicked as he was factious; for, says the City satirist:

". . . . . As I often, upon Hampstead Heath,
Have seen a felon, long since put to death,
Hang, crackling in the sun his parchment skin,
Which to his ear had shrivelled up his chin;
With such a look, so ghastly and so tall,
I've noted fierce Drugestus at Guild-hall."

It was to the great disgust of the "Raparees" that Pilkington was elected the third time to fill the Lord Mayor's chair, in 1691. The satirist gives him the noblest of characters, and accuses a preceding chief magistrate of conspiring to oust the people's friend:

"Our late Raparee
Now, with his obstinate, tho' subtle rout,
Invades the chair, to thrust *Prætorius* out."

"*Prætorius*," of course, is Pilkington, whose triumph is perfect, and rendered the more so by this rough laying-in of his two chief opponents, ex-sheriffs of the year 1678, Sir Jonathan Raymond, the brewer, and Sir Simon Lewis, whose calling is named rather than indicated:

"'Mongst whom Brew-alius has the first degree,
With Symon of the Linen laity;
Of different kidneys, tho' they own a truce,
One sly and sleepy; t'other proud and spruce.
One tame and soft-like, never fond of chat,
But still and deep as any brewing vat;
The other brisk and bant'ring like a play'r,
A better Sheriff than he can be Mayor.
These two the Raparees, in clustered swarms,
Resolve to dignify by force of arms."

In this, however, they were unsuccessful, for these names are not to be found upon the roll of Mayors.—We find this amusing *précis* in the *Athenæum*, No. 1723.

1697. Sir Humphry Edwin, Mayor. He omitted the show, from his puritanical principles in religion: but he rode to a conventicle in his formalities, with the insignia of office, as described by Swift in his *Tale of a Tub;* and his procession on that occasion is the subject of a print in Swift's works, of which there are two versions, the second being somewhat modernised from the first by J. S. Müller, and it occurs in the first volume of Dr. Hawkesworth's edition. Sir Humphry rides on horseback, eating a custard, which, we are told in a note, "is a famous dish at a Lord Mayor's feast." He is preceded by the sword-bearer, with all the insignia of his office, who walks before him; and the aldermen follow, also on foot. The scene is Ludgate Hill, show-

ing the Gate, with St. Paul's in the background. Penkethman, in his comedy of *Love without Interest*, 1699, alludes to his partiality to the Nonconformists in these words: "If you'll compound for a catch, I'll sing you one of my Lord Mayor's going to Pin-makers' Hall, to hear a snivelling non-separatist divine divide and subdivide into the two-and-thirty points of the compass." The same play contains an allusion to "my Lord Mayor's musick," who are styled "gentlemen fiddlers," and play a sonata for the entertainment of the company assembled at the house of a citizen. Their consort lessons were composed for six instruments, "the treble-lute, the pandora, the citterne, the base-violl, the flute, and the treble-violl," which formed a complete band, as used by the City waits.

1700. Sir Thomas Abney, Mayor, the pious friend of Dr. Isaac Watts, who found an asylum for more than thirty-six years in his mansion, Abney Park, Stoke Newington. This knight was not more distinguished by his hospitality than his piety. Neither business nor pleasure interrupted his observance of public and private domestic worship. Upon the evening of the day that he entered on the office of Lord Mayor, without any notice he withdrew from the public assembly at Guildhall after supper, went to his house, there performed worship, and then returned to the company.

Sir Thomas Abney was a Fishmonger, and his pageant was very costly. Mr. J. G. Nichols has printed the expenses this day incurred, from the ledger of the Fishmongers' Company, by which it appears that the usual merman and mermaid formed part of the shows. "George Holmes, pageant-maker," received 195*l.* for the construction of the pageants. Mr. Walker and the other trumpeters, 9*l.* The City musick, 2*l.* There was

also "paid for the armour had out of the Tower, and for horses, and to the riders thereon, to represent the valour of Sir William Walworth in suppressing a rebellion, the summe of 6*l.* 6*s.*" "Mr. Johnson, herauld painter, for painting shields and for divers escutcheons, had 46*l.* 10*s.* There was paid to Mr. Settle, the poet, for composing the Show on that day, the summe of 10*l.*," a less sum than was paid for "two gownes for the staffe men to goe before this company," which cost 13*l.* 19*s.*! —the entire cost of the day's display being 737*l.* 2*s.*

1702. Sir Samuel Dashwood, Mayor, entertained Queen Anne at his inauguration dinner in Guildhall; and the Vintners' Company, of which Sir Samuel was a member, exhibited a magnificent and characteristic pageant, the only printed pageant known of the Vintners. On his lordship's return from being sworn, he was saluted by the Artillery Company, before whom stepped the Vintners' patron saint, St. Martin, "on a stately white steed, richly plumed and caparisoned; himself splendidly armed cap-à-pie, having a large mantle or scarf of scarlet; who, followed by several cripples and beggars supplicating for his charity, attended by twenty satyrs dancing before him with tambers, two persons in rich liveries walking by his horse-side, ten haberters with rural music before them, and ten old Roman lictors in silver head-pieces, with axes and fusees, all march before the company to St. Paul's Churchyard, and there making a stand, to prevent the cries of the mendicants the Saint severs his scarf with his sword, and delivers to them a part." A Vineyard, Triumph of Bacchus, and other appropriate subjects, concluded this pageant, which the author tells the company in his address, speaking of the ancient splendour and magnificence which formerly shined forth on this solemn City festival,

now almost dropt into oblivion, had "taken its second resurrection amongst them."

The song here printed occurs at the end of the descriptive pamphlet, and was sung in the Hall. No other pageant was ever publicly performed: that written for 1708 was not exhibited, owing to the death of Prince George of Denmark the day before. For that pageant no songs were written, so that this is the *last* song of the *last* City poet, and a better specimen than usual of his powers:

"Come, come, let us drink the Vintners' good health,—
'Tis the cask, not the coffer, that holds the true wealth;
If to founders of blessings we pyramids raise,
The bowl, next the sceptre, deserves the best praise.
Then, next to the Queen, let the Vintners' fame shine;
She gives us good laws, and they fill us good wine.

Columbus and Cortez their sails they unfurl'd,
To discover the mines of an Indian world,
To find beds of gold so far they could roam:
Fools! fools!—when the wealth of the world lay at home.
The grape, the true treasure, much nearer it grew,—
One Isle of Canary's worth all the Peru.

Let misers in garrets hide up their gay store,
And heap their rich bags to live wretchedly poor;
'Tis the cellar alone with true fame is renown'd,—
Her treasure's diffusive, and cheers all around:
The gold and the gem's but the eye's gaudy toy,
But the Vintners' rich juice gives health, life, and joy."

1704. Sir John Parsons, Mayor. He gave up his official fees towards the payment of the City debts.

1709. Sir Charles Duncomb, Mayor, rose from humble life, of which the gilt bracket-clock of the church of St. Magnus, at London Bridge, is an interesting memorial. It was presented by him when Sheriff, and cost 485*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* Sir Charles, it is related, when a poor boy, had once to wait upon London Bridge a considerable time for his master, whom he missed

through not knowing the hour; he then vowed that if ever he became successful in the world, he would give to St. Magnus' a public clock, that passengers might see the time; and this dial proves the fulfilment of his vow. It was originally ornamented with several richly-gilded figures: on a small metal shield inside the clock are engraven the donor's arms, with this inscription: "The gift of Sir Charles Duncomb, Knight, Lord Maior, and Alderman of this ward. Langley Bradley fecit, 1709." Sir Charles also presented the large organ in St. Magnus' Church. It was built by Jordan, in 1712, as announced in the *Spectator*.

Among the Mayors of the Goldsmiths' Company were Gregory de Rokesley (six times Mayor); Nicholas de Faringdon, appointed Mayor in 1308 by Edward II., "as long as it pleased him;" Sir John Chace, M.P., and Bartholomew Rede; Sir Martin Bowes, Sir Robert Vyner, Sir John Shorter, Sir Francis Child (banker), and Sir Charles Duncomb.

In the Livery tea-room is a conversation-picture by Hudson (Reynolds's master), containing portraits of six Lord Mayors, all Goldsmiths: Sir H. Marshall, 1745; W. Benn, 1747; J. Blachford, 1750; R. Allsop, 1752; Edmund Ironside and Sir Thomas Rawlinson, both in 1754, the former having died during his mayoralty.

The second Goldsmiths' Hall was built by Sir Drew Barentyne, Goldsmith, and Mayor in 1398. It was hung with Flemish tapestry, representing the history of St. Dunstan, whose silver-gilt statue stood on the reredos, or screen. Sir B. Rede, when Mayor, gave in this hall a feast, with "a paled park, furnished with fruitful trees and beasts of venery."

In the accounts of the Company's pageant is the triumphant chariot of gold, first described in Munday's pa-

geant for 1611, and also in Jordan's *Goldsmiths' Jubilee*, 1674. Again, in 1687, we find the same gilt chariot described. "The Orfery," a goldsmith's forge, &c., presided over by St. Dunstan, was the usual "trade-pageant" of the Company. It figured in Munday's pageant for 1611, and was always exhibited among the pageants when a Goldsmith happened to be Mayor. The first pageant, in 1674, was a Temple of Apollo; in 1687 this same "property" was formed into a Temple of Janus; in 1698 it was a Temple of Honour; and in 1708 it again figured as a Temple of Apollo.

1710. Sir Samuel Gerrard. Three of this name and family were Lord Mayors in three Queen's reigns —Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne.

1711. Sir Gilbert Heathcote was the last Lord Mayor who rode in his mayoralty procession on horseback; since which the civic sovereign has always appeared by land in a coach drawn by four horses, attended by his chaplain, sword-bearer, and mace-bearer.

1715. Sir Thomas Humphreys, Mayor, was likewise Father of the City, and Alderman of Cheap for twenty-six years. Of his Lady Mayoress an odd story is told relative to the custom of the sovereign kissing the Lady Mayoress upon visiting Guildhall. Queen Anne broke down this observance; but upon the accession of George I., on his first visit to the City, from his known character for gallantry, it was expected that once again a Lady Mayoress was to be kissed by the King on the steps of the Guildhall. But he had no feeling of admiration for English beauty. "It was only," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "after repeated assurance that saluting a lady, on her appointment to a confidential post near some person of the royal family, was the sealing, as it were, of her appointment, that he expressed his

readiness to kiss Lady Cowper on her nomination as Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales. At his first appearance at Guildhall, the admirer of Madame Kielmansegge respected the new observance established by Queen Anne; yet poor Lady Humphreys, the Mayoress, hoped, at all events, to receive the usual tribute from royalty from the lips of the Princess of Wales. But that strong-minded woman, Caroline Dorothea Wilhelmina, steadily looked away from the Mayor's consort. She would not do what Queen Anne had not thought worth the doing; and Lady Humphreys, we are sorry to say, stood upon her unstable rights, and displayed a considerable amount of bad temper and worse behaviour. She wore a train of black velvet,—then considered one of the privileges of the City royalty, and being wronged of one, she resolved to make the best of that which she possessed,—bawling, as ladies, mayoresses, and women generally, should never do,—bawling to her page to hold up her train, and sweeping away therewith before the presence of the amused Princess herself. The incident altogether seems to have been too much for the good but irate lady's nerves; and unable, or unwilling, when dinner was announced, to carry her stupendous *bouquet*, emblem of joy and welcome, she flung it to a second page who attended on her state, with a scream of 'Boy, take my *bucket!*' In *her* view of things, the sun had set on the glory of mayoralty for ever.

"The King was as much amazed as the Princess had been amused; and a well-inspired wag of the court whispered an assurance which increased his perplexity. It was to the effect that the angry lady was only a mock Lady Mayoress, whom the unmarried Mayor had hired for the occasion, borrowing her for that day only. The assurance was credited for a time,

till persons more discreet than the wag convinced the court party that Lady Humphreys was really no counterfeit. She was no beauty either; and the same party, when they withdrew from the festive scene, were all of one mind,—that she must needs be what she seemed, for if the Lord Mayor had been under the necessity of borrowing, he would have borrowed altogether another sort of woman."

1727. On Lord Mayor's Day, the royal family, with all the great officers of state, and a numerous train of nobility and foreign ministers, were entertained by the citizens at Guildhall, on which occasion his Majesty ordered 1000*l.* to be paid to the sheriffs, for the relief of insolvent debtors. The whole expense of the feast amounted to about 4890*l.*

1733. John Barber, Mayor, the patriotic printer, who defeated a scheme of a general Excise. He erected the monument to Butler the poet in Westminster Abbey —who, by the way, had written a very sarcastic "Character of an Alderman." Barber's epitaph on the poet's monument is in high-flown Latin, which drew from Samuel Wesley these lines:

> "While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
> No generous patron would a dinner give;
> See him, when starv'd to death and turn'd to dust,
> Presented with a monumental bust.
> The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
> He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

1739. Alderman Micajah Perry, Mayor. He laid the first stone of the Mansion House.

1740. The coach of Humphrey Parsons, Mayor, was drawn by six horses, "adorned with grand harnesses, ribbons, &c.; a sight never before seen on this occasion." The concluding plate of Hogarth's "Industry and Idleness" shows us Lord Mayor's Day about 1750: the

Mayor in a carved and gilt coach, attended by the City companies, men in armour, banners, &c. In 1757 was built the present state-coach, its panels painted with emblematic subjects,—the last relic of the pageants.

1750. Sir Samuel Pennant in his mayoralty died of the gaol-fever. The great bell of St. Paul's is tolled on the death of a Lord Mayor. He was a kinsman of Pennant who wrote the pleasant *Account of London.*

1753. Sir Christopher Gascoyne, the first Lord Mayor who resided in the Mansion House.

1761. George III. and his Queen dined with the Lord Mayor on the first Lord Mayor's Day of their reign; there was a partial revival of ancient pageantry in the show: the Armourers' Company exhibiting an archer in a car, and a man in armour; the Skinners, seven of their Company dressed in fur, their skins painted like Indian princes; and the Fishmongers brought a gilt statue of St. Peter, a dolphin, two mermaids, and two sea-horses.*

1762. Sir Samuel Fludyer, Mayor. He was a very eminent and wealthy citizen, regarding whom we have some reliable information in the life of Sir Samuel Romilly by his sons. He was the godfather and kinsman of that great man, a member of Parliament for many years, and proposed to take the youthful Romilly under his care, when the death of the alderman prevented such an arrangement. Sir Samuel Fludyer married into the noble family of Cardigan, and his descendants have intermarried with the noblest of the land. He was the ground-landlord of Fludyer-street, Westminster, lately cleared for the site of the new Foreign Office.

* The Show was witnessed by the King and Queen and the royal family, from Mr. Barclay's, 108 Cheapside, as pleasantly described in a privately-printed pamphlet, 1864.

1770. Brass Crosby, Mayor, imprisoned in the Tower for vindicating the free publication of parliamentary debates. At his inauguration dinner in Guildhall there was a superabundance of good things; "notwithstanding which, a great number of young fellows after the dinner was over, being heated with liquor, got upon the hustings, and because they were not supplied with wine broke all the bottles and glasses within their reach." At this time the Court and Ministry were out of favour in the City; and till the year 1776, when Halifax took as the legend of his mayoralty "Justice is the ornament and protection of liberty," no member of the government received an invitation to dine at Guildhall.

1666-1780. Lord Mayors have, upon certain occasions, found themselves unequal to great emergencies. We have seen how, in time of Plague, the Lord Mayor dreaded the infection. In the year of the Great Fire, 1666, the Mayor, Sir Thomas Bloodworth, showed almost comic helplessness, running about during the conflagration, exclaiming, "Lord, what can I do?" and whining about lack of rest, and calling for refreshments for the inner man. To render him true justice, however, Bloodworth was rather wanting in head than in heart. His worship was utterly helpless; but with all that he stood fast among the burning houses, and let his wits perish among the general confusion. In 1780 Alderman Kennet was Mayor. He began life as a waiter, and his manner never rose above his original station. When he was summoned to be examined before Parliament on "the Riots," one of the members observed, "If you ring the bell Kennet will come, of course." On being asked why, on the breaking out of the riot, he did not send for the *posse comitatus*, he replied he did not know where the fellow lived, else he would. One evening,

at the Alderman's Club, he was at a whist-table, and Mr. Alderman Pugh, a dealer in soap, was at his elbow. "Ring the bell, Soap-suds," said Kennet, in his coarse way. "Ring it yourself, Bar," replied Pugh; "you've been twice as much used to it as I have."

1762 and 1769. William Beckford, Alderman of Billingsgate Ward, and twice Mayor, was a most audacious demagogue, with whom the great Lord Chatham maintained a correspondence to keep alive his influence in the City. At the close of his first mayoralty Beckford enunciated this odd *dictum:* "Under the House of Hanover alone Englishmen *could*, but under the House of Hanover Englishmen were determined they *would*, be free." Beckford's main notoriety, however, dates from near the close of his second mayoralty in 1770, not many days before his death. There had been a false return made at the Middlesex election, at which the City was very irate, and got up a remonstrance to the King, which the Lord Mayor presented to his Majesty seated upon the throne. The King censured the citizens, saying "that he should have been wanting to the public as well as to himself if he had not expressed his dissatisfaction at the late address." Horace Walpole thus notes the affair: "The City carried a new remonstrance, garnished with my lord's own ingredients, but much less hot than the former. The country, however, was put to some confusion by my Lord Mayor, who, contrary to all form and precedent, tacked a volunteer speech to the 'Remonstrance.' It was wondrous loyal and respectful; but being an innovation, much discomposed the solemnity. It is always usual to furnish a copy of what is said to the King, that he may be prepared with his answer. In this case he was reduced to tuck up his train, jump from the throne, and take

sanctuary in his closet; or answer extempore, which is not part of the royal trade; or sit silent, and have nothing to reply. This last was the event, and a position awkward enough in conscience."

The citizens were so elated with Beckford's reply that they set up in Guildhall a large monument, with his statue; and upon the pedestal was cut the speech which he was believed to have delivered to the King. Now, at the end of the alderman's speech, in his copy of the City addresses, Mr. Isaac Reed has inserted the following note: "It is a curious fact, but a true one, that Beckford did not utter one syllable of this speech (on the monument). It was penned by John Horne Tooke, and by his art put on the records of the City and on Beckford's statue, as he told me, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. Sayer, &c., at the Athenæum Club.—*Isaac Reed.*" But the worthy commentator and his friends were imposed upon. In the *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 460, a letter from Sheriff Townsend to the earl expressly states that, with the exception of the words "and necessary" being left out before the word "revolution," the Lord Mayor's speech in the *Public Advertiser* of the preceding day is verbatim (the one delivered to the King).

Gifford says (*Ben Jonson*, vol. vi. 481) that Beckford ("factious and brutal as he was") never uttered before the King one syllable of the speech upon his monument; and Gifford's statement is fully confirmed both by Isaac Reed (as above) and by Maltby, the friend of Rogers and Horne Tooke. Beckford *made* a "remonstrance speech" to the King; but the speech on Beckford's monument is the after speech *written* for Beckford by Horne Tooke. (See *Mitford*, *Gray*, and *Mason's Correspondence*, pp. 438, 439.) Such is the historic worth of

this strange piece of monumental bombast, upon which Pennant made this appropriate comment:

> "The things themselves are neither scarce nor rare,
> The wonder's how the devil they got there."

1774. The notorious John Wilkes, Mayor. "Like the hypocrite, his whole public life was a lie" (*Lord Brougham*). The Obelisk in New Bridge-street was erected in Wilkes's mayoralty. Wilkes was born in Clerkenwell, October 17, 1727. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all named Israel, and were all distillers. His father lived in good style, kept a coach drawn by six horses, and his house was resorted to by persons of rank, merchants, philosophers, and men of letters; to which circumstance, and to the unbounded indulgence of his parents, John Wilkes was much indebted for that literary turn of mind by which he was in early life distinguished. Wilkes was, at his entrance into public life, "a friend of the elder Pitt's;" and the *Chatham Correspondence* shows that he continued to profess to be so, and was a candidate for office under him. In 1761 he addressed to him a letter, a model of its class, avowing his pride "to have Mr. Pitt his patron and friend," and his desire for a scene of business. "I wish," he writes, "the Board of Trade might be thought a place in which I could be of any service;" adding, "among all the chances and changes of a political world, I will never have an obligation in a parliamentary way but to Mr. Pitt and his friends." Wilkes did not succeed; but contriving to mix himself up with the constitutional questions of "general warrants" and "parliamentary privilege," such men as Mr. Pitt, though they disapproved of the violence and despised the calumnies of Wilkes, used him as the tool of their ambition.

Wilkes, encouraged by such support, grew so violent, that in 1763 Mr. Pitt denounced in Parliament the *North Briton* and its author as "the blasphemer of his God and the libeller of his king," and repudiated all connection with Wilkes. Mr. Malone relates in his *Memoirs* that Wilkes, about the time when his *North Briton* began to be much noticed, dined one day with Mr. Rigby, and after dinner honestly confessed that he was a ruined man, not worth a shilling; that his principal object in writing was to procure himself some place; and that he should be particularly pleased with one that should remove him from the clamour and importunity of his creditors. At length he got his start; for in 1768 there was stuck upon the doors and walls of the City churches, one Sunday morning, this printed notice: "The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired for the restoration of liberty, depending on the election of Mr. Wilkes." Wilkes was elected alderman of Farringdon Without, Jan. 2, 1769, "while yet," says Walpole, "a criminal of state and a prisoner."

Horne Tooke having challenged Wilkes, who was then Sheriff of London and Middlesex, received the following laconic reply: "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present High Sheriff of the City of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it that *you shall have no ground* to complain of my endeavours to serve you." This is one of the bitterest retorts ever uttered.

Wilkes's notoriety led to his head being painted as a public-house sign, which, however, did not invariably raise the original in estimation. An old lady, in pass-

ing a public-house distinguished as above, to which her companion had called her attention, "Ah!" replied she, "Wilkes swings everywhere but where he ought."

Wilkes's ugliness was proverbial: his squint has been immortalised by Hogarth. Yet even this natural obliquity he turned to humorous account. When Wilkes challenged Lord Townshend, he said, "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest. Yet, give but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double on account of my plain one." He used to add that it took him just half an hour to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper is said to have offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

Dr. Franklin left this plain-spoken estimate of Wilkes and '45: "'Tis really an extraordinary event to see an outlaw and exile, of bad personal character, not worth a farthing, come over from France, set himself up as a candidate for the capital of the kingdom, miss his election only by being too late in his application, and immediately carrying it for the principal county. The mob, spirited up by numbers of different ballads, sung or roared in every street, requiring gentlemen and ladies of all ranks, as they passed in their carriages, to shout for 'Wilkes and liberty!' marking the same words on all their coaches with chalk, and No. 45 on every door; which extends a vast way along the roads into the country. I went last week to Winchester, and observed that for fifteen miles out of town there was scarce a door or window-shutter next the road

unmarked: and this continued, here and there, quite to Winchester, which is sixty-four miles."

Wilkes, of course, in his constant tilts, did not escape retaliation. The following is attributed to Sheridan:

"Johnny Wilkes, Johnny Wilkes,
Thou greatest of bilks,
How changed are the notes you now sing!
Your famed forty-five
Is Prerogative,
And your blasphemy, 'God save the King!'"

Mr. Rogers thus relates his first impression of Wilkes: "One morning, when I was a lad, Wilkes came into our banking-house to solicit my father's vote. My father happened to be out, and I, as his representative, spoke to Wilkes. At parting, Wilkes shook hands with me; and I felt proud of it for a week after. He was quite as ugly, and squinted as much, as his portraits make him; but he was very gentlemanly in appearance and manners. I think I see him at this moment, walking through the crowded streets of the City, as Chamberlain, on his way to Guildhall, in a scarlet coat, military boots, and a bag-wig—the hackney-coachman in vain calling out to him, 'A coach, your honour?'"

Wilkes resided occasionally at Hamilton Lodge, in Kensington Gore. Sometimes he had high visitors here: a memorandum of his refers to a dinner given here to Counts Woronzow and Nesselrode; and if we are to set down Sir Philip Francis as "Junius," here Junius visited, as Mrs. Rough, Wilkes's daughter, said, frequently; and when a child, he once cut off a lock of her hair. Wilkes, to the last, walked home to the City, attired in his scarlet-and-buff suit, with a cocked hat and rosette, and military boots—a dress authorised

by his position as colonel of militia. Wilkes kept up a certain fashionable status to the end: he died, 1797, in No. 30 Grosvenor-square, and was buried in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley-street, where is a tablet, with this inscription from his own pen: "The remains of John Wilkes, a Friend to Liberty."

Gibbon says of Wilkes: "I scarcely ever met with a better companion: he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge." He adds, "A thorough profligate in principle as in practice; his life stained with every vice, and his conversation full of blasphemy and indecency. These morals he glories in, for shame is a weakness he has long since surmounted."

A redeeming incident in the career of Wilkes is his intrepid conduct when the Bank of England was assailed in the riots of 1780. He is said to have rushed out during the pauses which occurred in the attack, and dragged some of the ringleaders from their fellow-rabble.

1776. Alderman Sawbridge, Mayor, fell into a strange mishap. As he was crossing Turnham Green, on his return from a state visit to Kew, the whole of his illustrious party were stopped by a single highwayman; even the sword-bearer made no motion, but sat still while his lordship was stripped. When the fellow had thus outraged the City court he rode off to Kew, and meeting the vicar on the high road, after making him deliver up his valuables, even carried off his sermon!

1784. Alderman Clark, Mayor; in 1798 he succeeded John Wilkes in the office of Chamberlain. He died in 1831, having nearly completed his ninety-second year. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and was fond of literary society. At the age of fifteen he was introduced by Sir John Hawkins to Dr. John-

son, whose friendship he enjoyed to the last year of his life. He attended the Doctor's evening-parties at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet-street, where he met Dr. Percy, Dr. Goldsmith, and Dr. Hawkesworth; he was also a member of the Essex Head Club; and when he was Sheriff, in 1777, he took Dr. Johnson to a "judges' dinner" at the Old Bailey, the judges being Blackstone and Eyre. Mr. Clark died in the Porch House, Chertsey, the last residence of the poet Cowley. Several portraits of Chamberlain Clark are extant, and among them is one by Sir Thomas Lawrence, suspended in the Court of Common Council at Guildhall, and for which the Corporation paid the painter 400 guineas. There is also a bust of Mr. Clark, by Sievier, at Guildhall, the cost of which was defrayed by a subscription of the City officers.

1790. Alderman Boydell, Mayor. He was grandson of a Shropshire clergyman, and at man's estate came to London, and articled himself to an engraver. He became eminent as an engraver and publisher, and boasted that he was the first man who ever became Lord Mayor through writing a book. He gave some twenty or thirty large paintings (now in the Guildhall) to the Corporation, and his portrait hangs on its walls. Alderman Boydell presided over Cheap Ward for twenty-three years. No. 90 Cheapside, corner of Ironmonger-lane, was Boydell's shop. On the morning after attending a City feast it was his practice to take off his wig, and placing his head beneath the pump in Ironmonger-lane, enjoy its cooling stream. He lived to the age of eighty-six. Nearly opposite, in Cheapside, is No. 73, which before the present Mansion House was built, was used occasionally as the Lord Mayor's mansion-house.

1792, 3. Sir James Saunderson, Mayor, left a minute

account of the expenses of his year of office, for the edification of his successors. The document is lengthy; but we shall select a few of the more striking items:* Paid butcher for twelve months, 781*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* One item in this account is for meat given to the prisoners at Ludgate, at a cost of 68*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* The wines are of course expensive. 1792. Paid, late Lord Mayor's stock, 57*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.*; hock, 35 dozen, 82*l.* 14*s.*; champagne, 40 ditto, at 43*s.* per dozen, 85*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.*; claret, 154 ditto, at 34*s.* 10*d.* per dozen, 268*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*; Burgundy, 30 ditto, 76*l.* 5*s.*; port, 8 pipes, 400 dozen, 416*l.* 4*s.*; draft ditto, for Lord Mayor's Day, 49*l.* 4*s.*; ditto, ditto, for Easter Monday, 28*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*—493*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.*; Madeira, 32 dozen, 59*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*; sherry, 61 dozen, 67*l.* 1*s.*; Lisbon, 1 hogshead, at 34*s.* dozen, 62*l.* 12*s.*; bottles to make good, broke and stole, 97*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; arrack, 8*l.* 8*s.*; brandy, 25 gallons, 18*l.* 11*s.*; rum, 6½ ditto, 3*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* Total, 1,309*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.* The citizens of 1795 must have had a decided preference for port, and with no very fastidious taste, as draft wine was thought good enough for the 9th of November and Easter Monday. The charge for hock and Burgundy is extremely moderate; but champagne at 43*s.* per dozen must have been in favour. Madeira is charged nearly 40*s.* per dozen, while the sherry only costs 25*s.* per dozen. We scarcely suppose much Lisbon is required at a civic dinner now; yet Sir James Saunderson paid 62*l.* 12*s.* for a supply. Porter (Meux and Co.), 137*l.* 12*s.*; small beer (Charrington and Co.), 61*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* Who drank the small beer? The supply must have been very copious. The desserts appear disproportionally costly. A dinner on October 12, from Birch, cost 428*l.* 15*s.*, while the dessert on the same occasion was charged 163*l.* At the Judges' dinner

* Quoted from the *City Press.*

and the Fruiterers' dinner the dessert cost considerably more than the provisions. At the aldermen's festivals, the price paid for dessert was only a little under the charge for the actual dinner. Why the fruit should be so costly on these occasions seems to need explanation. [The Fruiterers' dinner, by the way, originated with the Company yearly presenting the Lord Mayor with *twelve baskets of apples*, in return for which the Mayor invites the Company to dinner. For the apples, however, is now substituted the choicest fruit to be obtained at the early season when the dinner takes place.]

These items of costume are curious: Lady Mayoress. Nov. 30. A hoop, 2*l.* 16*s.*; point ruffles, 12*l.* 12*s.*; treble blond ditto, 7*l.* 7*s.*; a fan, 3*l.* 3*s.*; a cap and lappets, 7*l.* 7*s.*; a cloak and sundries, 26*l.* 17*s.*; hair ornaments, 34*l.*; a cap, 7*l.* 18*s.*; sundries, 37*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.* 1793, Jan. 26. A silk, for 9th November, 3½ guineas per yard, 41*l.* 6*s.*; a petticoat (Madame Beauvais), 35*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; a gold chain, 57*l.* 15*s.*; silver silk, 13*l.*; clouded satin, 5*l.* 10*s.*; a petticoat for Easter, 29*l.* 1*s.*; millinery for ditto, 27*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; hair-dressing, 13*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* July 6. A petticoat, 6*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; millinery, 7*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; mantua-maker, in full, 13*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; milliner, in full, 12*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* Total, 416*l.* 2*s.* The Lord Mayor's dress: Two wigs, 9*l.* 9*s.*; a velvet suit, 54*l.* 8*s.*; other clothes, 117*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; hats and hose, 9*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*; a scarlet robe, 14*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; a violet ditto, 12*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; a gold chain, 63*l.*; steel buckles, 5*l.* 5*s.*; a steel sword, 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; hair-dressing, 16*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.*—309*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* On the page opposite to that containing this record, under the head of "Ditto returned," we read "Per valuation, 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*" Thus, to dress a Lord Mayor only costs 309*l.* 2*s.*; but her ladyship cannot be duly arrayed at a less cost than 416*l.* 2*s.* To dress the servants cost 724*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* We give a few

items: hats, gloves, caps, 42*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; a wig for coachman, 2*l.* 4*s.*; state liveries and jackets without lace, 88*l.* 13*s.*; nine second ditto, 64*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*; eleven third ditto, 56*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*; greatcoats, 26*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*; laces for liveries, hats, and caps, 289*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*; six black liveries, "exclusive of my usual servants," 31*l.* 16*s.*; postillion's jacket (black), 3*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.*; eleven pairs of leathern breeches, 17*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; fourteen pairs of silk stockings, 8*l.* 16*s.*; twenty-eight pairs of gloves, 3*l.* 3*s.*; silk hair-bags, 2*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; umbrellas, 1*l.* 16*s.*; boots, 6*l.* 4*s.*; boots for beadle and gate-porter, 10*l.* 10*s.*; mourning for the maids, exclusive of "my own servants," 40*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Then comes a grand summing up, "Dr., the whole state of the account," 12,173*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* Then follow the receipts per contra: at Chamberlain's Office, 3,572*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*; Cocket Office, 892*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.*; Bridge House, 60*l.*; City Gauger, 250*l.*; Freedoms, 175*l.*; fees on affidavits, 21*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; seals, 67*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.*; licenses, 13*l.* 15*s.*; Sheriffs' fees, 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; corn fees, 15*l.* 13*s.*; venison warrants, 14*l.* 4*s.*; attorneys, Mayor's Court, 26*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*; City Remembrancer, 12*l.* 12*s.*; in lieu of baskets, 7*l.* 7*s.*; vote of Common Council, 100*l.*; sale of horses and carriages, 450*l.*; wine (overplus), removed from Mansion House, 398*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.* Total received, 6,117*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.* Cost of mayoralty as such, and independent of all private expenses, 6,055*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.*

It was Sir James Saunderson who sent from the Mansion House a posse of officers to disperse a meeting holden in that "caldron of sedition," Founders' Hall; and among the persons so turned out was Robert Waithman, in his early debating days — an incident Waithman often laughed at in his own mayoralty.

1797. Sir Benjamin Hamet, fined 1000*l.* for refusing to serve as Mayor.

1799. Alderman Combe, Mayor, the brewer, whom some saucy citizens nicknamed "Mash-tub." But he loved gay company. Among the members at Brookes's who indulged in high play was Combe; he is said to have made as much money in this way as he did by brewing. One evening, whilst he filled the office of Lord Mayor, he was busy at a full hazard-table at Brookes's, where the wit and the dice-box circulated together with great glee, and where Beau Brummel was one of the party. "Come, Mash-tub," said Brummel, who was the *caster*, "what do you *set?*" "Twenty-five guineas," answered the alderman. "Well, then," returned the Beau, "have at the mare's pony" (25 guineas). He continued to throw until he drove home the brewer's twelve ponies, running; and then, getting up and making him a low bow whilst pocketing the cash, he said, "Thank you, alderman; for the future, I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, sir," replied the brewer, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same." Combe was succeeded in the mayoralty by Sir William Staines. They were both smokers, and were seen one night at the Mansion House lighting their pipes at the same taper; which reminds us of the Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay.

1800. Sir William Staines, Mayor. He began life as a bricklayer's labourer, and by persevering steadily in the pursuit of one object accumulated a large fortune, and rose to the state-coach and the Mansion House. He was Alderman of Cripplegate Ward, where his memory is much respected. In Jacob's Well-passage, in 1786, he built nine houses for the reception of his aged and indigent friends. They are erected on both sides of the court, without anything to distinguish them from other dwelling-houses, and without ostentatious dis-

play of stone or other inscription to denote the poverty of the inhabitants. The early tenants were aged workmen, tradesmen, &c., several of whom Staines had personally esteemed as his neighbours. One, a perukemaker, had shaved the worthy alderman during forty years. Staines also built Barbican Chapel, and rebuilt the Jacob's Well public-house, noted for dramatic recitations. The alderman was an illiterate man, and was a sort of butt among his brethren. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, after a sumptuous repast of turtle and venison, Sir William was eating a great quantity of butter with his cheese. "Why, brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with *a trowel!*" A son of Sir William Staines, who worked at his father's business (a builder), fell from a lofty ladder, and was killed; when the father, on being fetched to the spot, broke through the crowd, exclaiming, "See that the poor fellow's watch is safe!"

1806. Sir James Shaw, Mayor, afterwards Chamberlain, of whom a marble statue has been erected by subscription in his native town in Scotland. Shaw was born in 1764, in the humblest circumstances, and educated at the grammar-school of Kilmarnock. He settled in London as a merchant, by his own perseverance and integrity amassed a fortune, served as Lord Mayor 1805, sat in three parliaments for the City. He was unostentatiously charitable, encouraged industrious poor men, and succoured the indigent, because he remembered his own unpromising infancy; and he was one of the first to assist the helpless children of Robert Burns. In commemoration of these estimable qualities, the statue of Sir James Shaw was erected in 1848, as above.

1814. Sir William Domville, Mayor; the great event of whose mayoralty was the grand entertainment given in Guildhall, on June 18, to the Prince Regent,

the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other royal and illustrious personages. The dinner, which was as sumptuous as expense or skill could make it, was *wholly served on plate*, the value of which was estimated to exceed 200,000*l*. The entire expense of this entertainment was nearly 25,000*l*. *On that day year*, *June* 18, 1815, was fought the battle of Waterloo.

1815. Alderman Birch, Mayor. He was the celebrated cook and confectioner at No. 15 Cornhill, probably the oldest shop of its class in the metropolis. This business was established in the reign of King George I., by a Mr. Horton, who was succeeded by Mr. Lucas Birch, who, in his turn, was succeeded by his son, Mr. Samuel Birch, born in 1757; he was many years a member of the Common Council, and alderman of the ward of Candlewick. He was also Colonel of the City Militia. In his mayoralty, the year of the battle of Waterloo, he laid the first stone of the London Institution; and when Chantrey's marble statue of George III. was inaugurated in the Council Chamber, Guildhall, the inscription was written by Lord Mayor Birch. He possessed considerable literary taste, and wrote poems and musical dramas, of which *The Adopted Child* remained a stock-piece to our time. The Alderman used annually to send, as a present, a Twelfth-cake to the Mansion House. The upper portion of the house in Cornhill has been rebuilt; but the ground-floor remains intact, a curious specimen of the decorated shop-front of the last century; and here are preserved two door-plates, inscribed "Birch, successor to Mr. Horton," which are 140 years old. Alderman Birch died in 1840, having been succeeded in the business in Cornhill, in 1836, by Ring and Brymer.

1816, 1817. Sir Matthew Wood, Bart., the most

popular Mayor in the present century, began life as a druggist's traveller, and then settled in London in the ward of Cripplegate, for which he rose to be alderman. He served as Lord Mayor two successive years, and represented the City in nine parliaments; his baronetcy was the first title conferred by Queen Victoria, shortly after her accession. He gained much popularity as the adviser of the ill-fated Queen Caroline; for which, and his general political conduct, a princely legacy was bequeathed to him by the wealthy banker of Gloucester of the same name. He died in his 75th year. His eldest son, the next baronet, was in holy orders; and his second son, Sir William Page Wood, is a sound equity lawyer and a Vice-Chancellor.

1821. John Thomas Thorpe, Mayor, officiated as Chief Butler at the coronation feast of George IV. "Dinner being concluded, the Lord Mayor and twelve principal citizens of London, as assistants to the Chief Butler of England (the Duke of Norfolk), accompanied by the King's Cupbearer and assistants, presented to his Majesty wine in a gold cup; and the King, having drunk thereof, returned the gold cup to the Lord Mayor as his fee." He was not, however, created a baronet, as customary: he was too violent a partisan of the ill-fated Queen Caroline.

1822. Christopher Magnay, Mayor. In 1844 his son, William, also served as Mayor, and received a baronetcy at the inauguration of the new Royal Exchange by Queen Victoria.

1823. Robert Waithman, Mayor. He was born of parents in humble life in 1764, and when a boy was adopted by his uncle, a linendraper at Bath, and sent to a school where the boys were taught public and extemporaneous speaking. He was taken into his uncle's

business, and afterwards came to London, and opened a shop at the south end of Fleet-market. In 1794 he began to take an active part in City politics, and was next elected into the Common Council, where his speeches, resolutions, petitions, and addresses would fill a large volume. He subsequently removed to the south-east corner of Fleet-street. He sat in five parliaments for the City, made a popular Sheriff and Lord Mayor, and after his death in 1833, his friends and fellow-citizens erected to his memory a granite obelisk upon the site whereon he commenced business. A memorial tablet, placed in St. Bride's Church, records that "it was his happiness to see that great cause triumphant of which he had been the intrepid advocate from youth to age." Curiously enough, this tablet is placed in the vestibule of the church, directly opposite a similar memorial to Mr. Blades of Ludgate Hill, who was a fine old Tory, and a stanch opponent to Waithman throughout his stormy political life: as in life, so in death the great leveller has laid them here. We have related his *début* in politics. When Sheriff, in 1821, Waithman, in endeavouring to quell a tumult at Knightsbridge, had a carbine presented at him by a life-guardsman; and at the funeral of Queen Caroline a bullet passed through the Sheriff's carriage, in the procession through Hyde Park. Latterly the alderman grew too moderate for his Farringdon Ward friends, and he was defeated of being elected Chamberlain; he then withdrew to a farm near Reigate, and in this bucolic retirement passed away. He was an intrepid, upright man, but had been slenderly educated; and many of the resolutions on the war with France, by which he gained political notoriety, were written by his friend and neighbour, Sir Richard Phillips. In early life Waithman showed considerable genius for acting;

and we once heard him relate that his success in the character of Macbeth led his friends to press upon him the stage as his profession; but he chose another sphere. He was uncle to John Reeve, the clever comic actor.

1825. Alderman Garratt, Mayor, laid the first stone of London Bridge, June 15, accompanied by the Duke of York. The ceremony was performed with much *éclat*. In the evening the Lord Mayor celebrated the event at the Mansion House by a banquet to upwards of 360 guests, in the Egyptian Hall, and nearly 200 of the Artillery Company in the saloon. The whole edifice was brilliantly illuminated within and without with gas; and the Monument was lighted with portable gas, —a lamp being placed at each of the loopholes of the column, and others on the edge of the gallery; and medals were struck in commemoration of the event.

1826. Alderman Venables, Mayor. The account of his "View of the Thames," by the chaplain to the mayoralty, the Rev. Mr. Dillon, a volume of some 160 pages, is now a high-priced bibliographical curiosity. In the sale of the Adolphus collection of books and pamphlets this book brought the large sum of 8*l*.! We remember a copy in Paternoster-row for 12*s*. It is a thin post-octavo volume, nicknamed *Lord Wenables' Voyage to discover the Source of the Thames*. The book is a piece of simplicity, not sly quizzing. Soon after publication it was "bought up" and suppressed. The account of the Lord Mayor Johnson's View of the Thames in 1846, in the *Illustrated London News*, No. 224, is the most circumstantial record of such a visit, which will probably never be repeated. It was a gay succession of feasting, which cost the City many hundreds of pounds.

1830. Alderman Key, Mayor. Invitation declined

by King William IV., and the show and inauguration dinner omitted, from apprehension of riot and outrage. —1831. New London Bridge opened, and Lord Mayor Key created a baronet, and reëlected Mayor during the Reform-Bill agitation.

1837. Alderman Kelly, Lord Mayor at the accession of her Majesty, was born at Chevening, in Kent, and lived, when a youth, with Alexander Hogg, the publisher in Paternoster-row, for 10*l.* a-year wages. He slept under the shop-counter for the security of the premises. He was reported to his master to be "too slow" for the situation. Mr. Hogg, however, thought him "a bidable boy," and he remained. This incident shows *upon what apparently trifling circumstances sometimes a man's future prospects depend.* Mr. Kelly succeeded Mr. Hogg in the business, became alderman of the ward of Farringdon Within, and served as sheriff and Mayor, the cost of which exceeded the fees and allowances by the sum of 10,000*l.* He lived upon the same spot sixty years; and died in his 84th year. He was a man of active benevolence, and reminded one of the pious Lord Mayor Sir Thomas Abney. He composed some prayers for his own use, which were subsequently printed for private distribution.

1838. Sir John Cowan, Mayor, created a baronet by Queen Victoria on her visit to Guildhall, Nov. 9.

1839. Sir Chapman Marshall, Mayor. He received knighthood when sheriff in 1831, and at a public dinner of the friends and supporters of the Metropolitan Charity Schools, he addressed the company as follows: "My Lord Mayor and gentlemen, I want words to express the emotions of my heart. You see before you an humble individual who has been educated in a parochial school. I came to London in 1803 without a shilling, without a

friend. I have not had the advantage of a classical education; but this I will say, my Lord Mayor and gentlemen, that you witness in me what may be done by the earnest application of honest industry; and I trust that my example may induce others to aspire, by the same means, to the distinguished situation which I have now the honour to fill."

1839. Alderman Wilson, Mayor, signalised his year of office by giving in the Egyptian Hall a banquet to 117 connections of the Wilson family being above the age of nine years. At this family festival the usual civic state and ceremonial were maintained, the sword and mace borne, &c. But after the loving-cup had been passed round, the attendants were dismissed, in order that the free family intercourse might not be restricted during the remainder of the evening. A large number of the Wilson family, including the Alderman himself, have grown rich in the silk-trade.

1842. Sir John Pirie, Mayor. Royal Exchange commenced. Baronetcy received on the christening of the Prince of Wales. At his inauguration dinner at Guildhall Sir John said: "I little thought forty years ago, when I came to the City of London a poor lad from the banks of the Tweed, that I should ever arrive at so great a distinction." In his mayoralty Show, Pirie, being a shipowner, added to the procession a model of a large East Indiaman, fully rigged and manned, and drawn in a car by six horses.

1849. Alderman Farncomb, Mayor, one of the prime contributors to the success of the Great Exhibition of 1851. His lordship gave at the Mansion House a grand banquet to Prince Albert, and the Mayors of most of the boroughs of the United Kingdom, in honour of the projected Exhibition; when

Prince Albert declared his views in terms "the most truthful, the most able, the most feeling, the most religious, and the most eloquent."

1850. Sir John Musgrove, Mayor, chiefly upon the suggestion of Mr. George Godwin, F.S.A., had the Show of this year re-designed as follows: Two pages; figure of Peace, bearing her olive-branch, and mounted on a white palfrey, followed by Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; male and female equestrians, in characteristic costume; two pages; horse of Europe, bearing a shield of the national arms; two Arabs leading the camel of Asia, supporting a device; two pages; two negroes leading elephant of Africa, supporting device of palm-trees, birds, and fruits; two pages; Indians leading two deer of America, bearing symbols; two pages conducting a horse bearing attributes of Industry, the beehive, and agricultural implements; two pages conducting the horse bearing attributes of Art, Sculpture, and emblems of the Fine Arts; two pages conducting the horse bearing attributes of Commerce, a ship in full sail over a globe, anchor, &c.; two pages conducting the horse bearing attributes of Manufactures, Machinery, &c.; an allegorical car, drawn by six cream-coloured horses, the car representing a state-barge rowed by tars, tritons, and dolphins at the stem, in the centre bearing a large globe, with Britannia and Happiness personated by females allegorically robed — the former at the foot, and the latter seated on a throne on the summit of the globe, bearing symbols of Peace.

1855, 6. Alderman Salomons, the first Lord Mayor of the Jewish persuasion. This mayoralty was distinguished by the liberal and enlightened views of the chief magistrate, especially in an address temperately reprehending the evil-minded attempts to exaggerate

the nuisance of the Guy Fawkes Day absurdities; and, through the exertions of the City Solicitor, the libellous inscription upon the Monument on Fish-street-hill, attributing the Fire of London to the Roman Catholics, was by order of the Common Council erased. This is an act of justice worthy of the age in which the Jewish citizen was first admitted to the full enjoyment of his municipal rights.

1862, 3. Alderman Rose, Mayor; the most brilliant event in whose mayoralty was the reception of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark and the Prince of Wales by the City Corporation in state, March 7, 1863. The marriage of their Royal Highnesses took place at Windsor, March 10; and subsequently they were present at a grand entertainment in Guildhall. The civic festivities and presents (including a diamond necklace, 10,000 guineas) cost the Corporation some 60,000*l.*, yet no distinction was conferred upon the chief magistrate. He is Alderman of Queenhithe, where in the same row have resided three Mayors of our time—Venables, Hooper, and Rose.

1863, 4. Alderman William Lawrence, Mayor; yielding the unprecedented instance of a father and two sons having filled the office of alderman, and having served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. The father was Alderman of Bread-street Ward, who served sheriff in 1849; he died in 1855, before he had succeeded to the mayoralty. His son, William Lawrence, succeeded to the vacant gown, and served sheriff in 1857; and his brother, James Clarke Lawrence, was elected by the Ward of Walbrook Alderman in 1860, and has served with marked efficiency the office of sheriff, 1862.

1865. Alderman B. S. Phillips, Mayor; the first Jew admitted into the Municipality of London, and the second

Lord Mayor of that faith. He is a man of great common sense, tact, and judgment, which he displayed in his official duties: he discharged the honours of the office most felicitously; his hospitalities were distinguished by splendour and good taste, and he had the honour to entertain at the Mansion House the Prince of Wales and the King and Queen of the Belgians; and at the close of his mayoralty he received knighthood.

Lord Mayor's Day, with its glittering show and gorgeous feasts, in the Great Hall, the Companies' halls, and in tavern dining-rooms, is still celebrated. The glorious "9th" is not neglected in the City. Time was when citizens would not "begin fires" until Lord Mayor's Day, however cold the season might be, and perchance the custom still lingers in a few old houses. Who that has read and does not remember Theodore Hook's humorous sketch of the mayoralty—"the splendid annual"—of some thirty years since? How Scrops could not sleep all night for his greatness; the wind down the chimney sounded like the shouts of the people; the cocks crowing in the mews at the back of the house he took for trumpets sounding his approach; and the ordinary incidental noises in the family he fancied the popguns at Stangate announcing his disembarkation at Westminster. The mayoralty pageant is shorn of its aquatic state: we miss the "golden glister" of the state barges, and the rustling of the silken banners on the river; the Stationers, in their gilt barge, no longer call at Lambeth Palace for their hot spiced ale, and buns, and cakes, and wine; nor has the Company to provide new wooden sack-cups, though the Archbishop of Canterbury may receive his annual present of almanacs from Stationers' Hall. But the Lord Mayor's inauguration-day

is still long enough for mortal to endure: the breakfast at Guildhall, going to church at St. Lawrence's, and then the state procession, or show, often extended in its route so as to pass through the new Lord Mayor's ward, moves on through the City, Fleet-street, the Strand, Charing-cross, and Whitehall, still "holding due course to Westminster," notwithstanding Lord Sidmouth, as High Steward, once protested against a similar passage through his civic domain by the greater civic pageant.

The Show, with its stray features of mediæval state and modern anachronism, is still a holiday sight; and the new life of its Volunteers and Fire Brigade is enjoyed more than "dull fools suppose." We remember the majority of the Shows of the present century, and many attempts to vary the pageant: how an immense ship, fully rigged and manned, was once the novel nucleus; how copies of Gog and Magog, in Guildhall, each fourteen feet high,—the giants' faces level with first-floor windows,—were carried in the Show; and how an extra sum of money was expended in getting up a sort of national pageant in Sir John Musgrove's mayoralty, which was picturesque, but scarcely of a civic character. The last ancient feature was the poor men of the Company to which the Lord Mayor belonged, wearing their long gowns and close caps of the Company's colour, and bearing painted shields, there being as many men as years in the Lord Mayor's age. This was well enough, but "dull fools" laughed at the poor old fellows as so many "Guys" of four days previously. Those historical personages, the "men in armour," have been spared; but the state coach, more than a century old, with its gaily-ribboned horses, still bears the new chief magistrate to Westminster for presentation to the Judges in the Exchequer Court, who are then invited to the banquet.

This brings to mind Cobbett's homely illustration of the Show, and the good it does: "Our Lord Mayor and his golden coach, and his gold-covered footmen and coachman, and his golden chain, and his chaplain, and his great sword of state, please the people, and particularly the women and girls; and when they are pleased, the men and boys are pleased; and many a young fellow has been more industrious and attentive from his hope of one day riding in that golden coach."

And so it has proved; for some of the Mayors of the present century came to London to seek their fortune—some as "poor boys:" the obelisk at the south end of Farringdon-street attests a rise of the former kind. But to rejoin the procession. Formerly the horses were occasionally taken from the carriage, and the popular inmate drawn up "the hill" by his admirers: we all remember the story of Wilkes's coach-horses. The practice was liable to abuse, as in the instance of a sheriff, a publisher, being thus "drawn up" by a set of men from a neighbouring printing-office, who, provided with ropes, awaited the arrival of Mr. Sheriff. No good came from such purchasable enthusiasm. Onward moves the Show, and great is the rabble-rout behind the state-coach, which rolls down King-street to the porch of the Guildhall.

The lists of the old pageants are occasionally tiresome to read, but the following account from a manuscript of 1575 is unusually picturesque: "The day of St. Simon and St. Jude, the Mayor enters into his state and office. The next day he goes by water to Westminster in most triumphant-like manner, his barge being garnished with the arms of the City; and near it a ship-boat of the Queen's Majesty, being trimmed up and rigged like a ship-of-war, with divers pieces of

ordnance, standards, pennons, and targets of the proper arms of the said Mayor, of his Company, and of the Merchants Adventurers, or of the Staple, or of the Company of the New Trades; next before him goeth the barge of the livery of his own company, decked with their own proper arms; 'then the bachelors' barge; and so all the companies in London, in order, every one having their own proper barge, with the arms of their company. And so passing along the Thames, he landeth at Westminster, where he taketh his oath in the Exchequer, before the judge there; which done, he returneth by water as aforesaid, and landeth at Paul's-wharf, where he and the rest of the aldermen take their horses, and in great pomp pass through Cheapside. And first of all come two great standards, one having the arms of the City, and the other the arms of the Mayor's company; next them two drums and a flute, then an ensign of the City, and then about lxx or lxxx poore men marching two and two, in blue gowns, with red sleeves and caps, every one bearing a pike and a target, whereon is painted the arms of all them that have been Mayors of the same company that this new Mayor is of. Then two banners, one of the King's arms, the other of the Mayor's own proper arms. Then a set of hautboys playing, and after them certain wyfflers,* in velvet coats and chains of gold, with white staves in their hands; then the Pageant of Triumph richly decked, whereupon, by certain figures and writ-

* *Whiffler*, Mr. Douce says, in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, is a term undoubtedly borrowed from whiffle, another name for a fife or small flute; for whifflers were originally those who preceded armies or processions as fifers or pipers. In process of time the term "whiffler," which had been always used in the sense of a "fifer," came to signify any person who went before in a procession.

ings, some matter touching justice and the office of a magistrate is represented. Then sixteen trumpeters, eight and eight, having banners of the Mayor's company. Then certain wyfflers, in velvet coats and chains, with white staves as before. Then the bachelors, two and two, in long gowns, with crimson hoods on their shoulders of satin; which bachelors are chosen every year of the same company that the Mayor is of (but not of the living), and serve as gentlemen on that and other festival days, to wait on the Mayor, being in number according to the quantity of the company—sometimes sixty or one hundred. After them twelve trumpeters more, with banners of the Mayor's company; then the drum and flute of the City, and an ensign of the Mayor's company; and after, the waits of the City in blue gowns, red sleeves and caps, every one having a silver collar about his neck. Then they of the livery in their long gowns, every one with his hood on his left shoulder, half black and half red, the number of them according to the greatness of the company whereof they are. After them follow sheriffs' officers, and then the Mayor's officers, with other officers of the City, as the Common Serjeant and the Chamberlain; next before the Mayor goeth the sword-bearer, having on his head the cap of honour, and the sword of the City in his right hand in a rich scabbard set with pearl, and on his left hand goeth the common crier of the City, with his great mace on his shoulder all gilt. The Mayor hath on a long gown of scarlet, and on his left shoulder a hood of black velvet, and a rich collar of gold of SS about his neck; and with him rideth the old Mayor also, in his scarlet gown, hood of velvet, and a chain of gold about his neck. Then all the aldermen, two and two (among whom is the Recorder), all in scarlet gowns; those that

have been Mayors have chains of gold, the others have black velvet tippets. The two sheriffs come last of all, in their scarlet gowns and chains of gold. In this order they pass along through the City to the Guildhall, where they dine that day, to the number of one thousand persons, all at the charge of the Mayor and the two sheriffs. This feast costeth 400*l.*, whereof the Mayor payeth 200*l.*, and each of the sheriffs 100*l.* Immediately after dinner they go to St. Paul's Church; every one of the aforesaid poor men bearing staff, torches, and targets, which torches are lighted when it is late before they come from evening prayer."

THE LORD MAYOR AT THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

We have already recorded that Alderman Kelly was Mayor at the accession of her Majesty in the year 1837. The demise of the Crown has always been an occasion on which the services of the Lord Mayor have been called into requisition. Indeed, his authority not ceasing on such a contingency, like that of other commission officers, he is said, in such cases, to be the principal officer in the kingdom. A formal and timely notice of the event is, therefore, forwarded to him by the Home Secretary, accompanied by a request that he will give directions for the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral. He also receives a summons to attend the first Privy Council, when the rightful successor to the throne is acknowledged by the signature of those present, and arrangements are made for the sovereign's proclamation. These are duties which, under the most pacific aspect of public affairs, invariably devolve upon the chief magistrate on the death of the reigning sovereign; but occasions have arisen in former

times when, in conjunction with his fellow-citizens, he has been called upon to assume even higher powers. Stow says: "When James I. was invited to come and take the crown of England, Robert Lee, then Lord Mayor, subscribed in the first place, before all the great officers of the Crown, and all the nobility" (Strype's *Stow*, vol. ii. p. 155). So, on the abdication of James II., a meeting was called of all the members of the different parliaments of Charles II., and the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and fifty of the Common Council, which was regarded as the most proper representation of the people in that exigency (Pulling's *Treatise*, p. 19).

Before we describe the First Council it will be interesting to detail these antecedents, as recorded in the *Diaries of a Lady of Quality:* "At Kensington Palace the Princess Victoria received the intelligence of the death of William IV., June 1837. On the 20th, at 2 A.M., the scene closed, and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to their young sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace at about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gates; they were again kept waiting in the court-yard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform H.R.H. that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the *Princess* was in such a sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come to the *Queen* on business of state, and even her sleep must give way

to that.' It did: and to prove that *she* did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders—her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

Lord Mayor Kelly having received a note from one of the clerks of the Privy Council, giving his lordship notice, by desire of the Lords of the Privy Council, "that your lordship and the Court of Aldermen may give your attendance there if you think proper," the Lord Mayor proceeded with as little delay as possible, and accompanied by such aldermen as were present, in the direction of St. James's Palace. On their way thither they were met by a messenger from the Home Office, informing them that the Council would be held at Kensington (where the Queen and her mother were then residing), and not at St. James's, as originally announced. On their arrival at the palace at Kensington, the Lord Mayor was introduced to her Majesty the Queen, by the Duke of Sussex, and took his seat as a Privy Councillor; shortly after which, with the members of the royal family, the Archbishops, and other Privy Councillors present, as well as the members of the City deputation, he attached his signature to the proclamation of her Majesty's accession" (*Life of Alderman Kelly*, by the Rev. R. C. Fell, 1856).

In the *Diaries of a Lady of Quality* the First Council is thus described: "The first act of the reign was of course the summoning of the Council, and most of the summonses were not received till after the early hour fixed for its meeting. The Queen was, upon the opening of the doors, found sitting at the head of the table. She received first the homage of the Duke of Cumber-

land, who, I suppose, was not King of Hanover when he knelt to her; the Duke of Sussex rose to perform the same ceremony, but the Queen, with admirable grace, stood up, and, preventing him from kneeling, kissed him on the forehead. The crowd was so great, the arrangements were so ill-made, that my brothers told me the scene of swearing allegiance to their young sovereign was more like that of the bidding at an auction than anything else." [Sir David Wilkie has painted the scene—but with a difference.]

The proclamation took place on the day after the accession, when it was the duty of the Chief Magistrate to open the gates of Temple Bar, to admit the procession, as had been notified the day previously from the Herald's Office. This was, we believe, the last time the Temple Bar ceremony was performed in its entirety, it having since been varied, and divested of most of its formality. The details at the accession are thus minutely related by the Rev. Mr. Fell:

"When the Lord Mayor's carriage arrived near Temple Bar, the gates of which, in accordance with ancient practice and privilege, closed a short time previously, a pursuivant of arms advanced from the Westminster side between two trumpeters, preceded by two of the Life-guards, to the gates, and after three loud blasts of the trumpets, a knock was heard. The City Marshal called out from within the gates, 'Who comes there?' To which was replied, 'The officers of arms, who demand entrance into the City to proclaim her Royal Majesty, Alexandrina Victoria, Queen.' Immediately upon hearing this summons, the City Marshals rode up, with their hats off, to the carriage of the Lord Mayor, which stood opposite to Chancery-lane, and informed him that the herald was at the gates, and

desired admission to proclaim the Queen. His lordship having ordered that the gates should be opened, the heralds and the rest of the procession, who had been reading the proclamation in Westminster, passed through; and a pursuivant and the York herald-at-arms approached the Lord Mayor, and presented to his lordship the Order in Council, requiring him to proclaim her Majesty. The Lord Mayor, addressing himself to the herald, said: 'I am aware of the contents of this paper, having been apprised of the ceremony appointed to take place yesterday; and I have attended to perform my duty in accordance with the ancient usages and customs of the City of London.' His lordship then read the Order in Council, requiring the herald to proclaim her Majesty the Queen, Alexandrina Victoria, within the jurisdiction of the City, and returned it to the herald-at-arms, who proceeded to read the proclamation, immediately after the trumpet was sounded. As soon as the proclamation was read, there was a flourish of trumpets again; and the herald having cried aloud, 'God save the Queen!' the people waved their hats, and several persons cried out, 'Long live Queen Victoria!'

"As soon as this was done, the Lord Mayor, and the whole of the City authorities, fell into the procession, immediately after the officers-at-arms; and proceeded down Fleet-street, up Ludgate-hill, through St. Paul's Churchyard and Cheapside, until they arrived at the end of Wood-street, where they halted, for the purpose of proclamation being a fourth time made, with the same formalities as before. The procession, at this point, was joined by several of the City Companies, and then moved on to the Royal Exchange, where the proclamation was read for the last time.

"It was expected that Alderman Kelly would have

been honoured with a baronetcy at the close of his mayoralty, during which he had presented an address of congratulation to the youthful sovereign, on the attainment of her majority, as heiress-presumptive to the throne; he had attended her first Council, and had officially assisted at her proclamation; and her Majesty became the guest of the Corporation, and dined at the Guildhall. As Lord Mayor, he had waited in person on her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace, on the 31st of July previous, to convey to her the invitation of the Corporation, and to ascertain her pleasure respecting the appointment of a day for the entertainment. With the view of occasioning as little inconvenience as possible, and of making the entertainment serve a double object, the Queen considerately fixed upon the ensuing Lord Mayor's Day for her visit. This consideration for the convenience of the City was, however, rendered practically futile by what followed; for the incoming Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who individually bore no part of the expense of the banquet given to the Queen, gave their own entertainment in the Guildhall a week afterwards. The invitation to her Majesty having been given and accepted during Kelly's year of office, with the additional fact, that upon him had devolved the duties of the chief magistracy on the occasion of the accession and proclamation, not unnaturally led to a belief that the baronetcy conferred on his successor in office would have been conferred on him. While it was admitted on all hands that he had a prior claim to this mark of consideration, and an intimation, originating, it is said, in a high quarter, was given to him, that had his claim been sooner brought under notice a remedy would have been found for the apparent oversight, in the appointment of an earlier day for the entertainment,—it was

obvious that, under the circumstances, the honour could only properly be conferred upon the Lord Mayor of the day, and it was accordingly so disposed of. Any pretentions Alderman Kelly might himself have had to such a mark of royal favour he was prepared, by the very constitution of his mind, cheerfully to forego; and his most enthusiastic friends need hardly regret that an honour, which, conferred under such circumstances, must have been regarded rather as the accident of office than a reward for public services, and which, therefore, could have shed no additional lustre upon his fair name, should have passed into other hands."*

Curiously enough, at the first court of the new mayoralty votes of thanks were presented by the Aldermen and Common Council to the ex-Lord Mayor Kelly, in acknowledgment of services for which his successor was rewarded with a baronetcy; an inconsistency which should have been prevented by the minister explaining to the youthful sovereign the position of the Corporation in the matter. Nor was the *contretemps* heeded; for, fourteen years later, the baronetcy was conferred upon Lord Mayor Musgrove, on the 2d August 1851 (the great Exhibition year), although his predecessor, Lord Mayor Farncomb, took the initiative in largely contributing to the success of the Exhibition.

THE LORD MAYOR'S STATE-COACH.

Subsequently to 1711, when the Lord Mayor last rode on horseback in the Show, the state-coach was used, drawn by four horses; till, in 1741, the number was increased to six. This coach is represented in one

* Life of Alderman Kelly. By the Rev. R. C. Fell. 1856.

of Hogarth's prints, date 1747; but it is eclipsed in size and splendour by the coach now used.

The Lord Mayor's state-coach is kept at the "Green-yard," Whitecross-street, opposite the Debtors' Prison. This superb carriage was built in 1757, by subscription among the aldermen, but soon became the property of the Corporation, who have since paid the expense of keeping the coach in repair. Even so early as twenty years after its construction the repairs in one year cost 335*l.*, and the average of seven years' repairs in the present century was 115*l.* The design of the coach is more magnificent than graceful: the carriage consists of a pair of grotesque marine figures, who support the seat of the driver, with a large escallop-shell as a foot-board; at the hind part are two children bearing the City arms, beneath which is a large pelican; the perch is double, and terminates in dolphins' heads; and the four wheels are richly carved and gilt, and resemble those of ancient triumphal chariots. The body is not hung upon springs, but upon four thick red leather straps, fastened with gilt brass buckles of spirited design, each bearing the City arms. The roof was originally ornamented with eight gilt vases; in the centre was a leafy crown, bearing the City arms, and from which small gilt flowers trailed over the remainder of the roof, painted red: a group of four boys supporting baskets of fruit and flowers originally occupied the centre, but they were removed about forty years since.

The upper intervals of the body, save at the back, are filled with plate-glass, and the several lower panels are painted as follow:

Front Panel.—Faith supporting a decrepit figure beside a flaming altar; Hope pointing to St. Paul's Cathedral in the distance.

Back.—Charity: a wrecked sailor; ship in the offing; two females casting money and fruits into his lap.

Upper Back.—The City, attended by Neptune; Commerce introducing the Arab, with his horse, and other traders, with the camel, elephant, &c.

Right Door.—Fame, with her wreath, presenting a Lord Mayor to the City, who lays the sword and sceptre, the mace, &c. at her feet. In the very small panel beneath are fruit and flowers.

Side Panels.—Beauty, with her mirror; female with bridled horse, &c.

Left Door.—The City seated, and Britannia pointing with her spear to a shield, inscribed with "Henri Fitz-Alwin, 1189" (the first Mayor). In the very small panels beneath are the scales of Justice and sword of Mercy, grouped.

Side Panels.—Justice, with her scales and sword, Prudence, &c.

In small shields, at the lower angles of each door, and of the back and front panels, are emblazoned the arms of the Lord Mayor for the time being. The framework is richly carved and gilt; over each door is an escallop-shell, and at the lower angles of the body are dwarf figures, emblematic of the four quarters of the globe. The smaller enrichments about the panels, as shells, fruits and flowers, are admirably carved and grouped: over the upper back panel is an exquisite *bit*—a serpent and dove. The perch and wheels are painted red, picked out with gold, and massive gilt bosses cover the wheel-boxes; the wheels were renewed in 1828. The coach is lined with crimson corded silk and lace; and in the centre is a seat for the mace- and sword-bearers. The hammer-cloth is crimson cloth; but the original one was of gold lace.

This coach was repaired, new-lined, and re-gilt in 1812, at an expense of 600*l.*, when also a new seat-cloth was furnished for 90*l.*; and in 1821 the re-lining cost 206*l.* In 1812 Messrs. Houlditch agreed to keep the coach in fair wear and tear for ten years at 48*l.* per annum. The total weight of the coach is 3 tons 16 cwt.; it is drawn by six horses, for whom a superb state harness was made in 1833, and that for each horse weighed 106 lb.

It is not positively known by whom this coach was carved, nor by whom the panels were painted. Cipriani is stated by some to be the painter; but others assert that after the present royal state-coach was built in 1762, the old royal state-coach was purchased by the City of London, and the panels repainted by Dance; such is the statement of Smith, in his *Nollekens and his Times;* but in the report of the Municipal Corporation Commissioners the City coach is stated to have been built in 1757.

CIVIC CURIOSITIES.

Persons in official positions rarely turn their opportunities of collecting to such good account as did the late City Remembrancer, Mr. Tyrell, whose singularly curious library was dispersed by auction in the spring of 1864. The sale occupied five days, and there were some 1500 lots. In so extensive a collection there were, of course, many works of trifling literary worth, especially those illustrating the modern history of London; nevertheless such works are often serviceable in throwing light upon obscure and disputed points of metropolitan manners. The documentary works on laws, customs, and charters were very numerous and valuable,

from the official status of the collector. The pamphlets that had sprung out of election contests and ward squabbles, tithes and ecclesiastical affairs, trials, peerage claims, and divorce cases, were very curious; and the pageants, sights, and shows of our ancient city were well represented. Even the pamphlets written against building bridges, and other improvements of the great town, were a goodly crop,—the Holborn-valley and Snow-hill improvements to wit. It is scarcely half a century since the latter locality was pulled about; and we find here the "Representation of the Leaseholders and Contractors interested, and the Scheme of the proposed Lottery," "with plans and plates, in red morocco."

Some City Companies' records are very scarce. Here was the Haberdashers' *Londini Speculum*, extremely rare; and Munday's "Chrysomelia," privately printed for the Fishmongers' Company, illustrated from contemporary drawings by H. Shaw, together with the array of the Mayors; and Leman's *Pageant in* 1616, a work well known to the guests at Fishmongers' Hall. Of the Great Plague and Fire there were many accounts. Here, too, was an original copy of the first attempt at a London Directory, which settles the actual address of the father of Alexander Pope, without doubt the street in which the poet himself was born; this copy (1677) having attached four leaves of an "Addition of all the Goldsmiths that keep running Cashes"—a very early "List of Bankers." Wilkes's "Sufferings," &c.—The tracts, papers, and letters were very numerous, including *The British Lion roused*, portrait inserted, very rare, with the scarce parody, "A new Form of Prayer and Thanksgiving" for Wilkes's deliverance; besides Wilkes's Speeches in the House of Commons, "Liber valde rarissimus." Among the "Prisons and Trials" were the Old

Bailey Sessions' Papers, 1679-1729, many very scarce; and a batch of the multitude of Elizabeth Canning pamphlets. Among the mayoralty books we should not omit the Chaplain Dillon's "Visit to Oxford in 1826," "rigidly suppressed." One most rare and singularly curious lot was, "Vade Mecum for Malt Worms; or, a Guide to Good Fellows: being a description of the manners and customs of the most eminent publick houses in and about the Cities of London and Westminster; with a hint on the props (or principal customers) of each house; in a method so plain that any thirsty person (of the meanest capacity) may easily find the nearest way from one house to another." This merry production is in verse. The copy belonged to the famous collector Narcissus Luttrell, who placed the time of his purchase as September 1720, and the price as fivepence, paid by him for each part. There are upwards of one hundred leaves, each with a woodcut of the sign of some well-known tippling establishment; underneath the qualities of the liquors are rehearsed, the names of the guzzlers given, and their drinking capabilities recorded in verse.

SWAN-UPPING ON THE THAMES.

Although Gresham-street and the railways, some twenty years since, swallowed up Lad-lane and the old coaching inn, the Swan with Two Necks, and cygnets no longer appear in the civic bills of fare on Lord Mayor's day, the swan itself has been spared to grace our noble metropolitan river, "royal-towered Thame;" and the custom of *swan-upping* (vulgarly called *swan-hopping*), or taking up the young swans to

mark them, is still observed, and is commemorated with high civic festivities.

Two of the London Companies—the Dyers' and the Vintners' Companies—are, with the Crown, the principal owners of swans in the Thames. These two Companies have long enjoyed the privilege of keeping swans on the river from the metropolis to a considerable distance above Windsor.

We shall first speak of the royal swans, and the state with which they were attended. The king had formerly a swan-herd, not only on the Thames but in several other parts of the kingdom; and we find persons exercising the office of "Master of the King's Swans," sometimes called the *swanship*.

The laws relating to swans are very severe. Stealing swans marked and pinioned, or unmarked, if kept in a water, pond, or private river (by Hale's *Pleas of the Crown*) is felony. Stealing swans not so marked, or not so kept and pinioned, is merely a trespass or misdemeanour. The law is said to have formerly been, that when a swan, lawfully marked, is stolen in an open and common river, "the same swan (if it may be), or another swan, shall be hung in a house by the beak, and he who stole it shall, in recompense thereof, be obliged to give the owner so much wheat that may cover all the swan, until the head of the swan be covered with the wheat."

Stealing the eggs of swans out of their nests was punished by imprisonment for a year, and a fine at the king's pleasure, under the 11 Henry VII.; but this was superseded by the 1st of James I., which declares that every person taking eggs of swans out of their nests, or wilfully breaking or spoiling them, may, upon conviction before two justices, be committed to gaol for three months, unless he pay to the churchwardens for the use

of the poor 20*s.* for every egg; or after one month of his commitment become bound, with two sureties in 20*l.* apiece, never to offend again in like manner.

The same officer who marked the swans for the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies marked them also, at a stipulated payment, for the Sovereign. The expenses were about 300*l.* per annum, and the office had its numerous perquisites.

The swan-upping—that is, the catching and taking up of the swans to place marks on the cygnets and renew those on the old birds, if obliterated—took place before the royal swan-herdsman; and the swan-herds wore swan-feathers in their caps. The struggles of the swans when caught by their pursuers, and the duckings which the latter received in the contest, made this a diversion with our ancestors of no ordinary interest. The Swan-upping Day was fixed, by the Swan Law of 1570, on the Monday after St. Peter's Day (June 29); but in our time the festival on the occasion has been held in July, and the business of the *marking* in August. The swan-herds have a sort of dialect. Thus, they call a male swan a *cob*, and a female a *pen;* and certain small swans, which feed and range, and return home again, are called *hoppers.* The upping is called a "swan voyage."

The swans in the Thames are far less numerous than they used to be. At the upping of August 1841 the following number of old and young swans belonged to her Majesty and the two civic Companies:

	Old Swans.	Cygnets.	Total.
The Queen	185	47	232
The Vintners' Company . .	79	21	100
The Dyers' Company . . .	91	14	105
	355	82	437

At one period, however, the Vintners' Company alone possessed 500 birds.

On the first Monday in August in every year the swan-marker of the Crown and the two City Companies go *up* the Thames for the purpose of inspecting and taking an account of the swans belonging to their respective employers, and marking the young birds. They proceed to the different parts of the river frequented by the swans for breeding, and other places where these birds are kept. They pay half-a-crown for each young bird to the fishermen who have made nests for the old birds, and two shillings per week to any person who during the winter has taken care of the swans by sheltering them in ponds, or otherwise protecting them from the severity of the weather. When, as it sometimes happens, the cob bird (male) of one owner mates with a pen bird (female) belonging to another, the brood are divided between the owners of the parent birds, the odd cygnet (except in Buckinghamshire) being allotted to the owner of the cob.

The *marks* are made upon the upper mandible, with a knife or other sharp instrument. The forms and devices greatly differ. Thus, the swan-mark of Eton College, which has the privilege of keeping swans on the Thames, is the armed point and feathered end of an arrow, and is represented by nail-heads on the door of one of the inner rooms of the college. The Dyers' and Vintners' marks date from the reign of Elizabeth, and anciently consisted of circles or amulets on the beak; but the cutting of these being considered to inflict more severe pain on the birds than straight lines, the rings are now omitted, and the lines are doubled. The two nicks are probably intended for two half lozenges, or a demi-lozenge on each side; the V. is perhaps a

chevron reversed, the arms of the company being sable, a chevron between three tuns argent; for the true chevron could scarcely be cut on the beak of the bird without each lateral branch crossing its elongated and tender nostril; and this, from a feeling of humanity, the marker would be disposed to avoid. That many of these swan-marks, besides being heraldic, have the additional adaptation of the initial letter of the word "Vintner," and form also the Roman numeral V., is supported by a custom at the feasts of the Vintners' Company, where one of the regular stand-up toasts of the day is, "The Worshipful Company of Vintners, with Five." The royal swan-mark has been unchanged since the commencement of the reign of George III.*

Formerly large flocks of swans ventured unmolested below London Bridge. Paulus Jovius, describing the Thames in 1552, says: "This river abounds in swans swimming in flocks, the sight of which, and their noise, are very agreeable to the fleets that meet them in their course." Shakspeare may have seen this sight when he made York compare the struggle of his followers at the battle of Wakefield to a swan encountering a tidal stream:

> "As I have seen a swan
> With bootless labour swim against the tide,
> And spend her strength with overmatching wave."
>
> *Henry VI.* Part iii.

Leland the antiquary, in one of his rarest works, *Cygnea Cantio, a Swan's Song*, imagines a Thames swan sailing down the river from Oxford to Greenwich, describing as she passes along all the towns, castles, and other places of note within her view.

* Abridged from Cassell's *Family Paper*, with additions.

MEMORIALS OF THE DANES IN LONDON.

Mr. Worsaae,* who, by desire of King Christian VIII. of Denmark, in 1846 made an archæological exploration of Scotland and the British Isles, observes that the Dane who wanders through London will be reminded by Denmark-court, Denmark-street, and Copenhagen-street, of the connection between England and Denmark in modern times; while memorials of the earlier occupation of London by the Danes and Northmen are numerous. At St. Clement's Danes in the Strand, called in the middle ages *Ecclesia Sancti Clementis Danorum*, "the Danes in London had their own burial-place, in which reposed the remains of Canute the Great's son and next successor, Harald Harefoot. When, in 1040, Hardicanute ascended the throne after his brother Harald, he caused Harald's corpse to be disinterred from its tomb in Westminster Abbey, and thrown into the Thames, where it was found by a fisherman, and afterwards buried, it is said, 'in the Danes' churchyard in London.' From the churchyard it was subsequently removed into a round tower which ornamented the church before it was rebuilt at the close of the seventeenth century." The author considers the church to have been named not because so many Danes were buried in it, but, as it is situated close by the Thames, and must have originally lain outside the City walls, the Danish merchants and mariners who for the sake of trade were then established in London had here a place of their own, in which they dwelt together as fellow-countrymen. This church too,—like others in

* An Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland. By J. J. A. Worsaae, For.F.S.A. 1852.

commercial towns, as at Aarhus in Jutland, at Trondjem in Norway, and even in the City of London (in Eastcheap),—was consecrated to St. Clement, who was especially the seaman's patron saint. The Danes naturally preferred to bury their dead in this church, which was their proper parish church. The present church bears in various parts the emblem of St. Clement's martyrdom, the anchor, with which about his neck he is said to have been thrown into the sea.

Mr. Worsaae then refers to the possession by the Danes and Norwegians of Southwark, the very name of which is unmistakably of Danish or Norwegian origin: "The Sagas relate that, in the time of King Svend Tveskjæg, the Danes fortified this trading place; which, evidently on account of its situation to the south of the Thames and London, was called Sydvirke (Sudvirki), or the southern fortification. From Sudvirki, which in Anglo-Saxon was called Sud-geweorc, but which in the middle ages obtained the name of Suthwerk or Swerk, arose the present form—Southwark. The Northmen had a church in Sudvirke, dedicated to the Norwegian king Olaf the Saint." Mr. Worsaae next mentions Tooley-street, a corruption of St. Olave's-street; and St. Olave's Church, which is mentioned by that name as early as the close of the thirteenth century.

Within the City, or ancient London, are three churches consecrated to St. Olave: namely, in Silver-street; at the north-west corner of Seething-lane, Tower-street; and in the Old Jewry (St. Olave's Upwell). "In the same neighbourhood, near London Bridge, there is also a church dedicated to St. Magnus the Martyr, which likewise undoubtedly owes its origin to the Northmen, either the Norwegians or Danes. St. Magnus was a Norwegian jarl, who was killed in the twelfth century

in Orkney, where the cathedral in Kirkwall is also consecrated to him."

Mr. Worsaae also mentions Lambeth (formerly Lanbythe), which in the Danish time was a village adjacent to the capital; and relates how, in 1042, a Danish jarl celebrated his marriage at a country house here, and how King Hardicanute, with a number of his followers, was present at the banquet; but just as he was drinking to the bride, he suddenly fell to the ground in a fit of apoplexy, and shortly afterwards died in his twenty-sixth year.

We have confined ourselves to points relating to the great metropolis; but the researches of Mr. Worsaae are equally careful and fruitful over the rest of the empire.

VICTUALLING PLANTAGENET LONDON.

The oldest trades in our ancient metropolis were the tavern-keeper, the victualler, and the cook—an antiquity which it needs no great ingenuity to explain. In proportion to the necessities which these trades provided for, was the importance of controlling them. Keepers of wine-taverns and ale-taverns, victuallers (sellers of provisions), and the public cooks, were not allowed to lodge guests, though the last-named seem frequently to have violated the prohibition. The privilege of keeping these places was generally confined to freemen; but in the reign of Edward III. non-freemen are mentioned under the title of common hostelers. They were made responsible for the conduct of their guests if they lodged with them more than a day and a night. This was a remnant of the old Saxon frankpledge, doubtless modified

by some common-sense understanding. The hostelers were at one time empowered to take away any arms which their guests brought with them, and to keep them till their departure; though afterwards, it would seem, they were only required to warn their guests against carrying arms at night, and against being out of doors at a late hour. The charge for a night's lodging in the time of Henry IV. seems to have been *a penny per night.* But as victuallers and cooks were prohibited from letting lodgings, so hostelers were forbidden to sell drink and victuals to any but their guests; nor were they allowed to make ale or bread themselves; for the latter they were enjoined to resort to the baker, and for the former to the *ale-wives.* The ale-taverns were distinct from the wine-taverns, and were generally brew-houses as well; this double business of making and selling the ale being almost entirely in the hands of women, and held in low estimation. So late as the close of the fifteenth century Fleet-street was tenanted almost wholly by *breweresses,* or ale-wives, and makers of felt caps. The price of the ale was regulated by the ale-conner of the ward, to whom it was sent by the breweress as soon as it was brewed. The ale-measures had to be authorised by the seal of the alderman of the ward. The ale-wives needed sharply to be looked after, for we trace their delinquencies by a string of penalties—fine, imprisonment, and the pillory.

No breweress or other retailer of ale was to keep her doors open after curfew, under heavy penalties. There is another very significant regulation: brewers, as well as hostelers, were ordered to retail their ale by full and lawful measure, and not to sell it by the *hanap,* or metal drinking-mug of the establishment. The wine-taverners were looked after closely in a similar manner.

They had also to close at curfew. Unsound wine was not allowed to be mixed with good; and after the arrival of new wine at a tavern, none of it was to be sold before the old was disposed of. There is no mention of wine *bottles*, or flasks; the wine and ale were sold in sealed measures only, and not in the earthenware wine-cup. Each wine-tavern had its pole, limited in length to seven feet, so as not to interfere with the horsemen on the roadway, "projecting from the gable of the house, and supporting a sign or *a bunch of leaves* at the end;" this gave rise to the old proverb, "Good wine needs no bush," and to the *Bush* taverns and inns which we still meet with.

The mob, in riotous times, are notoriously hostile to the bakers; and it is not to be supposed that they escaped in these rude times. Bread was made for the Londoners partly within the walls (and sometimes this was the only lawful bread for citizens), or at other localities—such as Stratford in Essex; Bremble, near Stratford (the present Bromley, no doubt, which still has its corn-mills); Stephenhithe (now Stepney); and St. Alban's, from which place it was brought on horses or in carts. This latter, "strange" bread, as it was called, seems to have been prohibited, or stigmatised as "spurious,"—less from any desire to secure a monopoly to the bakers of the City than from the more praiseworthy reason, as expressly alleged in the case of Southwark, that "the bakers of Southwark are not amenable to the justice of the City," which undertook the care of its citizens' digestion. By public enactment in the time of Edward I. loaves were to be made at two and four to the penny. In a pen-and-ink sketch preserved at Guildhall, date about 1320, a baker is represented as being drawn on a hurdle with a deficient loaf of a circular form

hanging about his neck.* It was formerly forbidden that any loaves should be sold at a higher price than the above; nevertheless loaves at three or five farthings apiece were smuggled into the market (as in Bread-street, Cheapside), under the arms or beneath a towel. Every loaf had to be impressed with a certain seal, which was inspected from time to time by the alderman of the ward, who kept a counterpart of the impression. The servants of the rich had a right to be present when the baker kneaded his dough; and supervision seems to have been needful, for we find that knavish bakers were accustomed to make bread of fine quality on the outside and coarse within. One baker is even mentioned as being pilloried for putting a piece of iron in his bread to increase the weight. The markets were open for the sale of bread, as well as meat, on Sundays. The country bakers of Stratford, we find, undersold their London brethren by giving two ounces more in the pennyworth of bread. The bakers' bread, like the breweresses' ale, was subject to inspection; and early in the reign of Edward III. we find that "some bakers in the City, for the purpose of avoiding this affray, follow their business stealthily, and skulk like foxes, so as not to be found by the officers of the City in case their loaves should prove deficient." There were wholesale markets for the sale of corn, malt, and salt, at Billingsgate and Queenhithe. Stratford was the great repository for corn and flour; while the City mills appear to have been possessed by the lords of certain sites or extensive jurisdictions within the City. Each mill was worked, it would seem, by one horse, and the miller paid partly in meal, partly in money. The City millers doubtless fully deserved

* Loaves are made in this form at the present day in France, one object being for conveniently carrying the loaf upon the arm.

the character for gross peculation given them by mediæval satirists.

The church of St. Michael, Queenhithe, has a vane made in the form of a ship in full sail, the body of which is said to be capable of containing a bushel of grain, having reference to the traffic in corn at the Hithe, which was formerly very great.

Fish was a very staple commodity in old London, being consumed to a much greater extent than butcher's meat. The variety of fish included most of those familiar to us, except lobsters, crabs, and shrimps, which are never mentioned. Boats with oysters, whelks, mussels, and soles, were only allowed to stay for the purposes of sale for two ebbs and a flood, on pain of forfeiting the fish. By royal ordinance in the time of Henry III., the first boat in the season with fresh herrings from Yarmouth had to pay double customs, so as to confiscate it to the use of the king's own table! The fishmongers were sharply looked after by the Argus-eyed police of the City. If they sold fish in any quantity, it was to be done in baskets of a certain size; and they were not allowed to mix different sorts of fish in the same basket, or to make the under layers of inferior fish. Citizens of London might buy fish at the boat; but apprentices were strictly forbidden to do so. Fishmongers were not to buy fresh fish until after Mass at the chapel at London Bridge, or the church of St. Martin; and no one was allowed to sell fish on the quay by retail. It is in our day too much the fashion hastily to consider old offices of little value. This trade is no longer fettered by regulations formerly indispensable, but the Fishmongers' statutes have not entirely fallen into desuetude: they had power in early times "to enter and seize bad fish;" and to this day two inspectors are

employed by the Fishmongers' Company, and report to the court the number of unwholesome fish destroyed.

The regulations for the sale of butcher's meat were conceived in a similar spirit. In the reign of Edward III. the shambles of St. Nicholas, the predecessor of our Newgate-market, were taken in hand; and it was ordered among other things that large cattle should in future be slaughtered without the City. The poulterers, who were also under strict regulations as to mode and prices of sale, dealt in rabbits, game, eggs and poultry, but not, it would seem, in butter. The only vegetables mentioned are onions, garlic, and leeks. The fruits are apples, pears, and walnuts. Cheese was brought in carts from the neighbouring villages, and was also imported by the Hanse merchants. Butter was little used in London at this period, and was sold in *liquid* measures.

LONDON IN THE THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES.

From the close of the eleventh century, Chronicles refer continually to destructive fires which prostrated its steeples; the natural consequence of the habitations and church-steeples being generally constructed of wood. The streets were unpaved; and, if we may draw any inferences from the fact that when the wooden steeple of Bow Church fell into Cheap, in the year 1170, the tallest beams sank out of sight into the earth, they must have been as muddy and ill-kept as those of Paris when they excited the wrath of Philip Augustus. Before the end of the twelfth century, however, the frequent occurrence of extensive fires compelled the citizens to adopt some necessary precautions in the construction of their

habitations. In the highly curious regulations published on the subject in the year 1189, we are informed that "in ancient times the greater part of the City was built of wood, and the houses covered with thatch, reeds, and the like materials, so that when any house took fire, the greater part of the City was consumed thereby; as it happened in the first year of King Stephen, when, by a fire which began at London Bridge, the church of St. Paul's was burnt; and then that fire spread, consuming houses and buildings even unto the church of St. Clement Danes. Afterwards, many citizens, to avoid such danger, according as their means, built on the freehold stone houses roofed with thick tiles, and protected against the ravages of fire; whereby it often fell out that when a fire was kindled in the City, and had wasted many edifices, and reached such a house, not being able to injure it, it there became extinguished, so that many neighbours' houses were wholly saved from fire by that house."

It is clear from this simple narrative, which is worth all the chronicles put together, that in the twelfth century there were in London many houses built of stone; and it may be presumed that they had increased in number by the thirteenth. That the majority, however, were wooden structures may be readily believed; and ancient conveyances seem to make a distinction between buildings of stone and wood, terming the former *domus*, and the latter *edificia*. The houses, of whatever material, appear never to have exceeded one story in height. When Henry III. visited St. Louis at Paris, he greatly admired the houses of that city, consisting for the most part of many stories; from which it may be inferred he had not been accustomed to a similar style of building in his own kingdom. The ground-floor of the London

houses at this period was, aptly enough, called a cellar, the upper story a solar. Although a considerable quantity of ground cultivated in gardens existed within the walls, and we read from time to time in the coroner's rolls of mortal accidents which befel youths attempting to steal apples in the orchards of Paternoster-row and Ivy-lane, still the necessarily close proximity of dwellings in the main streets led, at an early period, to the enactment of stringent regulations for the protection of original rights and the settlement of disputed boundaries. The assize of 1189 is entitled to be considered the prototype of the Act relating to party-walls which was passed in our time: it fixed the thickness of the wall at three feet; determined the right of property in it; regulated the construction of gutters; and even went so far as to establish "that if anyone should have windows towards the land of his neighbour, and even though he had been seized of the view of the said windows for a long time, and his ancestors before him, nevertheless his neighbour could block up such view by building opposite those windows, or otherwise obstructing them, unless he who owned them could show any writing to the contrary."

The result of a careful examination of the evidence relating to the appearance of London houses in the thirteenth century leads unavoidably to the conclusion that they were both small and of low elevation; and the shops were generally wooden sheds erected in front of the inhabited tenements.

At the present time, when the sanitary condition of the metropolis is attracting so much of public attention, it may not be uninteresting to inquire how far this was provided for in ancient days. We have seen that so early as 1189 the due construction of gutters, and the convenient dispersion of waste water, were objects of

consideration: the *cameræ privatæ* of the citizens were not left unregulated; they were prohibited within the distance of two and a half or three and a half feet from a neighbouring tenement; and the propriety of their construction was liable to the survey of a jury chosen by the authorities. The situation of London, with an easy descent towards the Thames, was favourable to a surface-drainage, aided in a great degree by those natural streams which flowed open to the river,—the Wallbrook and the Fleet,—the cleansing and maintenance of which in a proper state were, from an early period, objects of solicitude to the magistracy.

It may be collected also from ancient evidences that narrow channels ran down the centre of many of those streets which led directly to the river-side: bad as the effect of these uncovered sewers must have been, they were better than no drainage whatever. The greatest source of annoyance, however, was the existence of the public shambles almost in the very heart of the City, clustered round the church of St. Nicholas, the patron of butchers as well as fishermen. From a remote time ordinance succeeded ordinance levelled at this flagrant nuisance. There being no under-drainage, the refuse of the slaughter-houses was thrown by the butchers wherever they could find a place: into the streets, or the Fleet, or into the river, where, often left on the banks, the putrefying heaps offended the olfactory senses of the Edwards and Henries as they were rowed between Westminster and the Tower, producing impressive monitions to the Mayor to repress the intolerable excesses of the fleshmongers; but it was a nuisance that grew with the increase of the metropolis.

We seek in vain for traces of any approach to an organised system of police in the metropolis during the

times under consideration. When considerable tumults arose, the Mayor or sheriff appears to have summoned the townsfolk to his aid by the great bell of St. Paul's, and as the adult population was in a measure trained to arms, a tolerably efficient force was thus temporarily at his orders. Periodical musters of the citizens under arms were taken, and by the early rolls we perceive that a few individuals came equipped at all points, on *chevaux couverts*, while the majority were armed with those miscellaneous weapons of offence common to the times. The rendezvous on these occasions was Mile End, or Cheapside. However inefficient these early "Trained Bands" may have been in the field, they were quite adequate to the suppression of such disorders as the outbreak of 1260, among the goldsmiths, tailors, and white-leather-dressers; who maintained a conflict in the streets for three successive nights, amounting in number to more than five hundred. The riot was at last quelled by the bailiff and the citizens, more than thirty of the ringleaders being captured, and about thirteen appear to have been hanged.

But, excepting on such occasions as the above, there was no active joint exertion on the part of the authorities. The City swarmed with thieves and bad characters, who were fostered and protected by the numerous sanctuaries then recognised, as well as by the facility with which they could escape from one soke to another, where the bailiffs could not pursue them. In the reign of Edward I., the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's obtained a license to enclose their church and buildings with a strong wall, as a protection against the malefactors that infested it nightly, committing every species of crime, and converting that which should have been the most sacred into the vilest place in the City. If we

take the trouble, however, to turn over the legal records of the time, the number of murders and violent assaults upon the person do not appear so numerous as might have been expected amidst a population of which every man and youth was constantly armed with his anlace or Irish knife.

We may here add that in the famous *Liber Albus*, compiled in the year 1419, are several precautions which seem to have been used, though with indifferent success perhaps, for keeping clean the City streets, lanes, and highways. Kennels, it would appear, were pretty generally made on either side of the street (leaving a space for the footpath), for the purpose of carrying off the sewage and rain-water. There were two kennels in Cheapside, at a period even when nearly the whole of the north side was a vacant space. The City Conduit (at the east end of Cheapside) is frequently mentioned in this volume; and from it, in conjunction with the Thames (the water from which was conveyed in carts), the City derived its main supply of water. A fountain is also spoken of as being situate before the convent of the Friars Minors in Newgate; and some houses were provided with (so-called) fountains of their own. The kennels of Cornhill are often referred to. The highways were directed to be kept clean from rubbish, hay, straw, sawdust, dung, and other refuse. Each householder was to clear away all dirt from his door, and to be equally careful not to place it before that of his neighbours. No one was to throw water or anything else out of the windows, but was to bring the water down and pour it into the street. An exception, however, to this last provision seems to have been made in the case of fishmongers; for we find injunctions frequently issued (in contravention of the

precautions mostly taken to preserve the purity of the Thames) that they shall on no account throw their dirty water into the streets, but shall have the same carried to the river. The lanes, too, running down to the Thames, and the highways between Castle Baynard and the Tower, were to be kept free from all impediments, so that persons on horseback might experience no difficulty in going to the Thames.

From the introduction to *Croniques de London depuis l'an* 44 *Hen. III jusqu'à l'an* 17 *Edw. III*, published by the Camden Society, we quote the following striking picture of London as it was at the above period:

"Proceeding eastward along West Chepe, the graceful cross of Queen Alianor, at the top of Wood-street, appeared; then the handsome church of St. Mary-le-Bow; and lower, on the opposite side, the chapel of St. Thomas of Acons; and further on Serne's Tower. On the site of the present Mansion House was the Stocks-market, a smaller and inferior market to that of West Chepe; and beyond, Cornhill, for centuries the mart for clothing and household furniture, from the convenience of its situation to the braziers of Lothbury, the great manufacturers of kitchen utensils, and the tailors and linen-armourers of Coleman-street and the adjacent parts, the exclusive makers of both linen and woollen clothing; and Lombard-street, then the residence of foreign merchants. The line along Lombard-street and West Chepe was the chief road through the City; and on account of its width, its noble appearance, and the wealth of its inhabitants, it became the highway along which every procession to the tournament, to the coronation, or to the royal funeral, passed. The second road through the City seems to have been the only way in Saxon times: it led along Old Fish-street, where, until the fourteenth

century, the chief fish-market was held; along Wathe-ling-street, passing Tower Royal into Candlewick-street, for so many centuries the residence of the wealthy drapers, who seem to have been bound by strong ties to a spot placed beneath the protection of their patroness, Saint Mary Bothaw, and close beside the highly-valued 'London Stone.' Next was Eastcheap, the old Saxon market, celebrated from the time of Fitz-Stephen to the days of Lydgate for the abundance and variety of the provisions sold there. This street communicated with New Fish-street, where at this period a very large market both for fresh and salt fish was held; and this joined the bridge, which at this time, and for centuries after, was thickly crowded with houses. The more eastern parts of the City never seem to have been remarkable for trade. A large number of foreigners, basket-makers and wire-drawers, were about this time, according to Stow, located in Blanche-Appleton-court, near Leadenhall-street; and we also find that many artisans, employed in the inferior trades, dwelt round about. At the east end of the City was the Tower, Fitz-Stephen's 'Palatine Tower.'

But if the eastern part of London could not be said to vie in wealth and importance with West Chepe, in the number and splendour of its conventual establishments it yielded to none. The priory of the Holy Trinity, founded by Queen Maud, consort of Henry I., in the year 1108, for canons regular of the order of Saint Augustin, and said to be the wealthiest in England, stood just within Aldgate. Not far distant was the house of the nuns of St. Clare, brought into England by Blanche, Queen of Navarre, who was wife to Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, Leicester, and Derby, about A.D. 1293; and near the convent of the 'Fratres Sancti Crucis,' which has given its name to Crutched Friars;

and the abbey, founded by King Edward III., of St. Mary of Grace, near the Tower, after he had encountered a tempest at sea. In Bishopsgate-street was the priory of the nuns of St. Helen; on the site of Spitalfields church was the great hospital of St. Mary Spital, founded by Walter Brune, citizen of London, and Rosia his wife, in 1234; while just withinside the City wall rose the equally noble foundation of Simmon Fitz-Mary, sheriff of London in 1246, the hospital or priory of St. Mary of Bethlehem, afterwards converted into a house or hospital for the reception of lunatics.

Returning to the foot of the bridge to the west, close by the water-side, the stock-fishmongers had their dwellings; close beside were the large warehouses and stone-hall and tall watch-tower of the merchants of the steel-yard; next, the stately mansion of Cold Harbour; and then the great stone houses of the merchants of the Vintry, and their extensive quay, crowded with shipping; further on Queenhithe, a large public wharf for salt and corn; then a series of wharfs; and at the west angle of the City wall arose two well-fortified castles, Baynard's Castle and the Tower of Montfichet. Beyond were the gardens of the Blackfriars' convent, the mouth of the Fleet, the ancient palace of Bridewell, an occasional royal residence even from the Conquest, and the garden of the Whitefriars and the Temple.

The western liberties of the City seem to have been very populous. The space between Fleet-street and Holborn was inhabited chiefly by smiths and tanners. On each side of the river Fleet were the wharfs of the lime-burners and dealers in charcoal and sea-coal. The butchers dwelt nearly on the site of Newgate-market; and turners of beads and scribes both in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane and of Paternoster-row. Like the

north-eastern, the north-western quarter was crowded with religious houses. On the spot where Christ's Hospital now stands was the noble and richly endowed house of the Gray Friars, with its splendid church, inferior in size and grandeur to the metropolitan cathedral alone, beneath whose lofty and fretted roof four queens, and other persons of rank almost innumerable, reposed amid the escutcheoned pomp of departed greatness. Near it was the wealthy priory and hospital of St. Bartholomew, founded by the pious Rahere, and endowed by the virtuous Queen Maud; and just beyond, the munificence of Sir Walter Manny, a few years after, founded the Carthusian Priory, which now bears the name of the Charter House.

To the north, just within the City gate, was the Saxon foundation of St. Martin's, well named 'le Grand,' from its large and abundant privileges. Withoutside the gate was the mansion of the Duke of Britany, which has given its name to Little Britain; while from hence to the wide moor of Finsbury the numerous streets and alleys were occupied by the lower orders of artificers—curriers, bowyers, and bowstring-makers.

Such was London, the 'lady of the kingdoms,' the modern Tyre, during the fourteenth century; and if it might scarcely be recognised by the inhabitants of the present day, far less would its suburbs. To the west and the north wide tracts of forest-land, covering that large space on which, in late years, a complete town has been built; to the east a succession of moors and green marshes; while nearer at hand there was the stately palace of Westminster, rising from the water's edge, with the adjoining convent and abbey, standing almost alone. Then the hermitage of Charing, looking towards the noble mansion of the Archbishop of York,

now Whitehall; and the Leper House of St. Giles's, literally 'in the fields;' and the simple church of St. Martin, with its equally appropriate title; and the meadow-land and gentle slopes, intersected by the rapid Fleet, which extended from St. Giles's-in-the-fields to the elm-trees on the western side of Smithfield.

Due northward arose the stately mansion of the Knights of St. John, a palace of size and splendour; and beside it the priory of the nuns of Clerkenwell, founded A.D. 1100 by Jordan Briset, a knight or baron. Beyond, the little village of Iseldune (Islington) peeped from the surrounding woods; nearer, but more to the east, was the village of Hochestone (Hoxton), amid corn-fields and windmills; then the green moorlands of Finsburie, with the holy well of St. Agnes; and close adjoining the priory of the nuns of Haliwell, founded before 1127 by Roger Fitz-Gelran. From hence the eye ranged over wide tracts of meadow-land to the gray tower of the distant church of Stibenhede (Stepney); while the massive keep of the Tower and the spires of St. Katharine closed the view.

Although each successive generation brought alterations, there were comparatively few important additions for full two centuries. During the fifteenth the erection of Guildhall, which until then was a mean and low building in Aldermanbury (a site known by that name in the year 1189); the opening of Moorgate and the planting of Moorfields; the building of many of the City Companies' halls, and that beautiful row of houses which extended along the upper south side of West Chepe, between Bread-street and the Cross, called Goldsmith's-row, built by Thomas Wood, goldsmith, and sheriff, in 1491, were the chief improvements."

97648

LONDON IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The changes in a great metropolis are ever best seen in the comparison of its maps *at different periods;* indeed, these maps are the best illustrations of its history, since events often furnish name to sites and localities, and thus give a sort of living interest to the past. We have already glanced at London of the thirteenth century, temp. Henry III. We now propose to take the reader onward three centuries, and view the London of great Eliza's golden reign. In its second year (1560) Ralph Aggas drew a bird's-eye view of London, which has been reproduced in a form accessible to a very large number of readers. This reproduction of Aggas's map was issued with Cassell's *Illustrated Family Paper*, accompanied by a description, which, by permission, is here reproduced, with additions.

It is curious to find that three centuries ago the town had so far increased as to alarm our rural-minded queen, who issued a proclamation for pulling down newly-built houses in and within three miles of London and Westminster. The number of inhabitants did not then exceed 145,000, or considerably less than those in the present parish of Marylebone. Even the small extent of the old city was so much occupied with gardens, enclosures, and open spaces, as to bear but remote comparison with the over-crowded metropolis of the present day. The streets were mostly winding and narrow—a state of things best described by the tenant of an overhanging garret being able to shake hands with his opposite neighbour. Nevertheless the pageants, processions, and stately displays during the reign of Elizabeth were very frequent; and the multitudes who

took part in such shows, or were spectators, were very great. Many thousands, doubtless, flocked in from the surrounding country; and the long train gathered wonder-struck numbers as it poured through the streets, and dazzled them with its splendour and picturesque appearance.

In this plan of Aggas's we see the City seated on a gentle slope, descending to the margin of a noble river; its plain bounded north and south by two beautiful ranges of hills, affording at once easy access and facilities to cleanliness and ventilation. In the foreground, or Surrey side, on the left we see the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lambeth Church, with only a single house at a small distance; more northward is a road opposite the state landing-place in New Palace-yard. The principal ditch of Lambeth Marsh falls into the Thames opposite the Temple gardens, the ground being unoccupied except by a solitary dwelling. On the river-bank opposite Whitefriars, a line of houses, with gardens and groves behind them, commences, and is continued with little intermission to the stairs and the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, on Bankside. One of the most noted places in this line was Paris garden, the site of which is now occupied by Christ Church, Blackfriars-road, and its annexed parish. Farther eastward, but behind the houses, are the circular buildings for bull- and bear-baiting—amusements to which Queen Elizabeth was partial. Near the bear-baiting place is a dog-kennel, from which several dogs are seen issuing. From Winchester Palace to the Borough High-street, and along Tooley-street to Battle Bridge, the houses stand thickly; but towards Horselydown the ground is open, and the buildings stand in gardens. We see here London Bridge, crowded with

buildings, among which the celebrated Nonsuch House is conspicuous. Another striking object is the noble cross church of St. Mary Overie, in magnitude and architectural character the third church in the metropolis; its pinnacled tower is 150 feet high. The poet Gower and his wife, Edmund Shakspeare (the great bard's brother), and Massinger the dramatist, are buried here. The park of the Bishop of Winchester is walled in: hence Park-street. On the right of the road is St. Olave's Church, built before the Norman Conquest.

Returning leftward, we see the venerable Abbey of Westminster, *on Thorney Island*, with the Chapel of Henry VII., and beyond it St. Margaret's Church. The adjacent palace of Edward the Confessor covers both the Palace-yards, and extends as far as Whitehall, where it joins the precincts of York House. On the disgrace of Wolsey, the latter was seized by King Henry VIII., who from that time kept his court here. In the old palace we see the Parliament House, the fountain, and the clock-tower, not far from Barry's clock-tower of the new palace. King-street was then and long after the only road by which the sovereign proceeded to parliament. This street is guarded by a gate; and another, of noble dimensions, stands in Whitehall, and forms the principal entrance to the palace. To the left is the Tilt-yard and the Cockpit; on the site of the latter is the present Council-office. Beyond the Tilt-yard is a sheet of water, now the Horse-guards Parade. The gardens of Whitehall are shown, with the stairs by which Wolsey quitted the palace in his barge for Esher. Eastward we see St. James's-park, with the deer, and Spring-gardens, with groves, reaching as far as the present Admiralty. Beyond the north wall of the park are a few houses, about the middle of Pall-

mall; and beyond them St. James's Hospital, which in the former reign had been converted into a palace; the swampy field was also then enclosed as a park, the canal being supplied by the creek surrounding three sides of Thorney Island.

At Charing-cross we see a rude sketch of Eleanor's cross, where now is the statue of Charles I. Opposite is the Hospital of St. Mary Rouncival, which gave way to Northumberland House and Gardens. Beyond Charing-cross is the Royal Mews, where the falcons were kept, upon the site of our National Gallery. Here are three rural roads leading to the fields: 1. The Haymarket, in which hay was then sold, and so continued until 1830; 2. Hedge-lane, now Whitcomb-street; 3. A large field, crossed by a path to St. Martin's-lane, and at its lower end St. Martin's Church, built by Henry VIII., *in the fields*. The Haymarket leads to "the way to Redinge," now Piccadilly. Then we have a triangular field, and beyond is "the way to Vxbridge," and Oxford-road, now Oxford-street. In the distance are fields, hedges, and dotting trees; but still more rural is the village of St. Giles, commencing at Drury-lane, its cluster of buildings (Broad-street) and a few houses within the precincts of St. Giles's Hospital and Church, partly enclosed and surrounded with trees. Far away in the fields is the little church of St. Pancras, "all alone, old, and weather-beaten."

St. Martin's-lane has scarcely a house beyond the church, which nearly abuts on Convent-garden, belonging to the abbot and monks of Westminster: it is walled in, and extends to Drury-lane, and from the back of the garden in the Strand to the present Long Acre, there being only three or four buildings within its bounds. Not a house is built in Long Acre or Seven Dials, nor in

Drury-lane, from near Holborn to Drury House. The old Angel Inn, St. Clements, was then *in the fields.*

Nearly the whole of the Strand is a straggling street of mansions and their offices, the residences of noblemen and prelates, those on the south side having gardens reaching to the Thames; and they have mostly given names to the streets built on their sites. First of these historical houses is York-place, where Francis Bacon was born in the same year that Aggas drew his plan: here the Great Seal was taken from Bacon in 1621. Next is Durham-place, where Lady Jane Grey lodged when she assumed the crown; and she was thence escorted to the Tower. Sir Walter Raleigh possessed Durham-place twenty years; his study was a little turret which looked upon the Thames: the site is now part of the Adelphi. Next is the Savoy, through centuries a palace, a prison, and hospital: there are few sites of such historic interest as this spot. Next is Somerset-place, assigned by Edward VI. to the Princess Elizabeth, and whence, as queen, she went to open Gresham's Royal Exchange, 1570-1; we also read of her going in great state, with a torchlight procession, to the council; "for shows and pageants," says the account, "are ever best seen by torchlight." In the roadway of the Strand we see a few straggling buildings (one of which is Lyon's-Inn, lately taken down), and beyond is St. Clement's Church, where the Danes had worshipped centuries ago; and so we reach Temple Bar, a timber gateway across the street, upon the site of Wren's present Bar of stone.

Returning to the Thames bank, next Somerset-place is Arundel-place, where the Countess of Nottingham died, after her interview with Queen Elizabeth to implore forgiveness for having withheld from her Essex's

ring. Upon the site of the mansion and gardens now are Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk streets. Then we have Milford-lane, named from a *ford* over the Thames, at the extremity, and a *windmill* in the Strand. Next is Paget-place, afterwards Essex House and gardens, and its water-stairs. Here Essex plotted his abortive project for the overthrow of Elizabeth's government, by whose order the streets were *barricaded* with empty carts. He fortified the house, but was brought to surrender by a gun mounted upon the tower of St. Clement's Church. The site is now Essex-street and part of the Temple, which we see here, with the old gate-house, built as a fine imposed by Wolsey. Here are the garden-trees, but little regularity in the buildings. Eastward is Whitefriars, which has "many fair houses, lodgings for noblemen and others;" but being a place of sanctuary, it became the *Alsatia* of fraudulent debtors, gamblers, and outcasts. Next is Water-lane, and then the old Palace of Bridewell and grounds, extending from Fleet-street to the Thames. At the date of the Map the old Palace had been given to the City as a workhouse and house of correction, whence Bridewell (from the well of St. Bride) became a name for a prison.

We here reach Fleet river and Fleet ditch, now a sewer beneath Bridge-street and Farringdon-street, where, in the view, are flanking trees and the Fleet Prison. The Fleet was once a busy river, covered with ships and small craft, and, after passing under Holborn Bridge, can be traced to its source at the foot of Hampstead-hill. In Fleet-street we see the old churches of St. Dunstan and St. Bride; and here are Chancery, Fetter, and Shoe lanes, the intervening ground with hedges and trees. Opposite Shoe-lane is the famous Fleet-street Conduit. West of Chancery-lane is Lin-

coln's-Inn, with its coneygarth stocked with rabbits and game; and the garden, where the Earl of Lincoln grew fruit and vegetables for his own table, as well as for sale.

We are now in Holborn, built upon the bank of the *old bourne*, or brook, which runs down the hill into Turnmill Brook. From St. Giles's eastward is almost a country road with turnstiles. The building northward may be the estate of St. Clement Danes, purchased by the parish as early as 1552 for 160*l.*, and now producing 4000*l.* a year for charitable purposes. The Holborn houses have large gardens: Gérard, the herbalist, had his physic-garden here. The cluster of buildings on the south side is Southampton House, the town-house of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, and part of the old Temple, which the Templars left in 1184 for Fleet-street: the site is now Southampton-buildings. Opposite is Gray's-inn-lane, and on the west side is the manor of Portpoole, afterwards Gray's-Inn. The hall was built 1560, and Francis Bacon planned the walks about 1600. Opposite Gray's-Inn-lane is Middle-row, and next "the Bares," or City boundary. Staple-Inn was not built as we now see it—one of our oldest pieces of street architecture. Lower down, on the north side, is Ely-place, with its vineyard, meadow, kitchen-garden, and orchard, the gate-house, chapels, great banqueting-hall, &c.; the surrounding ground is mostly open and unbuilt on; and the names of Saffron-hill, Field-lane, and Lily and Vine streets carry us back to its rural times. Here Sir Christopher Hatton, Elizabeth's dancing chancellor, lived in great state, paying to the refractory Bishop of Ely, whom the queen threatened to unfrock, as rent, a red rose, ten loads of hay, and 10*l.* per annum, with the right of the bishop to walk in the

gardens and gather twenty bushels of roses yearly. And Richard, Duke of Gloucester, had seen "good strawberries" in this very garden. Hatton died in this house, 40,000*l.* in debt to the Crown; as did the "strange lady," after a long fight with her husband and the Bishop of Ely to recover the property. The site of the garden is covered with Hatton-garden and adjoining streets, and Ely-place, part of which has been taken down for "the raising of Holborn-valley." We now reach St. Andrew's, with the tower of the former church—date Henry VI. Adjoining, in Shoe-lane, is the town-house of the Bishop of Bangor; the garden, elm-trees, and rookery existed in 1759.

North-eastward of Holborn Bridge is Smithfield, the town green, with its elms, public walk, race-course, and live market; noted for its quintain matches, sword and buckler fights, and as a place of blood; but with sunnier sports of jousts, tournaments, and feats of arms, to which knights rode through Giltspur-street. Here Walworth stabbed Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw was hanged; Edward III. feasted "the Lady of the Sun," with chivalric sports; Richard II. held joustings, and ordeal combats were fought; martyrs were burnt, and poisoners boiled to death; and the great Fair was held annually for seven centuries. Here, too, is the priory of St. Bartholomew, of which the church remains; and eastward is the Hospital granted by Henry VIII. to the citizens "for the sore and diseased." Little Britain occupies the site of the mansion of the Earl of Breton, but is better remembered for its race of booksellers. North-west we see Clerkenwell, where the parish clerks, or *clerken*, acted Scripture plays round a *well:* the village grew up around the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, of which the ancient gate-house remains, and the Nunnery of St. Mary,

south of Clerkenwell-green. Aggas's map shows a few houses, bounded on three sides by fields, and its pastures and slopes watered by the River of Wells, or Fleet; and Coppice and Wilderness rows keep its memories green. Soon after, fine houses were built here for persons of note. Hence to the village of Islington lay through green fields and country paths even so lately as 1780. In Woodbridge-street was the Red Bull Theatre, originally an inn, but used for stage performances late in Elizabeth's reign; the site is included in Nicholson's distillery.

Eastward is the Charter House, originally a monastery of Chartreux monks, where Elizabeth sojourned many days after her accession. It was not made a hospital until the next reign. Here is preserved the finest Elizabethan apartment in London. The wooden gates are those of the monastery; but few other ancient fragments remain.

We are now in the City, but in Farringdon *Without*, so called from being without the walls. Leaving Fleet-street, we cross Fleet ditch, or part of the town ditch, in front of the City wall, between Bridewell-dock and Holborn, by Fleet-bridge, and advance up Ludgate—or *Fleet-hill*, as it is called in the plan. Here, on the north side, is the Belle Sauvage Inn, at which dramas were played before a regular theatre was established in this country. Here, in Elizabeth's reign, played Tarlton, her favourite clown. In Queen Mary's reign, Sir Thomas Wyat was stopped here in his ill-planned rebellion. We now reach Ludgate, one of the four ancient gates of the City, and the Old Bailey, named from its being the ballium of the ancient City wall, which is shown opposite in the Map. The Mayors and Justices kept their sessions here in Elizabeth's time.

St. Paul's Cathedral is now reached; not the classic edifice erected by Wren, but the gothic "Old St. Paul's," commenced in the eleventh century, and not finished till 1240! The church has lost its steeple; for in the year after Aggas drew his plan, the spire was struck by lightning, and within an hour the whole was burnt to the battlement. The steeple was never rebuilt, though money was collected for the purpose. Four illustrious men of this period were buried in the old cathedral: Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the great chancellor; Sir Christopher Hatton, chancellor; Sir Philip Sidney; and his father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham. Hatton's monument was a sumptuous pile, and Walsingham's and Sidney's were humble tablets, which gave rise to the epigram,

> "Philip and Francis have no tomb,
> For *great* Christopher takes all the room."

Vandyck was buried here, near the tomb of time-honoured John of Gaunt.

In the plan we see "Paule's Chain," the street named from a *chain* or barrier drawn across the carriage-way of St. Paul's Churchyard, to preserve silence in the cathedral during the hours of public worship.

Around St. Paul's, the names of the streets and lanes—as Ave Maria, Amen, Creed, and Godliman—denote a clerical locality, as does Paternoster-row. Here Tarlton kept an ordinary at the date of the plan. Ivy-lane had its ivied walls, though we suspect it to be named after Lady Ivy; and the Earl of Warwick kept a magnificent house where now is Warwick-lane. Newgate-street we see in the plan, with its prison-gate. On the south side of the street is the Gray Friars' Monastery, where Edward VI. and the citizens founded Christ's Hospital; but the school did not prosper in Elizabeth's

reign. At the east end of Newgate-street is the College of St. Martin-le-Grand, in the tower of which was rung the curfew. The site is now occupied by the General Post-office.

THE CITY, or walled town, has its walls, streets, lanes, gardens, and buildings, shown with remarkable clearness. The walls, gates, and towers had been completely restored about a century before Aggas drew his plan. In the centre of the northern wall is the old church of Allhallows, which escaped the Great Fire, but was rebuilt in 1764. The ancient fortification is kept in memory by the adjoining street, London-wall. The plan shows the several gates: Ludgate and Newgate already named; and on the north, in the Wall, Cripplegate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, and Aldgate; and without the Wall are certain liberties or bars, as Temple, Holborn, Whitechapel, and Smithfield Bars.

The most crowded part of Elizabeth's City is that extending from Newgate-street, Cheapside, and Cornhill; and the oldest leading thoroughfare is Watling-street, an ancient British road, and next the principal street of Roman London. It extends through Canwick (Cannon) street, in which latter is "the London Stone," the central *milliarium* or mile-stone from which the distances were measured. Near this stone lived Fitz-Alwyne, first Mayor of London. The main thoroughfare below, following the river-line, is Thames-street, extending from Blackfriars to the Tower. Above are St. Thomas the Apostle, Old Fish-street, and Knightrider-street.

But the great artery is Cheapside, from the Poultry to St. Paul's, famous for its Ridings, its Eleanor Cross, its Conduit, and its Standard; the ancient Guildhall, southward; and the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, built

in the reign of William the Conqueror. In the large house nearly opposite was born Thomas à Becket, in the twelfth century, on the site of the Mercers' Chapel, of which company Queen Elizabeth was free. Cheapside was then called "the Beauty of London," and was famed for "its noted store of goldsmiths," linendrapers, haberdashers, &c.; and Bucklersbury, at the east end, was noted for its grocers and apothecaries, drugsters and furriers. Here some time lived Sir Thomas More. Next is the area of Cornhill, where Gresham's Royal Exchange is not yet built. Then is the great manor-house of Leadenhall, which gave name to the market; here painters worked for the City shows and pageants, especially the Watch at Midsummer.

Next is the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, before whose door the Maypole was set up every May-day; and then the old church of St. Catherine, its churchyard noted for performances of miracle plays. In this church rest Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, Queen Elizabeth's chief butler; and Holbein, "the great and inimitable painter." Now we reach Aldgate. Almost parallel with Leadenhall-street is Fenchurch-street, made *fenny* by the Langbourne. Here, at Allhallows Staining, Queen Elizabeth attended service on her release from the Tower in 1554; and dined off pork and peas afterwards, at the King's Head, Fenchurch-street, where the metal dish and cover used on the occasion are still to be seen!

Another famous street, eastward, is Lombard-street, named from the Longobard bankers and goldsmiths, who here hung out their badge of the three golden pills of the Medici family. In Elizabeth's time this was "the handsomest street in London." Here the merchants met before the Royal Exchange was built, and Gresham kept

his shop with the grasshopper sign. The roadway passes over the remains of Roman houses. The street has been almost rebuilt within the present century.

In the upper great thoroughfare is Broad-street, where the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Marquis of Winchester lived in Elizabeth's reign; and the Dutch Church has existed since the time of Edward VI. This very fine church, the largest remnant of ecclesiastical architecture in the City of London, was founded in 1253; but the nave, which alone now exists, was erected a century later.

Here also was Gresham House, which Sir Thomas bequeathed for a college; and here he entertained Elizabeth at dinner, after the opening of the Royal Exchange. In the same line is Lothbury, much inhabited by founders, now by eminent bankers. Another old thoroughfare is Bishopsgate-street, where is the Priory of the Nuns of St. Helen's, of which the church remains: here Gresham is buried. Here too is Crosby-place, the finest specimen of the domestic mansion, in the Perpendicular style, in the metropolis. Here lived Richard Duke of Gloucester, Sir Thomas More, and "the rich Spencer," who kept his mayoralty here. Shakspeare is believed to have been an inhabitant of St. Helen's in the reign of Elizabeth. This portion of the City is not so closely built as the lower half, large inter-spaces being occupied with gardens.

Upon the Thames' bank are, first, eastward of Fleet-ditch, Blackfriars, named from a monastery of that order; and, being a sanctuary, the players, when ejected from the City, built there a theatre, in which Shakspeare was a sharer, in 1589. He had a house close by "the Wardrop;" and to an inn hereabout was addressed a letter to Shakspeare, the only one known to exist. From this

point no bridge was built until two centuries after the date of the plan.

In the large fortress of Baynard's Castle, facing the Thames, Shakspeare has laid a scene of *Richard III.*; and it was used as a royal palace till the reign of Elizabeth. Next is Bosse-alley, where was a reservoir of water, placed by Sir Richard Whittington; then Trig-lane and stairs; then Broken-wharf. Next is Queenhithe, the wharf of Edred the Saxon, but named from its being the dowry of Eleanor, queen of Henry II. It was handy to Old Fish-street, then the great fish-market of London. Next is the Three Cranes, where the new Lord Mayor formerly took water to be sworn before the Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster Hall. Above is Whittington College, founded by Sir Richard Whittington, four times Lord Mayor. Here is Mercers' School, one of the oldest schools in London.

Next is Dowgate, the water-gate to Watling-street: here was the mansion of Elizabeth's bold commander, Sir Francis Drake. Adjoining Dowgate is the Steelyard, named from its being the place where the king's steelyard, or beam, was set up for weighing goods imported into London. Next lies St. Laurence Poultney, with the Manor of the Rose, and the Dukes of Suffolk; with Duck's-foot (or Duke's-foot) lane; and Merchant Tailors' School, founded 1561.

The next landing-place is Old Swan-stairs. Then we reach Fishmongers' Hall, and above it Crooked-lane and Eastcheap, and Gracious (Gracechurch) and New Fish streets, leading to London Bridge. Eastward are Fresh, Botolph, and other wharfs; and then Billingsgate—a gate, wharf, and market appointed in the first year of Elizabeth for ships and boats arriving with fish, fresh and salt, shell-fish, salt, oranges, onions, and other

fruits and roots; with grain, which, when taken to Queenhithe, necessitated the raising of the timber drawbridge at London Bridge, to allow passage for the ships with tops. The following entry in the *Greyfriars Chronicle*, of about this period, is curious: "1550. There came a sheppe of egges and shartes and smockes owte of France to Byllyngesgatte." Next is the site of the Coal Exchange; though, in Elizabeth's time, one or two ships sufficed for the coal-trade of London. Hard by is the second Custom House built in this reign. Smart's-quay has a criminal notoriety; for here, in Elizabeth's time, cutpurses were taught their wicked work, with its slang vocabulary.

London Bridge is here seen covered with houses and gate-houses. On the latter Hentzner, in 1598, counted above thirty-six human heads. The rarest and most curious view of the bridge is that engraved by Norden, in Elizabeth's reign.

The Tower of London is shown towards the extreme left, the moat filled with water. In the front, midway, is Traitor's-gate, where Elizabeth was compelled to land, a prisoner, on suspicion of favouring Wyat's design. Queen Elizabeth did not keep her court in the Tower, but at no period was the state prison more "constantly thronged with delinquents." The Tower Palace occupies the south-eastern portion of the inner ward. Within a century from Elizabeth's reign much of its ancient character was obliterated by small buildings between its towers and courts. Queen Elizabeth's Armoury is in the White Tower.

We have now reached the easternmost point of the river-bank. Above we see the old churches of St. Dunstan and Allhallows, Barking—the latter a ready receptacle for the remains of those who fell on the scaf-

fold on Tower-hill, which Aggas has shown in his view. The enclosure to the left is the House of Crouched or Crutched Friars, where the great hall was made into a glass-house; and Turner dedicated from this place his *Herbal* to Queen Elizabeth in 1568. The old church of St. Olave, Hart-street, escaped the Great Fire: a portion remains.

Eastward of the Tower is the Royal Hospital, or Free Chapel of St. Katherine, to the mastership of which Elizabeth appointed Sir Julius Cæsar in 1596. It was not a monastery; for the brothers and sisters were permitted to go abroad, provided they returned by curfew. Stow describes its homely cottages, with more inhabitants than some cities in England. The church, cloisters, and monastic houses were removed in 1825-6; and with the compensation-money awarded was erected a new hospital in the Regent's Park. The old site of the Hospital is now St. Katherine's Docks.

Between the Tower and Aldgate is the Minories, named from the Minoresses, or Nuns of St. Clare. It is mostly laid out in gardens; and here is a stone cross and tenter-ground. From the Convent of the Minoresses the remains of the gallant Sir Philip Sidney were conveyed, with great funereal pomp, to St. Paul's Cathedral, and there solemnly interred. Goodman's-fields is here only an extensive enclosure; and most of East Smithfield is an open space, partly used for bleaching. Spenser the poet—one of the glories of Elizabeth's reign—was born here.

St. Katherine's appears to have extended but a short way beyond the church. From the gardens and enclosures immediately attached to the northern side of Whitechapel and Houndsditch the grounds are merely shaded with trees; and the "Spital Fyeld" is entirely

open from the back of the Hospital of St. Mary Spital, which gave it name. Houndsditch is only a single line of buildings, extending in a curvilinear direction from St. Buttolph's, Aldgate, to Bishopsgate Without. From thence a more regular street, but interspersed with openings, gardens, and detached edifices, extends to Shoreditch Church, which is nearly the last building in this direction—many a picturesque old house-front in which the writer can well remember.

Westward from Bishopsgate-street are a few buildings, the principal of which is a long range called the "Dogge Hous," with gardens and enclosures, extending into "Morefyeld-fyeld" and "Finsburie-fyeld," both of which, from the Dogge Hous to Finsburie-court (near the present Artillery-ground), are entirely open. Moorfields appears to have been used for drying linen. In Finsbury-fields both archers and cattle are represented; and beyond it are three windmills, which gave name to the present Windmill-street. We have, however, passed Bedlam, which Henry VIII. gave to the citizens to be an hospital for lunatics, removed from Charing-cross, the king not liking them to be so near him; just as this conscience-stricken king could not bear to witness so many funerals in progress to Westminster, and so built the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Returning to Cripplegate, thence to Old-street (part of a Roman military way) is mostly open ground—fields, orchards, and gardens; and from the spot occupied by St. Luke's Church to Shoreditch is scarcely a single house, and not more than three or four detached buildings stand in the fields beyond. St. Giles's "very fair and large church" has been repaired since the fire in 1545. Here are memorials of great men of Elizabeth's reign — Foxe, the martyrologist; Glover, the

skilful herald; and Sir Martin Frobisher, the bold mariner. Chiswell-street is not yet built; but we see Barbican, with its cross.

Hard by is Golding-lane, reminding us that Elizabeth's was a glorious reign for the drama. The first regular theatre was built in 1576, at Holywell, and let to James Burbage. In 1594 the Globe Theatre, on the Bankside, was built—the summer theatre of Shakspeare and "his fellows;" the Blackfriars Theatre, in which Shakspeare was a sharer, was built in 1575; and in 1599-1600 was erected the Fortune Theatre, in Golden-lane. Very few houses appear in Whitecross-street. Aldersgate-street is more regular, having several houses of nobility; and it has to this day many old buildings. Goswell-street in Aggas's plan is merely indicated by a road, described as "the way to St. Alban's." Islington Church is seen in the distant country.

The metropolis, in the reign of Elizabeth, had many troublesome visitations and catastrophes. It was often visited by plague and by famine, and was grievously pestered by beggars; and bodies were often found *slain* in the streets. The pestilences led to the supplying of the town with water. Conduits were set up, and engines erected to convey the Thames water; and then was planned a canal from the River Lea, at Ware, to London, which led to Sir Hugh Myddelton's formation of the New River in the next reign.

LONDON IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

Among the ichnographical delineations of the English metropolis, that by William Faithorne, made in 1658, is, with the exception of that made by Aggas

in 1560, undoubtedly the rarest, inasmuch as but two impressions are known to be in existence; of which Messrs. Evans, printsellers, of the Strand, published a fac-simile in the year 1858. Faithorne was an engraver of rare merit in the seventeenth century. His productions are sought for by collectors. Pepys, who was a great London collector, and often speaks of Faithorne, singularly enough never speaks of this map, nor is it found in his collections at Cambridge. To what are we to attribute this singularity? Various hypotheses present themselves. Faithorne was a Royalist, was taken prisoner at the sacking of Basing House, and became an exile. The title of the map is,

AN EXACT DELINEATION OF THE CITIES OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER, AND THE SVBVRBS THEREOF; TOGETHER W^m Y^e BURROUGH OF SOVTHWARK, AND ALL Y^e THROUGH-FARES, HIGHWAIES, STREETES, LANES, AND COMMON ALLIES W^mIN Y^e SAME. COMPOSED BY A SCALE, AND ICHNOGRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED BY RICHARD NEWCOVRT, OF SOMERTON, IN THE COUNTIE OF SOMERSETT, GENTLEMAN. WILL^m FAITHORNE SCVLPSIT.

Like Aggas's, this also is a view-map, and in some sort a representation of the metropolis; and its principal interest is its historical value on the increase of the metropolis during a century of most momentous events in our social and political system. It is executed with great minuteness and general accuracy, as the topographer may satisfy himself by comparison with the existing streets. We see in this plan, or rather picture, that old London which has disappeared from the surface of the ground. One curious trait of the era of its production is the absence of the prefix St. to the various churches;

the saints of the Commonwealth appearing to be jealous of any others, whatever their age or history.

The date of the Survey seems to be pretty accurately determined by the two following facts: viz. Cheapside Cross, formerly standing at the end of Wood-street, is *not* here represented. The populace demolished it on May 3, 1643, in contempt of the Popish anniversary of the Inventio S. Crucis; while that long known as Charing Cross is depicted as standing in all its glory. It was wholly cleared away in August 1647.

The date of the Survey is thus fixed as having been made between the years 1643 and 1647; but the engraving of it was not completed until 1658, and advantage was taken of the delay to introduce the new buildings and improvements up to that date, as is proved by the introduction (among others) of the buildings on the west side of Lincoln's-inn-fields (over the archway, in the centre of which still remains a stone inscribed DVKE STREETE, 1648); and Clare-market (here designated New-market), which was opened by John Holles, Earl of Clare, in 1656.

The date of the Map is 1658, but it is very questionable if the map was ever published. That year was one of much public disquietude. The death of the Protector, and the accession of his son Richard, warned the people that a change was imminent. The minds of the people were filled with apprehension and speculation; while literature and the arts were wholly neglected. The Restoration followed in 1660, and the maddened exultations of the Royalists were equally subversive of all order. The Great Fire of London took place in 1666, when it is very possible that these plates and their impressions shared the general destruction. This is the more probable, as, from the necessity of fixing the for-

mer boundaries of property within the City, this map would have been of great service to the Commissioners in their labours; but no report or history of the period makes any mention of it, and the conclusion is, that the destruction of every impression was deemed certain.

The Map is mentioned by Gough in his *Account of English Topography*, and by Vertue in Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painters and Engravers*. *Neither of them had, however, seen it*, but quoted from Bagford, who, in a letter addressed to Hearne, and dated from the Charter House, Feb. 1, 1714-15, gives a correct description of it. Hearne printed this letter among the introductory papers prefixed to the first volume of his edition of Leland's *Itinerary*.

The period to which this Map refers is one of the highest interest to the antiquary and writer, whether in reference to dramatists, historians, or poets. Hartshorn-alley, which Fuller notices as the scene of Ben Jonson's childhood, if not his birthplace, is stated by his biographers to be the now Northumberland-street. By Newcourt's map this assertion appears to be incorrect. Hartshorn-alley lay westward of Suffolk or Northampton (now Northumberland) House, having a way to Charing-cross by the now Craig's-court. Greene's-alley (an avenue eastward from the Strand to the Thames) is yet an open way, now known as Brewer's-lane. Ivie-lane, in 1658 a way between the gardens of Durham and Salisbury Houses, is now the passage to the steamboat landing-place, and to a ruralised public-house long known by the sign of the Fox-under-the-Hill. Middle-row, Holborn, generally considered as an obnoxious obstruction of a comparatively recent date, is in reality not so. Howel, in his *Purlestration of London*, 1657, p. 344, observes: "Southward of Gray's-inn-lane there is a row

of small houses, which is a mighty hindrance to Holborn in point of prospect, which, if they were taken down, there would be from Holborn Conduit to St. Giles's-in-the-fields one of the fairest rising streets in the world." These obstructive buildings are depicted in the Map; and, notwithstanding the condemnatory outcry of more than two centuries, it was not until within the last few months that the removal of this incubus upon one of the finest streets in the metropolis was resolved upon.

The Chartreuse, *vulgò* the Charter House, is shown to have had but two leading ways to the yard before it now designated Charterhouse-square. These were by Charterhouse-lane from St. John-street, and by Carthusian-street from Aldersgate-street. In a building at the back part of Rutland House, Davenant, in 1656, introduced operas with scenes. This building would seem to be shown in the Map.

The only water shown in St. James's Park runs from north to south, across the site of the present parade-ground. Pall-mall is represented as a pleasant walk, shaded by a double row of trees on the north side, and with Barkeshire House facing St. James's Palace. Tart Hall, at the south-west angle of the park, and the Gaminghouse, at the top of the Haymarket, are also represented. A windmill marks the site and origin of the name of the present Windmill-street, north and west of which is open country. Six windmills are shown as then standing near to "Bun-hill." From Stepney to London is open country. Bermondsey Abbey is shown as then existing entire, standing in its own enclosed grounds.

An able critic, who attached paramount interest to the period of our Civil War, says of this Map: "Here is London nearly as it was in the days of Shakespeare,

Donne, and Jonson; wholly as it was in the time of Cromwell, Blake, and Milton. Here are the streets through which the Ironsides strode singing psalms—the taverns in which the Cavaliers drank and swore; here is the place in which Charles laid down his head; there the spot on which Prynne and Bastwick suffered mutilation and the stocks. All sorts of places connected with the poets, theatres, lanes, and alleys are still visible. There is the Gatehouse in which so many of them had been confined. Cheapside Cross is taken down—demolished in 1643 by a mob to the old London cry of No Popery. Charing Cross is still here; and, of course, the equestrian statue not here, but buried in John Rent's garden, waiting for happier times. The Great Pest-field (1603), near the present Golden-square, is not marked, which seems to show that it was already forgotten."

The growth of a great city must be an interesting study to a larger number of persons than we may at first imagine: its claims upon attention are world-wide when that city is London. It may seem like national partiality when we speak thus; but it is only philosophic reasoning when we remember that no site of equal size and importance exists in the world, or ever did exist. Babylon the great was not so large, and imperial Rome was much smaller in its palmiest days; when mistress of the world it by no means rivalled modern London.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

In the year 1866 there was discovered in the Record Office a letter to Viscount Conway, giving a very complete description of the Great Fire. It was evidently

written about Sept. 8, 1666, two days after the great conflagration which it so minutely details. This narrative will be read with interest even by those who are familiar with the oft-quoted accounts by Evelyn and Pepys, and other contemporaries: it was discovered by Mrs. Greene.

"Alas, my lord, all London almost within the walls, and some part of it which was without the walls, lies now in ashes. A most lamentable devouring fire began upon Sunday morning last, at one of the clock, at a baker's house in Pudding-lane beyond the bridge, immediately burned down all the new houses upon the bridge, and left the old ones standing, and so came on into Thames-street, and went backwards towards the Tower, meeting with nothing by the way but old paper buildings and the most combustible matter of tar, pitch, hemp, rosin, and flax, which was all laid up thereabouts; so that in six hours it became a large stream of fire, at least a mile long, and could not possibly be approached or quenched. And that which contributed to the devastation was the extreme dryness of the season, which laid all the springs so low that no considerable quantity of water could be had either in pipes or conduits; and above all, a most violent and tempestuous east wind, which had sometimes one point towards the north, then again a point towards the south, as if it had been sent on purpose to help the fire to execute upon the City the commission which it had from Heaven.

From Thames-street it went up Fish-street-hill into Canning-street, Gracechurch-street, Lombard-street, Cornhill, Bartholomew-lane, Lothbury, Austin Friars, and Broad-street northwards, and likewise into Fenchurch-street and Lime-street, burning down all the churches, the Royal Exchange, and all the little lanes and alleys, as it went. From thence westward

it swept away Friday-street, Watling-street, Cheapside, Newgate-market and the Prison, Paternoster-row, St. Sepulchre's, and so up to Smithfield-bars and down to Holborn-bridge. Also all Paul's-churchyard, the roof of Paul's Church, Ludgate-hill, part of Fleet-street, Blackfriars, Whitefriars, and all the Inner Temple, till it came to the Hall, a corner of which had taken fire, and was there most happily quenched, as likewise in Fleet-street, over against St. Dunstan's Church; else, for aught appears, it might have swept away Whitehall and all the City of Westminster too, which is now left standing, together with all the suburbs; viz. the Strand, Covent-garden, Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, Holborn as far as the bridge, and all Hatton-garden, Clerkenwell, and St. John-street.

Of the City itself, from the Tower unto Temple-bar, remains only all Smithfield and St. Bartholomew's, Aldersgate-street, and part of Broad-street,—the fire being stopped there before it came to Sir Eliab Harvey's, wherefrom, together with Sir John Shaw's and Gresham College, and so forward, are preserved; all Bishopsgate-street, Leadenhall-street, Duke's-place, and so to Aldgate.

But 'tis fit your lordship should know that all that is left, both of city and suburbs, is acknowledged, under God, to be wholly due to the King and Duke of York, who, when the citizens had abandoned [all] further care of the place, were intent chiefly upon the preservation of their goods, undertook the work themselves, and with incredible magnanimity rode up and down, giving orders for blowing up of houses w[ith] gunpowder, to make void spaces for the fire to die in, and standing still to see those orders executed, exposing their persons not only to the multitude but to the very flames themselves, and

the ruins of buildings ready to fall upon them, and sometimes labouring with their own hands to give example to others; for which the people do now pay them, as they ought to do, all possible reverence and admiration. The King proceeds daily to relieve all the poor people with infinite quantities of bread and cheese, and in this is truly God's vicegerent, that he does not only save from fire but give life too.

I believe there was never any such desolation by fire since the destruction of Jerusalem, nor will be till the last and general conflagration. Had your lordship been at Kensington you would have thought—for five days together, for so long the fire lasted—it had been Doomsday, and that the heavens themselves had been on fire; and the fearful cries and howlings of undone people did much increase the resemblance. My walks and gardens were almost covered with the ashes of papers, linen, &c., and pieces of ceiling and plaster-work, blown thither by the tempest.

The loss is inestimable, and the consequence to all public and private affairs not presently imaginable, but in appearance very dreadful; yet I doubt not but the king and his people will be able to weather it out, though our enemies grow insolent upon it.

The greatest part of the wealth is saved, the loss having chiefly fallen upon heavy goods, wine, tobacco, sugars, &c.; but all the money in specie, plate, jewels, &c., were sent into the Tower, where it now lies; and the Tower itself had been fired, but that it preserved itself by beating down the houses about it, playing continually with their cannon upon all that was fired, and so stopped the progress.

So great was the general despair, that when the fire was in the Temple, houses in the Strand, adjoining

to Somerset House, were blown up, on purpose to save that house; and all men, both in city and suburbs, carried away their goods all day and night by carts, which were not to be had but at most inhumane prices. Your lordship's servant in Queen-street made a shift to put some of your best chairs and fine goods into your rich coach, and sent for my horses to draw them to Kensington, where they now are.

Without doubt there was nothing of plot or design in all this, though the people would fain think otherwise. Some lay it upon the French and Dutch, and are ready to knock them all on the head, wheresoever they meet them; others upon the fanatics, because it broke out so near the 3d of September, their so celebrated day of triumph; others upon the Papists, because some of them are now said to be in arms; but 'tis no otherwise than as part of those militias which are, or ought to be, in a posture everywhere.

All the stories of making and casting of fire-balls are found to be [mere] fictions when they are traced home; for that which was sa[id] to be thrown upon Dorset House was a firebrand, seen by the Duke of York upon the Thames to be blown thither; and upon notice thereof given by his highness was for that time quenched. But there could be no plot without some time to form it in; and making so many parties to it, we must needs have had some kind of intelligence of it; besides, no rising follows it, nor any army appears anywhere to second such a design. Above all, there hath been no attempt upon the king or duke's person, which might easily have been executed had this been any effect of treason.

Men begin now everywhere to recover their spirits again, and think of repairing the old and rebuilding a

new city. I am told this day by Mr. Chichely the City have sent to the King to desire a new model. Vaults are daily opened wherein are found immense quantities of pepper, spices and wines, oils and sugars, &c., safe and untouched, though the houses were fired; but all the cloth laid in St. Faith's church under St. Paul's is burnt. Gresham College is set apart for an Exchange and Post-office. Leadenhall is to supply the uses of Guildhall; and without doubt, when the Parliament meets, as much will be done towards the restoring of the City, and in it of the kingdom, to its ancient lustre and esteem, as can be expected from the piety and policy of so dutiful an assembly.

I find every man resolved never to submit to a base peace, what extremities soever we undergo; yet I see no man unwilling to hearken to a good one."

HISTORIC INNS OF SOUTHWARK.

The borough of Southwark, more especially the High-street, was for many ages the only entrance into London from Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, and the chief road to and from France, and the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. Thither, in times before the Reformation, pilgrims resorted by thousands every year: hence it is not surprising that Southwark became celebrated for its inns, which, from the accommodation they afforded to travellers, brought no inconsiderable profit to the inhabitants of this part of the metropolis.

Stow, in his *Survey* (first published in 1598), says: "From thence (the Marshalsea) towards London Bridge,

on the same side, be many fair inns for receipt of travellers, by these signs: the Spurre, Christopher, Bull, Queen's Head, Tabard, George, Hart, King's Head, &c." Of these inns mentioned by the old chronicler, the Spurre, the Queen's Head, the Tabard (Talbot), the George, and the King's Head still exist as inns for travellers.

The *Tabard* (or Talbot) is the most celebrated of these hostelries, and is renowned in Chaucer's verse as the place where he and the nine-and-twenty pilgrims met, and agreed to enliven their pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury by reciting tales to shorten the way.

The date of the Canterbury Pilgrimage is generally supposed to have been the year 1383; and Chaucer, after describing the season of spring, says:

"Befelle, that in that seson, on a day,
In Southwerk, at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury, with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Well nine-and-twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship; and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste,
And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise."

The Tabard is again mentioned in the following lines:

"In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle."

Henry Bailly, the host of the Tabard, was not improbably a descendant of Henry Fitz Martin, of the

borough of Southwark, to whom King Henry III., by letters-patent dated 30th September in the fiftieth year of his reign, at the instance of William de la Zouch, granted the customs of the town of Southwark during the king's pleasure, he paying to the exchequer the annual fee-farm rent of 10*l.* for the same.

By that grant Henry Fitz Martin was constituted bailiff of Southwark, and he would thereby acquire the name of Henry the Bailiff, or le Bailly.

But be this as it may, it is a fact, on record, that Henry Bailly, the hosteller of the Tabard, was one of the burgesses who represented the borough of Southwark in the parliament held at Westminster in the 50th Edward III., A.D. 1376; and he was again returned to the parliament held at Gloucester in the 2d Richard II., A.D. 1378.

We cannot read Chaucer's description of the host without acknowledging the likelihood of his being a popular man among his fellow-townsmen, and one likely to be selected for his fitness to represent them in parliament. His identity is further corroborated by the following extract from the Subsidy Roll of 4th Richard II., 1380, dorso,

"Henr' Bayliff, Ostyler, Xrian, Ux'. eius. . . . . ij*s*."

from which record it appears that Henry Bayliff hosteller, and Christian his wife, were assessed to the subsidy at two shillings.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, the Tabard and the Abbot's House were sold by King Henry VIII. to John Master and Thomas Master; and the particulars for the grant in the Augmentation Office afford descriptions of the hostelry called the Tabard, parcels of the possessions of the Monastery of Hyde, and the

Abbot's Place, with the stable and garden belonging thereto. The Tabard is mentioned to have been late in the occupation of one Robert Patty; but the Abbot's Place, with the garden and stable, were reserved to the late Bishop Commendator, John Saltcote, *alias* Capon, who had been the last abbot of Hyde, and who surrendered it to King Henry VIII.; and after being made Bishop of Bangor, *in commendam* with the Abbey of Hyde, subsequent to the surrender of the abbey, he was preferred to the see of Salisbury, in 1539, which he retained till his death in 1557.

As regards the name of the inn, Stow says of the Tabard, "that it was so called of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders: a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars; but then (to wit, in the wars) their arms embroidered or otherwise depicted upon them, that every man, by his coat of arms, might be known from others. But now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and be called their coats of arms in service."

From Speght we learn that the original Tabard was standing in 1602. It was an ancient timber house, probably as old as Chaucer's time, and there is a view of it in Urry's edition of *Chaucer*.

On the brestsummer-beam of the gateway facing the street was formerly inscribed, "This is the inne where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and the nine-and-twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." This was painted out in 1831: it was originally inscribed upon a beam across the road, whence swung the sign, removed in 1763. The sign was changed about 1676, when, says Aubrey, "the ignorant landlord or tenant, instead of the

ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot, or dog!" The last of the oldest buildings was of the age of Elizabeth; and the most interesting portion a stone-coloured wooden gallery, in front of which was a picture of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, said to have been painted by Blake; immediately behind was the Pilgrims' Room of tradition, but only a portion of the ancient hall. The gallery formerly extended throughout the inn-buildings. The inn facing the street was burnt in the great fire of Southwark, 1676.

Mr. Corner, F.S.A., who has left the best account of the Southwark inns, having personally examined the premises at some risk, came to the conclusion that the oldest existing remains were not earlier than 1676: the whole has been removed.

The *George* inn is mentioned by Stow, and even earlier, in 1554, the 35th year of King Henry VIII. Its name was then the St. George. There is no further trace of it till the seventeenth century, when there are two tokens issued from this inn. Mr. Burn quotes the following lines from the *Musarum Deliciæ*, upon a surfeit by drinking bad sack at the George tavern in Southwark:

> "O, would I might turn poet for an hour,
> To satirise with a vindictive power
> Against the drawer, or could I desire
> Old Johnson's head had scalded in the fire;
> How would he rage, and bring Apollo down
> To scold with Bacchus, and depose the clown
> For his ill government, and so confute
> Our poets, apes, that do so much impute
> Unto the grape inspirement."

In the year 1670 this inn was in great part burnt down and demolished by a fire which happened in the Borough, and it was totally burnt down by the great fire

in Southwark, in 1676: the owner was at that time John Sayer, and the tenant Mark Weyland.

Of this great Southwark fire it may be interesting to note that it took place ten years after the Great Fire of London: it burnt a great part of Southwark, from the bridge to St. Margaret's Hill, including the town-hall, which had been established in 1540, in the Church of St. Margaret. The buildings being as yet, like old London, chiefly of timber, lath, and plaster, the fire spread extensively. It broke out on May 27th, about four in the morning, and continued with much violence all that day and part of the night following, notwithstanding all the care and endeavours that were used by his Grace the Duke of Monmouth, the Earl of Craven, and the Lord Mayor, to quench the same, as well by blowing up of houses as other ways; his Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of York, "in a tender sense of the calamity, being pleased himself to go down to the bridge in his barge, to give such orders as his Majesty found fit for putting a stop to it, which, through the mercy of God, was finally effected, after that about 600 houses had been burnt or blown up."

The following is from the diary of the Rev. John Ward, written a few years later:

"Grover and his Irish ruffians burnt Southwark, and had 1000 pounds for their pains, said the Narrative of Bedloe. Gifford, a Jesuit, had the management of the fire. The 26th of May 1676 was the dismal fire of Southwark. The fire begunne att one Mr. Welsh, an oilman, near St. Margaret's Hill, betwixt the George and Talbot innes, as Bedloe in his Narration relates" (*Diary of the Rev. John Ward*, 8vo, 1839, p. 155).

The fire was stopped by the substantial building of St. Thomas's Hospital, then recently erected.

The present George, although built only in the seventeenth century, seems to have been rebuilt on the old plan, having open wooden galleries leading to the chambers on each side of the inn-yard.

After the fire, the host Mark Weyland was succeeded by his widow, Mary Weyland; and she by William Golding, who was followed by Thomas Green, whose niece, Mrs. Frances Scholefield, and her then husband, became landlord and landlady in 1809; Mrs. Scholefield died at a great age in 1859. The property has been purchased by Guy's Hospital.

The George is mentioned in the records relating to the Tabard, to which it adjoins, in the reign of King Henry VIII. as the St. George inn. Two tokens of the seventeenth century, in the Beaufoy Collection at Guildhall Library, admirably catalogued and annotated by Mr. Burn, give the names of two landlords of the George at that period, viz. Anthony Blake, tapster, and James Gunter.

The *White Hart* is one of the inns mentioned by Stow; but it possesses a still earlier celebrity, having been the head-quarters of Jack Cade and his rebel rout during their brief possession of London in the year 1450, when Henry VI. was king. Shakspeare, in the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* makes a messenger enter in haste, and announce to the king:

> "The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
> Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
> Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
> And calls your grace usurper openly,
> And vows to crown himself in Westminster."

And again, another messenger enters, and says:

> "Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge;
> The citizens fly and forsake their houses."

Jack Cade afterwards thus addresses his followers: "And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? Will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that ye should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark?"

Cade entered London from Blackheath, through the Borough, and towards evening he retired to the White Hart, in Southwark. He continued there for some days, entering the City in the morning, and returning at night; but at last, his followers committing some riot in the City, they had the gate shut against them; and ultimately the great body of Cade's followers deserted him, and he fled into Kent, where he was soon afterwards slain at Hothfield.

Fabyan has this entry: "On July 1, 1450, Jack Cade arrived in Southwark, where he lodged at the Hart; for he might not be suffered to enter the Citie."

The *Chronicle of the Grey Friars* records this deed of violence committed by Cade and his followers at this place: "At the Whyt Harte in Southwarke, one Hawaydyne, of Sent Martyns, was beheddyd."

The White Hart lately taken down was not the same building that afforded quarters to Jack Cade; for in 1669 the back part of the old inn was accidentally burnt down, and the inn was wholly destroyed by the great fire which happened in Southwark in 1676. The records of the Court of Judicature inform us that John Collett, Esq., was then the owner of the property, and Robert Taynton, executor of . . . . . was the tenant.

It appears, however, to have been rebuilt upon the model of the older edifice, and realised the descriptions which we read of the ancient inns, consisting of one or more open courts or yards, surrounded with open gal-

leries, and which were frequently used as temporary theatres for acting plays and dramatic performances in the olden time. The reader will, we daresay, recollect Mr. Dickens's admirable description of the White Hart in the *Pickwick Papers*.

The *Boar's Head* was the property of Sir John Fastolf, of Caistor, in Norfolk, and who died in 1640, possessed, among other estates in Southwark, of one messuage in the parish of St. Mary Magdalen (now part of St. Saviour's) called the Boar's Head. Mr. Chalmers, in his history of Oxford, says, "It is ascertained that the Boar's Head, in Southwark (then divided into tenements), and Caldecott Manor, in Suffolk, were part of the benefactions of Sir John Fastolf, Knt., to Magdalen College, Oxford." Henry Windesone, in a letter to John Paston, dated August 1459, says, "An it please you to remember my master (Sir John Fastolf) at your best leisure, whether his old promise shall stand as touching my preferring to the Boar's Head in Southwark. Sir, I would have been at another place, and of my master's own motion he said that I should set up in the Boar's Head." This inn was situate on the east side of the High-street, and north of St. Thomas's Hospital, opposite St. Saviour's Church. In the churchwardens' account for St. Olave's, Southwark, in 1614 and 1615, the house is thus mentioned: "Received of John Barlowe, that dwelleth at y^e^ Boar's Head in Southwark, for suffering the encroachment at the corner of the wall in y^e^ Flemish Church-yard for one yeare, iiij*s*."

There is in existence a rare small brass token of the Boar's Head: in the centre of the obverse is a boar's head (lemon in mouth), and around it, "AT THE BORE'S HEAD;" on the reverse, "IN SOUTHWARK, 1649;"

in the field, "$\frac{R}{WM}$." There is a similar token in the Beaufoy Collection at Guildhall.

At the instance of his friend, William Waynfleet, Bishop of Winchester, Sir John Fastolf gave large possessions in Southwark and elsewhere towards the foundation of Magdalen College. In the *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, edited by Dr. Bliss, is the following entry relative to the bequest of the Boar's Head:

"1721. June 2.—The reason why they cannot give so good an account of the benefaction of Sir John Fastolf to Magd. Coll. is, because he gave it to the founder, and left it to his management, so that 'tis suppos'd 'twas swallow'd up in his own estate that he settled upon the college. However, the college knows this, that the Boar's Head, in Southwark, which was then an inn, and still retains the name, tho' divided into several tenements (which brings the college 150*l.* per annum), was part of Sir John's gift."

The property above mentioned was, for many years, leased to the father of the author of the present work, and was by him principally sub-let to weekly tenants. The premises were named "Boar's Head-court," and consisted of two rows of tenements *vis-à-vis*, and two houses at the east end, with a gallery outside the first floors: the tenements were fronted with strong weather-board, and the balusters of the staircases were of great age. The court entrance was between the houses Nos. 25 and 26, east side of High-street, and that number of houses from old London Bridge; and beneath the whole extent of the court was a finely-vaulted cellar, doubtless the wine-cellar of the Boar's Head. The property was cleared away in making the approach to the new London Bridge; and on this site was subsequently built part of the new front of St. Thomas's Hospital.

The *Bear at the Bridge-foot* was a noted house during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and it remained until the houses on the old Bridge were pulled down, in or about the year 1760. This house was situate in the parish of St. Olave, on the west side of High-street, between Pepper-alley and the foot of London Bridge. It is mentioned in a deed of conveyance (dated Dec. 12, 1554, in the first and second year of Philip and Mary); and in the parish books of the same date there is still earlier mention of this house, for amongst the entries of the disbursements of Sir John Howard, in his steward's accounts, are recorded: "March 6th, 1463-4. Item, payd for the red wyn at the Bere in Southewerke, iii*d.*" And again, "March 14th (same year). Item, payd at dinner at the Bere in Southewerke, in Costys, iiis. iii*d.* Item, that my mastyr lost at shotynge, xx*d.*"

Cornelius Cooke, mentioned in the parish accounts of St. Olave's as overseer of the land side as early as 1630, became a soldier, and ultimately was made captain of the Trained Bands. He rose to the rank of colonel in Cromwell's time, and was appointed one of the commissioners for the sale of the king's lands. After the Restoration, he settled down as landlord of this inn. Gerrard, in a letter to Lord Strafford, dated January 1633, intimates that all back doors to taverns on the Thames were commanded to be shut up, excepting only the Bear at the Bridge-foot, exempted by reason of the passage to Greenwich. The "Cavaliers' Ballad" on the magnificent funeral honours rendered to Admiral Dean (killed June 2, 1653) has the following allusion:

> "From Greenwich towards the Bear at Bridge-foot
> He was wafted with wind that had water to't;
> But I think they brought the devil to boot,
> Which nobody can deny."

There is also another allusion in the following lines from a ballad, "On banishing the Ladies out of Town:"

> "Farewell Bridge-foot and Bear thereby,
> And those bald pates that stand so high;
> We wish it from our very souls
> That other heads were on those poles."

The Bear at London Bridge foot is twice mentioned by Pepys in his Diary: "24th Feb. 1666-7. Going through bridge by water, my waterman told me how the mistress of the Beare tavern, at the Bridge-foot, did lately fling herself into the Thames, and drown herself; which did trouble me the more, when they tell me it was she that did live at the White Horse tavern in Lumbard-street, which was a most beautiful woman, as most I have seen. It seems she hath had long melancholy upon her, and hath endeavoured to make away with herself often.

"3 April 1667. Here I hear how the king is not so well pleased of this marriage between the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart as is talked; and that he by a wile did fetch her to the Beare, at the Bridge-foot, where a coach was ready, and they are stole away into Kent, without the king's leave; and that the king hath said he will never see her more: but people do think that it is only a trick."

There is yet another poetical reference to the Bear at Bridge-foot, in a scarce poem entitled *The last Search after Claret in Southwark, or a Visitation of the Vintners in the Mint, with the Debates of a Committee of that Profession, thither fled to avoid the cruel Persecution of their unmerciful Creditors.* A poem. London: printed for E. Hawkins, 1691, 4to, in which the Bear is thus mentioned (after landing at Pepper-alley):

"Through stinks of all sorts, both the simple and compound,
Which through narrow alleys our senses do confound,
We came to the Bear, which we soon understood
Was the first house in Southwark built after the Flood,
And has such a succession of vintners known,
Not more names were e'er in Welsh pedigrees shown:
But claret with them was so much out of fashion,
That it has not been known there a whole generation."

The *White Lion*, formerly a prison for the county of Surrey, as well as an inn, is mentioned in records in the reign of King Henry VIII., having belonged to the Priory of St. Mary Overy. It is also mentioned by Stow, and it continued to be the county prison till 1695. The rabble apprentices of the year 1640, as Laud relates in his *Troubles*, released the whole of the prisoners in the White Lion. It has been supposed that the White Lion was the same house that, before the building of new London Bridge, was called Baxter's Chophouse, No. 19 High-street; and in old deeds, the Crown, or the Crown and Chequers: an old plaster-fronted house. The house which stood in the court beside it, and was formerly called the Three Brushes, or "Holy Water Sprinklers," was of the time of Elizabeth; and some drawings exist of the interior, as a panelled room, with an ornamental plaster ceiling, having in the centre the arms of Queen Elizabeth, with E. R., in support of the opinion that this room was the court or justice-room in which her Majesty's justices sat and held their sessions. This is more probable than that the house was a palace of Henry VIII., and that from thence he took a trip to Bermondsey Fair with Cardinal Wolsey, and there fell in love with Anna Bullen. The house was pulled down about 1832, for making the new street to London Bridge.

Mr. Corner was by no means certain that the White

Lion was the same house as that used for the county prison; for at that time, when houses were not numbered, especially if they were occupied by tradesmen, they were known by signs; from which it did not follow that they were public-houses. But Stow distinctly states that there was in the High-street of Southwark an inn called the White Lion, which was used as a prison for the county of Surrey; and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth Roman Catholic recusants were confined here.

Other Southwark inns named by Stow remain, except the Christopher; but they have mostly lost their galleries and their antique features. The King's Head was, within our recollection, a well-painted half-length of Henry VIII. The Catherine Wheel remains; but we miss the Dog and Bear, which sign, as well as Maypole-alley, hard by, points to olden sport and pastime.*

TOTHILL-FIELDS IN FORMER DAYS.

Jeremy Bentham once said, in his quaint way, that "if a place could exist of which it could be said that it was in no neighbourhood, it would be Tothill-fields;" —this astute definition implying the uncertainty of boundary which this noted old district possesses. First, as to name. An early topographer says, it taketh name of a hill called Toote-hill, otherwise the Beacon-field —the name of a close in an ancient lease, thought to have been the highest level in the immediate vicinity

* Abridged from Mr. Corner's paper in the collections of the *Surrey Archæological Society*, vol. ii. part 1; with additions by the Author of the present work.

of Westminster, and therefore suitable for a beacon. In Rocque's map, 1746, a hill is shown in Tothill-fields, just at the bend in the Horseferry-road; but this eminence is now undiscernible, owing to the gradual accumulation of soil upon the adjacent ground.

The name of *Tot* is the old British word *Teut* (the German *Tuesco*), god of wayfarers and merchants—the third day of the week is still called after him. Sacred stones were set up on heights, hence called Tot-hills. "To toot" in the north of England was a common phrase to express the observation of a watchman set upon a high station looking over the lower country.

Tothill was the name of a manor in Westminster, possessed, in the reign of Henry III., by John Maunsell, who rose to the dignity of Chancellor of England. Here he entertained the kings and queens of England and Scotland, the Prince Edward, the Bishop of London, nobles, knights, and chief citizens—guests so many in number that no common roof would cover them, so that the host was obliged to erect tents and pavilions to receive them: "700 messes were served up in this marvellous cheere."

Tothill-fields, before the Statute of Restraints, was considered to be within the limits of the sanctuary of the Abbey. On account of its dry soil and extent, wagers of battle were often decided here, and combats specially granted by princes, as well as those proceeding by ordinary award in law. Necromancers were punished here, and their instruments destroyed; as in the reign of Edward III., when a man was taken "practising with a dead man's head, and brought to the bar at the King's Bench, where, after abjuration of his art, his trinkets were taken from him, carried to Tothill, and burned before his face." In the time of Richard I., too,

a chaplain to the Archbishop of York "had provided a girdle and ring cunningly intoxicated, wherewith he meant to have destroyed Simon (the Dean of York), and others; but his messenger was intercepted, and his girdle burned at this place before the people."

In 1441 "was taken Margarie Gourdemaine, a witch of Eye, beside Westminster, whose sorcerie and witchcraft Dame Eleanor Cobham had long time used, and by hir medicines and drinkes enforced the Duke of Gloucester to wed hir; wherefore, and for cause of relapse, the same witch was brent in Smithfield on the 27 of October." In the same year "a combat was fought at Tothill betweene two theeves; the pelour (appealor) hadde the feld, and victory of the defendour withinne three strokes."

We now come to the Fairs held here. In 1248 the king "did command that proclamation should be made by voice of herald through all the City of London, and in other parts, that he gave command to celebrate a new fair, to last for fifteen days. All other fairs, and all merchandise wont to be held and exercised at London, in door and out of door, under pain of loss and confiscation, he strictly forbade, so that the fair of Westminster might be more fully furnished with company and wares." But this fair proved a failure: it appears to have been but a device of the king to exact money from the citizens of London; for they were compelled "to redeem it with two thousand pounds." This mart, St. Edward's Fair, was first held in St. Margaret's churchyard, until the reign of Henry III., when it was removed to Tothill-fields; and hence it became known as Tothill-fields Fair. Henry III. gave the Abbot of Westminster leave to keep a three days' fair (St. Mary's), and Edward III. a fair thirty-one days long, in Tuthill;

but this was not long observed. It is said that the Mayor and Corporation of London, by a bribe of 8000*l.*, induced the abbot to yield up his privilege. There was also a small Fair (St. Peter's) held in St. Margaret's churchyard.

After the coronation of Queen Eleanor, consort of Henry III., "royal solemnities and goodly jousts were held in Tuthill." "A strange sight must the wild marshy field have been, with the coarse turf spread with bright yellow sand; the stout barriers; the galleries hung with silken canopies; awnings intermingled with green boughs and fragrant garlands, stooping down to shade the groups of fair maidens clustered beneath; the steel-clad challengers, seated firm as rocks on their neighing steeds, awaiting the herald's blast, and the shock of the opponent in the glittering list; the wavy plume, the broidered mantle, the token scarf, the particoloured tabard, brilliant as a flowery garden."—Walcott's *Westminster.*

The next picture is a gloomy one. On the ruins of the fortifications, erected here in 1642, was built a lazaretto of boards, called the Five Houses, or Seven Chimneys, for the reception of the unhappy persons who were attacked by the plague. In the work just quoted we read: "Terrible, indeed, though the skies were bright, as if in mockery, must have been the state of Westminster at this time. Not here alone in this solitary lazar-house was the abode of death and misery, —the rude pallet with its ghastly burden, the tainted atmosphere, the despairing sob and frenzied shriek of the sick; but the destroying angel held his course along the forlorn streets and the deserted lanes. While large fires in vain burned in the midst to purify the damp air —the heavy smoke-wreaths, unable to rise, forming a

sable pall,—the noisome contagion was spreading fast. At the closely-guarded door, marked with the foot-long cross of blue, and the penitential verse of despair above it, 'Lord, have mercy on us!'—stood the gloomy watchman; while ever and anon the intolerable profound hush, as of a charnel, was broken by the toll of the funeral bell, and vigilant searchers, with red wands, passed to and fro; and through the long night the deep-laden death-cart heavily rolled by toward the plague-pit, surfeited with hideous corruption, with the doleful cry of the burier, 'Bring out your dead!'"

Of this awful visitation numerous entries occur in the parish books. In 1563 five shillings is paid to John Welsh for killing and carrying away dogs during the plague, and for putting them into the ground; also sixpence to the painter of Totehill-street for painting of certain blue crosses, to be fixed upon sundrie houses infected. In 1625 nine shillings and eightpence is again paid to the dog-killer for killing dogs, and "1*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* to the bricklayer for stuff and workmanship at the vault at Tuthill."

In 1665, during the summer, Pepys says: "I was much troubled to hear at Westminster how the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle-fields; pretending want of room elsewhere; whereas the new chapelyard was walled in at the public charge, in the last plague-time, merely for want of room; and now none but such as are able to pay dear for it can be buried there."

Here, some short while afterwards, "1200 Scotch prisoners, taken at the battle of Worcester," were interred; for the accounts of the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, exhibit a payment of thirty shillings for sixty-seven loads of soil laid on the graves of Tothill-fields, wherein, it is added, "the Scotch pri-

soners are buried." Some of the Scotch were "driven like a herd of swine," says Heath's *Chronicle*, "through Westminster to Tuthill-fields," and there sold to several merchants and sent to the Barbadoes.

But the Fields had also their bright aspect. Culpeper tells us that in his time they were famous for parsley. The under soil consists of a clear bright loam, lying beneath a rich mould, which extends about a foot in depth, with fine short herbage, which was for centuries grazed on by cattle. Ever and anon the Thames overflowed the Fields; in the reign of Edward I. they were deeply under water. Then the place was called "Tuttle-in-the-Maze," from there being formerly a maze here: it is shown in Hollar's View. In 1672 the parish made a new maze herein, when William Brewer had two pounds "for making a maze in Tuttle-fields;" and Aubrey speaks of it as "much frequented in the summer in fair afternoons."

In 1670 complaints were made that loose persons sold the sand by many loads in the day, and destroyed the herbage; so that the place had become dangerous to passengers, having been "formerly of great use, pleasure, and recreation" to the king's scholars and neighbours.

Then the Fields became, beyond the maze, in the seventeenth century, a celebrated duelling-ground. In Greene's *Tu Quoque:*

> "'And I will meet thee in the field as fairly
> As the best gentleman that wears a sword.'
> 'I accept it. The meeting-place?'
> 'Beyond the Maze in Tuttle.'"

The last duel in Tothill-fields of which we have any account (says Cunningham) took place in 1711, when Sir Cholmley Dering and a gentleman of the name of Thornhill fought with sword and pistol, their

pistols being so near that the muzzles touched. Dering was killed the first shot. He was to have been married the next week. Sir Richard Steele, in the *Tatler*, No. 28, ridiculing the Train Bands, says: "The chief citizens, like noble Italians, hire mercenaries to carry arms in their stead; and you shall have a fellow of a desperate fortune, for the gain of one half-crown, go through *all the dangers of Tothill-fields*, or the Artillery-ground, clap his right jaw within two inches of the touch-hole of a musket, fire it off, and huzza with as little concern as he tears a pullet."

Here, too, was a famous bear-garden, of which we find this advertisement in the reign of Queen Anne: "At William Wells's Bear-garden, in Tuttle-fields, Westminster, this present Monday, there will be a green Bull baited, and twenty dogs to fight for a collar; the dog that runs farthest and fairest wins the collar; with other diversions of bull- and bear-baiting. Beginning at two of the clock."

We are not surprised, therefore, to find that hereabout cock-fighting lingered later than elsewhere in the metropolis. At some steps leading from the Bird-cage-walk, St. James's Park, into Dartmouth-street, near the top of Queen-street, stood the Royal Cock-pit. It was taken down in 1816, but had been deserted long before. Mr. Cunningham found in the records of the Audit Office a payment of xxx *li.* per annum "to the keeper of our playhouse called the Cock-pit in St. James's Park." We hear, too, of Tuttle-fields horse-races. William Collins, a famous modeller in clay and wax, and carver in wood, died in Tothill-fields, May 31, 1793; he was the inseparable companion of Gainsborough, and these two artists must have been at home amid the Tothill-fields sports.

To find a bridewell built here early is not surprising; it was probably one of the earliest built after the patronymic Bridewell Hospital in Blackfriars. It was first built in 1622, and then called the House of Correction, and was converted into a gaol for criminals in the reign of Queen Anne. Colonel Despard was imprisoned here in 1803. To keep pace with the requirements of the neighbourhood, a new and larger prison, Tothill-fields Bridewell, was built at the cost of 200,000*l.*, and first occupied in 1834. The Penitentiary at Millbank is likewise an institution of our time.

Millbank derives its name from the water-mill belonging to Westminster Abbey, at the end of the present College-street, and turned by the stream which flowed by the infirmary garden-wall eastward into the Thames. One of the Benedictine rules provided that there should always be a mill attached to the abbey; and the one here mentioned was the mill built by Nicholas Litlington. It occupied the site of a mansion of Sir Robert Grosvenor, by an ancestor of whom it was purchased from the Mordaunts, Earls of Peterborough; here Pennant passed some of his boyhood in the hospitality of Sir Robert Grosvenor. The *mill* was standing in 1644, and is mentioned in an entry in the parish books of that year, when eleven shillings were paid to John Redwood "for charges upon sundrie indictments touching the bridge at the water-mill." Peterborough House is marked in Hollar's View of Westminster, about thirty years afterwards, having a turret at the top, and is the last of a row of houses. Strype mentions the spot in 1720 as being much inhabited by gentry, by reason of pleasant situation and prospects of the Thames. Yet Tothill-fields appear in views in the reign of Elizabeth, and for a considerable time after-

wards, to have been a mere marsh. The parish books of St. Margaret's abound with entries of payments for digging and carting of ditches, repairing the sluice to drain the level, and other indications of the swampy nature of the ground, which has not only been parochial, but well known to every person who lived in the neighbourhood. A home tourist in 1817 observed: "It is singular that such a marsh should have become the focus of the government, jurisprudence, and power of this great empire! Yet so it is—the offices of government, the Houses of Parliament, and the supreme courts of law, stand on the lowest ground in or near the metropolis,—the greater part of which is still the swamp of Tothill-fields and Millbank-fields,—and the whole is exposed to the inundations of land-floods or extraordinary tides." Yet great things have been done here: the printing-press was here first set up in England, as well as the first gas-works for street-lighting. The adjoining fields were appropriated to the practice of archery from 1579, and for several years afterwards, when cross-bow shooting at the butts was common. The shooting-ground was encompassed by a ditch, and had a shooting-house for refreshments.

The ancient Horse-ferry between Westminster and Lambeth was at its present situation, at the commencement of Millbank. The Archbishops of Canterbury had for ages a ferry-boat here, which they granted by patents to some of their officers. They received commonly for many years but twenty-pence, and of late 10*l.*: for the loss at the ferry when Westminster Bridge was opened, 2205*l.* were given to the see of Canterbury. M. de Lauzun mentions the ferry in his account of the escape of the Queen of James II., Dec. 9, 1688, Sir Edward Hales being in attendance in a hackney-coach:

"We drove from Whitehall to Westminster, and arrived safely at the place called the Horse-ferry, where I had engaged a boat to wait for me. To prevent suspicion, I had accustomed the boatmen to row me across the river of a night, under pretence of a shooting expedition, taking cold provisions and a rifle with me to give it a better colour." "The King, attended by Sir Edward Hales, who was waiting for him, descended the back stairs, and crossing Privy Gardens, as the Queen had done two nights before, proceeded to the Horse-ferry, and crossed the Thames in a little boat, with a single pair of oars, to Vauxhall." The Great Seal was thrown into the river by the way; but it was soon afterwards recovered by a net cast at random by some fishermen.

In the Horseferry-road was walled-in, in 1627, the burial-ground which contains the ashes of one of the Indian chiefs brought to England in 1734: he died of small-pox, and was buried in the presence of the Emperor Toma, his domestics, the upper churchwarden of the parish, and the grave-digger, according to the custom of the Karakee Creeks. The body of this chief was sewed in two blankets, with a deal board under and another over him, tied down by a cord, and thus deposited in the grave, with his clothes, some pieces of silver, and glass beads.

Less than a century and a half ago the strange district of Tothill-fields, which we have been traversing, had somewhat of a rural air. In 1650 Gardener's-lane, Ship-yard, and other places opening out of York-street, were described as "pretty open places;" and Green's, now Elliot's, brewery, "pleasantly situated in an open air." Even so late as 1763 Buckingham House enjoyed an uninterrupted prospect south and west to the river, there being only a few scattered cottages and the

Stag Brewery between it and the Thames. At that time also there were but few houses in James-street, and none behind it; nor any of those filthy courts between Petty France and the Park, nor any buildings in Palmer's-village, or in Tothill-fields, or on the Artillery-ground, or to the south of Market-street.

Although the courtiers and the nobility at a very early date fixed their residences around the palace at Westminster, the district appears to have received a low moral taint. In the reign of Elizabeth it was the abode of great numbers of felons, masterless men, and cut-purses; and in the next reign "almost every fourth house was an alehouse, harbouring all sorts of lewd and badde people." We have seen that it had very early its bridewell. The right of sanctuary—*i. e.* protection to criminals and debtors from arrest—was retained by Westminster after the dissolution in 1540; and "Sanctuary men" were allowed to use a whittle only at their meals, and compelled to wear a badge. Here were two cruciform churches, built one above the other; the upper, the Rev. Mr. Walcott thinks, for debtors and inhabitants of the Broad and the Little Sanctuaries; the lower for criminals. The Gatehouse, demolished only in 1777, principally through the instrumentality of Dr. Johnson, must have been a continual nuisance. The debtors confined there used to let down upon a pole an alms'-box, to collect money from the passengers in the street; and tradition relates that gin and other spirits were allowed in this prison as freely as in public-houses, the keeper vociferating from the window to the publican opposite, "Jackass! Jackass!" as a signal to come and receive orders. Old Palace-yard was a place of public execution: here Perkin Warbeck was set in the stocks, in 1498; Stubbs, the Puritan attorney, and his servant,

had their hands cut off, in 1580, for a libel against Queen Elizabeth; and William Parry was here hung and quartered for high treason, in 1578; Guy Fawkes, Winter, Rookwood, and Keyes, for the Gunpowder-plot, in 1605-6: here Lord Sanquhar was hanged for murder, 1612; Archbishop Leighton's father was pilloried and publicly whipped for libel, 1630; William Prynne was pilloried here, and his *Histrio-Mastix* burned, 1634; here the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel were beheaded for treason, in 1649; Titus Oates was pilloried here in 1685; and John Williams, in 1765, for publishing No. 45 of Wilkes's *North Briton*.

Palmer's-village, west of the Almonry, was a low-lying district (12½ inches below high-water mark), consisting of straggling cottages around the twelve almshouses built in 1566 by the Rev. Edward Palmer, B.D., with a chapel and school attached. Forty years since, here was an old wayside inn (the Prince of Orange), rows of cottages with gardens, and the village-green, upon which the Maypole was annually set up: this rurality has now disappeared, and with it from maps and plans the name of "Palmer's-village." Unfortunately, amid this rurality lingered the old brutal sports of dog-fighting, cock-fighting, rat- and duck-hunting, &c. The old Westminster streets were so narrow, that "opposite neighbours might shake hands out of the windows;" and a knot of wretched lanes and alleys was called "the Desert of Westminster." For a century past these miserable abodes have been in course of removal; and you now see a magnificent new street stretching across the sites of the Almonry, Orchard-street, and Duck-lane, and contrasting with the remains of Tuttle-fields in former days.

SAVILE HOUSE AND LEICESTER-SQUARE.

Leicester-square was within memory called Leicester-fields, from the mansion at its north-east corner, built for Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, who died 1677. Hence also the passage at the north-west corner, leading to Coventry-street, was named Sydney's-alley. Leicester House was let to Elizabeth, the titular Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I. She ended here her unfortunate life, February 13, 1661. Colbert, the French ambassador, lived here in the time of Charles II. Prince Eugène lay at Leicester House when on a secret mission here, in 1712, to prevent a peace between Britain and France. The fame of Leicester House, however, rests chiefly upon its having been bought by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., when he had quarrelled with his father, and received the royal command to quit St. James's. Henceforth he made Leicester House his town residence. Here, on April 15, 1721, his son, the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, was born. Pennant happily calls it "successively the pouting-place of princes;" for here, in Leicester House, when the breach between George II. and his son, Frederick Prince of Wales, was too sore and too wide to heal, the prince took up his residence, as his father had done before him. Here the Princess of Wales was waited on by the wife of the unfortunate Earl of Cromartie, so deeply engaged in the fatal '45. She had four of her children in her hand. "The princess saw her," says Gray, "and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children and placing them by her." Walpole tells us that Frederick Prince of Wales added to Leicester House the mansion westward,

Savile House, for his children; a communication being made between the two houses, as Sir John Fielding phrased it, "for the more convenient intercourse of the royal family." Hence much of the celebrity of Leicester House became extended to Savile House.

The two houses thenceforth became the residence of the parents of George III., and the scene of his youth and education. Here died his father, who has been somewhat severely characterised as "the dupe of Pulteney and Wyndham, the stupid lover of stupid mistresses, and the boorish enemy of Queen Caroline;" but in eulogy of his virtues the scholars of Oxford and Cambridge poured forth poems, "composed in different metres, and written in no fewer than the English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Phœnician, Etruscan, Arabic, Syriac, and Welsh languages." The satirical world, however, sang in less courtly strain:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead;
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

George II. was sterner to his son, and once expressed himself so far from desiring the prince's recovery from a dangerous illness, that he considered it would be an object of the utmost regret. On the evening of the prince's decease the king had his usual party at Lady Yarmouth's apartments in St. James's Palace,

and had just sat down to cards, when a page brought from Leicester House the information that the prince was no more. The king did not testify either emotion or surprise; then rising, he crossed the room to Lady Yarmouth's table, who was likewise playing at cards, and leaning over her chair, said to her in a low tone of voice, in German, "Freddy is dead." The king then withdrew; she followed him, and the company broke up. This was told by one of the party to that accomplished *raconteur*, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall.

When, after her husband's death, the care of Prince George devolved on the princess-dowager, she failed in her duty as the guardian of the future constitutional King of England. At eleven years of age he could not read English. His best teacher was Quin, the actor, who used to train the royal children in elocution, and to act as stage-master at their private theatricals in Leicester House or Savile House, where Addison's play of *Cato* was performed by the junior branches of the royal household, Prince George playing Portius. "He was childish and backward for his years," was his mother's estimate of him at fifteen; and his tutor Scott had the courage to tell him that he was even "more than idle" by nature. Yet he showed at an early age the obstinacy that marked his character in after-life. He disliked the old king because he had reproved him; and Mr. Jesse informs us that his reason for ceasing to live at Hampton Court was "because George II. had struck him in that palace," an anecdote told by the late Duke of Sussex. For the rest, though not deficient in intelligence, he was brought up in such strict seclusion that his mind had no opportunity to expand; though, in his case at least, this mode of life may have kept him, in Horace Walpole's words, "a model of frigid

continence at eighteen." Unquestionably several of his public acts, which no lover of freedom can approve, and several of the disasters of his reign, were the results of this unfortunate training.

The furious violence with which the boy was on one occasion treated by George II. caused him to entertain a permanent dislike for his grandfather; but though he may never have experienced similar treatment from his mother, there is a story recorded by Walpole which indicates that she was by no means a gentle mother. The Duke of Gloucester, her third son, was a dull child, "and she used to cause him great distress at times by jeering him on account of his dulness, in the presence of his brothers and sisters; on one particular occasion telling them 'to laugh at the fool.' The sensitive child held down his head and said nothing; on which the princess changed her tone, and accused him of sulkiness. 'No,' he said, 'he was not sulky; he was only thinking.' 'And pray what are you thinking of?' inquired the princess, with increasing scorn in her manner. 'I was thinking,' said the poor child, 'what I should feel if I had a son as unhappy as you make me.'"

It had been proposed to build here a theatre for musical performances: in the *Ladies' Magazine*, 1790, we read, "The site of the new opera-house is settled: Leicester-square — the mound occupied by Leicester House." On the site of its gardens was built New Lisle-street, in 1791. Eastward was the door which was unceremoniously cut through the wall of the garden of Horne, the poulterer, "the turkey merchant," to make an outlet towards Newport Market for the convenience of the Prince of Wales's domestics. How the poulterer resisted the encroachment, and triumphed over the heir-apparent of the English crown, and the obnoxious door

was removed, will be remembered, as well as its influence on the political aspirations of John Horne Tooke. Westward was built Leicester-street, where, in 1796, Charles Dibdin, the song-writer, erected his theatre, the "Sans Souci."

Savile House was sometimes called Aylesbury House, from the Earl of Aylesbury residing here. He entertained Peter the Great, when he visited England, in 1698; and here the czar enjoyed his pet tipple, "hot pepper and brandy," with his boon companion the Marquis of Carmarthen. It was let as a town-house for people of fashion. The house passed into the Savile family through the marriage of Lord Aylesbury's son and successor, Charles, third and last Earl of Aylesbury of that creation, who married Lady Anne Savile, eldest daughter and coheir of Sir William Savile, Bart., second Marquis of Halifax. At any rate, Sir George Savile, Bart., M.P., who had Savile House in 1780, was the male heir of the Saviles and the Marquis of Halifax, and the inheritor of the baronetcy. The house in the Gordon Riots was stripped of its valuable furniture, books, and paintings, which the rioters burnt in the fields. The Rev. W. Mason, in a letter to Walpole, 1778, speaks of the political wisdom of Sir George Savile, "who chooses this very moment to indispose the whole body of Dissenters towards him and his party by rising up the champion of the Papists." Naturally this patron of toleration suffered, and in the riots "the rails torn from Sir George's house were the chief weapons and instruments of the mob." Their conduct was ferocious; for the accounts state the Baronet's life to have been shortened by their threats. However, he must have been a strong partisan, for Wilberforce notes: "Sir George Savile was chosen member for Yorkshire

by the Whig grandees in the Marquis of Rockingham's dining-room." The attack upon Savile House by the rioters of 1780 is referred to in a letter to Richard Shackleton from Edmund Burke, who then lived in Charles-street, St. James's: he tells us how he spent his nights with other volunteer friends of rank in guarding the house in Leicester-square. "For four nights," he says, "I kept watch at Lord Rockingham's or Sir George Savile's, whose houses were garrisoned by a strong body of soldiers, together with numbers of true friends of rank."

At the commencement of the present century Savile House was rebuilt by the late Mr. Samuel Page, of Dulwich, an architect of some eminence at the time. The famous Chancery suit of "Page *v.* Linwood and others," which lasted forty years, related to this property. Mr. Pepys, afterwards Earl of Cottenham, was counsel for the plaintiff; and Mr. Sugden, now Lord St. Leonards, was counsel for Miss Linwood.

Miss Linwood's needlework was exhibited at Savile House from the commencement of the present century until the year after her death in 1845, in her ninetieth year. She worked her first picture when thirteen years old, and the last piece when seventy-eight years. The designs were executed with fine crewels dyed expressly for her, on a thick tammy, and were entirely drawn and embroidered by herself. In 1785 the pictures were exhibited to the Royal Family at Windsor; next at the Pantheon, Oxford-street; removed in 1798 to the Hanover-square Rooms; and then to Leicester-square. The collection consisted of sixty-four pictures, including a portrait of Miss Linwood at nineteen, from a crayon painting by Russell; her first piece, Head of St. Peter (Guido); Salvator Mundi (Carlo Dolci), for which 3000

guineas had been refused (this picture was bequeathed by Miss Linwood to her Majesty); Woodman in a Storm (Gainsborough); Jephtha's Rash Vow (Opie). The pictures were sold by auction, by Christie and Manson, at Savile House, April 23, 1846, when the Judgment upon Cain, which occupied ten years' working, brought 64*l.* 1*s.*; the price of neither of the other pictures exceeding 40*l.* The original Hubert and Arthur, by Northcote, sold for 38*l.* 17*s.* The entire sale did not realise 1000*l.*

At Savile House the National Political Union held its Reform meetings. Here was exhibited, in 1849, a moving panorama of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. This picture was advertised to be four miles long, and to represent 4000 miles of country! in opposition to a panorama at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, advertised as a view of country 3000 miles in length, painted on three miles of canvas! Now, of the Savile-House picture only ten widths (each of which was 20 feet) were passed before the spectator in fifteen minutes, and the exhibition lasted one hour and a half; 20 by 10 by 6 gives 1200 feet as the real length, or less than a quarter of mile. Had the picture been of the pretended length (four miles), the canvas must during exhibition have travelled across the stage nearly at the rate of three miles an hour, which would hardly allow the painting to be seen at all. The place thence became a very "Noah's Ark" of exhibition curiosities, of greater variety than delicacy.

Savile House was destroyed by fire in less than two hours on the night of February 28, 1865. When the flames were at their greatest height, the Prince of Wales, Viscount Amberley, and the Duke of Sutherland were among the spectators; and the prince borrowed a fire-

man's helmet, and, thus attired, inspected the conflagration from different points of view. This visit of the Prince of Wales to the fire in Leicester-square recalls an epigram made by Rowe in 1726. The king was in Hanover, and a fire happening in Spring-gardens, the Prince of Wales went to assist in extinguishing it; hence the lines:

"Thy guardian, blest Britannia, scorns to sleep
When the sad subjects of his father weep.
Weak princes by their fears increase distress;
He faces danger, and so makes it less.
Tyrants on blazing towers may smile with joy;
He knows to save is greater than destroy."

The prince resided here until his accession to the throne as George III., when, in front of the mansion, he was first hailed as king, and was proclaimed October 26th. Horace Walpole writes, October 28th: "To-day everybody kissed hands at Leicester House, and this week, I believe, the king will go to St. James's."

The last royal tenant of Leicester House was the Duke of Gloucester, grandson of George II. The mansion was then let to Sir Ashton Lever, for his collection of natural curiosities called the Leverian Museum. When the king knighted him, it was observed in the newspapers of the time, that "his Majesty *could do* no less in remembrance of a *house* that had produced one of the greatest curiosities the world ever saw in his *own* person." The Museum was removed in 1788. Leicester House was then taken down. It occupied the site of Leicester-place; and upon the gardens was built New Lisle-street.

Leicester-square has been for a century noted as the residence of many celebrated persons, as well as for its numberless exhibitions, its situation for the latter pur-

pose rendering it one of the most attractive sites in the metropolis. It has a curious history. J. T. Smith had, in the year 1825, a conversation with a gentleman named Parker, then in his eighty-seventh year, who remembered Leicester-*fields* long before the accession of George III. He said it was a dirty place, where ragged boys assembled to play at *chucks*. In the King's Mews adjoining was a cistern where the horses were watered; behind which was a horse-pond, in which pick-pockets, when caught, were ducked. In 1677, when Leicester House, on the north side, stood almost alone, there were rows of elm-trees in the court before it, extending nearly half the width of the present square. It was not enclosed until sixty years later; for in the *Country Journal*, or *Craftsman*, of April 16, 1737, we read: "Leicester-fields is going to be fitted up in a very elegant manner; a new wall and rails to be erected all round, and a basin in the middle, after the manner of Lincoln's-Inn-fields." Some years after, the streets were so thinly built in the neighbourhood, that when the heads of the Scottish rebels of 1745 were placed on Temple Bar, a man stood in Leicester-fields with a telescope to give persons a sight of them for a half-penny apiece. Yet Strype, in 1720, described Leicester-fields as "a very handsome large square, enclosed with rails, and graced on all sides with good-built houses, well inhabited and resorted unto by gentry, especially the side towards the north, where the houses are larger; amongst which is Leicester House, the seat of the Earl of Leicester, and the house adjoining to it, inhabited by the Earl of Aylesbury." On the west side, at this period, was a very good house and curious garden, which fronted the fields.

On the east side of the square, in what was subse-

quently the northern wing of the Sablionère Hotel, Hogarth came to live in 1733, as appears by the rate-books of St. Martin's parish; his name was on a brass plate on the door, and the sign of the Golden Head over it. The head was cut by Hogarth himself, from pieces of cork glued and painted together. The house, with its sign, is shown in a good contemporary engraving of the square by Parr. Hogarth would not allow his sitters to give vails to his servant. In the *European Magazine* of 1801 it is stated that the apartment which Hogarth had built for his painting-room was still in existence as the billiard-room of the Sablionère, for which its top-lighting would peculiarly adapt it. Hogarth usually took his evening walk within the enclosure in a scarlet roquelaure and cocked hat. At the Golden Head he for many years disposed of his works in a manner which will be understood by the following quotation from one of the prints of the day:

"Mr. Hogarth is publishing, by subscription, a print representing the March to Finchley in the year 1746, engraved on a copper plate 22 in. by 17, price 7*s.* 6*d.* Subscriptions are taken at the Golden Head, in Leicester-fields, till the 30th of this inst., and not longer, to the end that the engraving may not be retarded."

In the report of a sale of prints by Hogarth, January 1867, we read: March to Finchley, by Hogarth. (the Sunday print), 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Harlot's Progress, first state, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Strolling Actresses dressing in a Barn, first state, 4*l.*; Distressed Poet and Enraged Musician, first states, 4*l.*; Set of the Election Pieces, first state, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Four Times of the Day, first state, 4*l.* 15*s.*; Illustrations of Hudibras, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Marriage à la Mode, 5*l.*

Next door to Hogarth lived John Hunter, from 1783: in the rear he built rooms for his anatomical

collection, lectures, dissection, Sunday-evening medical levees, &c.; and hither, in 1793, to No. 28, also east, was removed the National Repository (on the plan of the *Arts et Métiers* at Paris) from the King's Mews, taken down in 1830; and here was housed, in 1836, the Museum of the Zoological Society.

At No. 47, west side, Sir Joshua Reynolds lived for thirty-one years. Here he built a gallery for his pictures, and set up a gay coach, on the panels of which he painted the Four Seasons. He worked in an octagonal room. Here, in 1790, the good-natured President of the Royal Academy painted for two schoolboys a flag with the royal arms, which was borne at the next breaking-up of King's Academy, Chapel-street, Soho. In this house Reynolds gave those famous dinner-parties, the first great example in this country "of a cordial intercourse between persons of distinguished pretensions of all kinds; poets, physicians, lawyers, deans, historians, actors, temporal and spiritual peers, House-of-Commons men, men of science, men of letters, painters, philosophers, and lovers of the arts, meeting on a ground of hearty ease, good-humour, and pleasantry. It was no prim table; often was the dinner-board, prepared for seven or eight, required to accommodate itself to fifteen or sixteen; for often, on the very eve of dinner, would Sir Joshua tempt afternoon visitors with intimation that Johnson, or Garrick, or Goldsmith, was to dine there" (Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*). The house was subsequently the residence of the Earl of Inchiquin, who married Miss Palmer, Sir Joshua's favourite niece. He was created Marquis of Thomond, and died in 1808. After the death of his widow, the Marchioness of Thomond, in 1821, the house in Leicester-square was let to the Western Literary and Scientific Institution;

some promises in the rear of the house, in Spur-street, were taken down, and a theatre was built for the Society from the designs of Mr. George Godwin. The house is now let to. Puttick and Simpson, the book-auctioneers; the noble staircase remains intact, and the wine-cellar is used as a strong-room for valuable books and other property.

In Coventry-street, hard by, on the north side, was, until 1859, a famous fish-shop. Now, Sir Joshua Reynolds was a great dinner-giver, and being a Plympton or Plymouth man, was fond of fish, and was supplied from the above shop; feeding Dr. Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, and Boswell. But Sir Joshua was mean with tradesmen, and he had customers or sitters. Then he knew fish, and Miss Reynolds, his sister, could drive a bargain. A walk from Leicester-square to Coventry-street was a favourite morning's clearing of the palate with Sir Joshua. He was constantly at the fishmonger's, chose his fish, reversed their position on the leaden slope that invited customers, and then sent Miss Reynolds to settle prices. "Miss Reynolds," said the fishmonger—and a gentlemanly old fellow he was—"never chose, Sir Joshua never paid; both were good at bargains."*

The large house at the east end of Coventry-street was formerly Hamlet's, the silversmith and jeweller, in whose shop-window might be seen for sale a silver-gilt dinner-service, once the property of the Duke of York. Hamlet married a daughter of Thomas Clark, "King of Exeter Change," who died worth half a million of money. But Hamlet was an unfortunate speculator. Among his losses may be reckoned the building of the Princess' Theatre in Oxford-street.

In the centre of Leicester-square is a statue which

* Mr. Peter Cunningham: *Illustrated London News.*

has a strange eventful history. It is of metal (lead), and is set upon a stone pedestal, which is sculptured with groups of implements of war. Upon the platform is placed an equestrian statue of his Majesty George I. or II., though it has been described as the statue of the Duke of Cumberland, "the hero of Culloden," probably from the duke having been born at Leicester House in the year 1721. It is also stated to represent King George I., and to have been modelled by C. Buchard for the Duke of Chandos, and brought from his seat—Canons, near Edgware—in 1747, when it was purchased by subscription by the inhabitants of the square. Others say that it was purchased by Frederick Prince of Wales, and presented to the inhabitants; which may be partly confirmed by the fact that it was "first uncovered" on the birthday of the Princess of Wales, 19th November 1748. Dr. Rimbault tells us that in some Ms. remarks on London localities, in the handwriting of Horace Walpole, it is said, "The equestrian statue of George I., one of the numerous sculptures that adorned the grounds of Canons, is now the ornament of Leicester-square. It was purchased by William Hallett, Esq., then a cabinet-maker in Long-acre, who also purchased the estate at Canons, and erected on the spot the present villa." Again, in Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, vol. iii. Appendix, p. 315: "His (George II.'s) son Frederick affected the same contradictory fondness for his grandfather, and erected the statue of George I. in Leicester-fields, and intended, if he had come to the crown, to place a monument to his memory in St. Paul's."

Dallaway in his edition of Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting* (ed. Wornum, ii. 697) has the following note upon a statuary named Van Ost or Nost: "The eques-

trian statue of George I. was cast in mixed metal, and afterwards gilt by him and his scholar Charpentier, for the Duke of Chandos, at Canons. The horse was exactly modelled from that by Le Sœur, at Charing-cross, and the man is much better. When Canons was taken down, and its sumptuous ornaments dispersed, this statue was brought to its present station in Leicester-square. A few years since it was re-gilt." Dr. Rimbault adds: "Van Nost, a native of Mechlin, came to England in the early part of the reign of George I., and was much employed. One of his patrons was the magnificent Duke of Chandos, for whom he did all the statuary and carved work at Canons." Mr. Saarsfield Taylor, in his work on the *Fine Arts* (ii. 64), speaking of this statue, says: "The king is attired in the garb of a Roman general, without a helmet, but having his brow adorned with the laurel-wreath, emblematic of his triumph over James II. The horse is well designed, more in the style of Raffael or Julio Romano than those in the Athenian frieze. There is an air of command in the monarch and solemn dignity about the whole which is rather superior to that of Charles I. at Charing-cross." Mr. Taylor, after noticing that Van Nost cast and gilded the equestrian statue of George I. in Leicester-square, adds, when Canons was taken down, "this statue was bought *for a small sum and fixed in its present situation.* It has since been re-gilt." Sir John Fielding (1776) describes it as a gilt equestrian statue of King George II. J. T. Smith, in his *Ramble in the Streets of London,* describes it as George I., and put up shortly before the year 1812, though it was bought at Canons in 1744.

Now, we have a distinct recollection of seeing the statue when it had been just *re-gilt,* and this about 1812.

It is also worthy of remark that the Earl of Aylesbury was father-in-law to Henry, the second Duke of Chandos, and one of the trustees who pulled down and sold Canons, which may explain the statue finding its way to Leicester-square, where was Aylesbury House. Again, the statue is generally described as having been *erected* in the reign of George II., which may have led to its being described as the representative of that monarch. Mr. Cunningham describes it as the statue of George II., erected about the year 1754.

In 1851 the ground was leased to Mr. Wyld, the geographer, for whom was designed a colossal circular building, enclosing a Great Globe: within was a winding staircase, by which the visitor viewed castings of hill and valley, lake and river, the great oceans, the old and new continents, and the islands and circumpolar regions. This exhibition was continued until 1861, when the Great Model of the Earth, 188 feet in circumference, was sold for 900*l.*, and the building and fittings for 880*l.* The royal statue was then set up again, but in a mutilated condition.

Leicester-square and its neighbourhood have long been the resort and habitat of foreigners. Maitland, in 1739, described the parish (St. Anne's) as so greatly abounding with French that "it is an easy matter for a stranger to imagine himself in France." Formerly, on the east side, were three hotels: Brunet's, the Huntley, and La Sablonière; the latter, named from the famous Parisian cook, was taken down in 1867.

In the centre of the east side is a large building in the eastern style, originally the Panopticon of Science and Art, erected 1852-3 by a chartered company for a polytechnic exhibition: it has a pair of minarets nearly 100 feet high, a domed roof, and other eastern features.

The interior had a hall 97 feet in diameter, lecture-theatres, laboratory, colossal machinery for experiments; an electrifying machine, plate eight feet in diameter, &c. This building is now the Alhambra Palace, a music-hall, superbly embellished.

It would be difficult to point to any portion of the metropolis which has so many artistic associations as this locality. We have already described the residences of Hogarth and Reynolds, in the square. In Cranbourne-alley (named from the second title of the Marquis of Salisbury, the ground-landlord) lived Ellis Gamble, silversmith, to whom Hogarth was apprenticed to learn silver-plate engraving and engraving on copper; and from 1718 till 1724 he earned his livelihood by engraving arms, crests, ciphers, shop-bills, &c. An impression of Hogarth's allegorical shop-card, dated 1720, has been sold for 25*l*. The fame of the place had dwindled to a "Cranbourne-alley bonnet," ere the present Cranbourne-street was built.

Burford's Panorama, at the north-east corner of the square, originated with Robert Barker, who first painted a small circle in Castle-street. Sir Joshua Reynolds foretold the failure of the novelty, and was equally surprised and delighted on witnessing its success. Larger premises were built in the square by a number of patrons of the arts; and here the first panorama was produced by Barker in 1794, the success of which soon enabled the painter to repay his patrons their capital with interest. The first picture was a view of London, taken by Thomas Girtin, the water-colour painter. Next was painted the Fleet under Lord Howe at anchor at Spithead; then Elba, Athens, and the Bay of Naples, —the two latter were highly commended by Stothard. Among the early pictures were the Battles of the Nile

and Trafalgar, followed by Badajoz, Vittoria, and Waterloo. Robert Barker and his son were succeeded by John and Robert Burford, who painted in oil, mostly from their own sketches; the extreme accuracy of the views, as well as their pictorial character, gained for the exhibition a high character. The most attractive pictures were the Battle of Waterloo and Jerusalem, both twice painted.

In Leicester-place, No. 2, now an hotel, occupies the site of the Feathers public-house, frequented by "Athenian Stuart;" Scott, the marine-painter; Luke Sullivan, the miniature-painter, who engraved Hogarth's March to Finchley; Captain Grose and Mr. Hearne, the antiquaries; Henderson, the actor; John Ireland, editor of *Hogarth Moralised*, &c. In Lisle-street the Royal Society of Musicians was founded in 1738 for the benefit of the families of indigent musicians: it originated in the two orphan sons of Kaitch, the oboist, being seen driving milch-asses down the Haymarket. In Lisle-street lived Henry Bone, R.A., the enamel-painter, who received for an enamel, 18 by 16 inches, 2200 guineas: he died in 1834, aged eighty, leaving a long series of Elizabethan portraits: his collection of beautiful enamels was dispersed by auction in March 1856.

In Green-street, at (now) No. 11, lived William Woollett, the landscape and historical engraver, known by his masterly plates of Wilson's pictures and his battle-pieces: his portrait, by Stuart, hangs in the National Gallery. Whenever he had completed an engraving he used to fire a cannon from the roof of his house in Green-street. He died in 1785, and is buried in Old St. Pancras churchyard: his gravestones were restored by the Graphic Society in 1846.

In Orange-court, Leicester-fields, lodged Opie, the

painter; and here was born, December 10, 1745, Thomas Holcroft, his father a shoemaker. "Cradled in poverty, with no education save what he could pick up for himself amid incessant struggles for bare existence — by turns a pedlar, a stable-boy, a shoemaker, and a strolling player — he yet contrived to surmount the most untoward circumstances, and at last took his place among the most distinguished writers of his age as a novelist, a dramatist, and a translator" (*Preface to Holcroft's Life*, by William Hazlitt).

In St. Martin's-street, next the chapel, is the last town residence of Sir Isaac Newton, who removed here, in 1710, from Jermyn-street: upon the roof is a small observatory, built by a subsequent tenant, a Frenchman, but long shown as Newton's. In a scarce pamphlet, *A List of the Royal Society, &c.*, in 1718, we find: "Sir Isaac Newton, St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields." The house was subsequently tenanted by Dr. Burney, when writing his *History of Music;* and his daughter Fanny wrote here her novel of *Evelina*. Mr. Bewley, "the philosopher of Massingham," died here, during a visit to Dr. Burney, who, in an anecdote related to Boswell (*Life of Johnson*), erroneously states Newton to have died here.* He died at Kensington. Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay) writes from here in 1779 and 1780 (*Diary and Letters*, vol. i.); and Mr. Thrale, writing to Miss Burney, styles the inmates of the house in St. Martin's-street, "dear Newtonians."

* It is strange that Dr. Burney's error should have been overlooked by Boswell's annotators.

CELEBRATED RESIDENTS ON THE NEW COURTS-OF-JUSTICE SITE.

The long-projected concentration of our Law-courts, the area of which was marked out so long ago as 1859, and is known as the "Carey-street site," has swept away a host of squalid and crowded dens of vice, the dregs of the theatrical locality of the last century, with "Playhouse-street," and countless taverns and low resorts. Joe Miller's tombstone, the stocks, and the old Duke's Theatre, have disappeared in our time. The Carey-street site "lies circumjacent to the great legal haunts where the barristers are, and is in the centre of the legal district of London—for instance, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, Lincoln's-Inn, Bedford-row, Gray's-Inn, Furnival's-Inn, Staple-Inn, and the other Inns, and the Temple; and, on the west, New-Inn and Clement's-Inn." In the zincographed plan accompanying the Report of the Commissioners we see this district coloured yellow; and the courts, offices, and chambers, in other colours, shown in most convenient propinquity. It is divided from the Temple by the Strand, which inconvenience will be provided for by covered bridge-ways, by tunnels, or subways; and it has even been proposed to turn Temple Bar to more profitable account than a depository for cash-books and ledgers, by making it a passage—we hope not a "bridge of sighs"—for lawyers and their clients.

In addition to its convenience and adaptation, the Carey-street site presents other advantages. By its clearance we shall get rid of a bad neighbourhood from the centre of London, than which there are few parts worse, in a sanitary point of view. It is an old, worn-

out district of streets, ways, and courts, ill-drained and unventilated, and for the most part a black spot in the moral topography of the metropolis. Its extent is about seven acres and a half; its boundaries on the north are Horseshoe-court, Yeates-court, and Carey-street; on the east, Bell-yard; on the south, the Strand and Pickett-street; and on the west, Clement's-Inn.

This strange cluster of wretched dwellings in the heart of the largest capital in the world was in some cases remarkable for picturesqueness; but for the most part presented the miseries of an overcrowded district, and of human beings nestling and huddled up in houses in the last stage of neglect and decay.

About half a century has elapsed since a clearance was made on the south side of the proposed site by the removal of Butcher-row,—a street of tenements between the back of St. Clement's and Ship-yard, in the Strand, and named from the butchers' shambles there. The houses here were mostly built in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and chiefly of wood and plaster, with overhanging stories. They were wretched fabrics, the receptacles of filth in every corner, the bane of old London, and a sort of nestling-place for plague. The ceilings of these houses were low, with large unwrought beams, and lighted by small casement-windows. The cant name for the place among coachmen in the days of the *Spectator* was "The Pass," or "The Straits of St. Clement's." This group of buildings was, principally through the exertions of Alderman Pickett, removed, and the new line erected in their place named Pickett-street. At the entrance to Clement's-Inn the Corporation of London erected a semicircular entrance, with lofty columns.

Entering through these columns, or the Foregate, you soon reached Clement's-lane, of which there re-

mained to the last examples of the general mode of building, mostly composed of slight work, covered on the outside with painted planks, and plastered inside. These houses may, however, have been of the date 1606, when, to prevent the decay and danger of slight wooden buildings, it was enjoined that all persons should either build the fronts of their houses with stone or brick. At that period many of the wooden London houses were evidently constructed so as to meet, as far as possible, this regulation; and many were built with framework of wood interlaid with brick, and then plastered; the back parts of the houses were then entirely composed of wood.

Clement's-lane led into Clare-market, which Howell describes, in 1657, as established by the Earl of Clare, who built here a street and a palace, and lived in a princely manner. Beyond the lane, at the time it was built, was Clement's-Inn-fields. Hollar, the engraver, lived hereabout; as he describes in a letter to Aubrey, August 1661: "Myselfe doe lodge withowt S. Clement's Inn, as soon as you come up the steps and out of that house and dore on your left hand, two payre of stayres, into a little passage right before you." In Clement's-lane lived Sir John Trevor, cousin to Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, Solicitor-general, twice Master of the Rolls, and twice Speaker of the House of Commons. He died in Clement's-lane, May 20, 1717.

At a house *in the fields*, beyond Clement's-Inn, according to Faukes, the five conspirators first met, "where they did confer and agree upon the (Gunpowder) plot." There they took the solemn oath of secrecy; and in the same house they received the sacrament of Gerard, the Jesuit. According to the confession of Winter, he, with Catesby, Percy, Wright, and Faukes, met in one of the houses of Butcher-row, east of Cle-

ment's-Inn, and there administered the oath of secrecy, and afterwards received the sacrament in the next room. Upon this spot, two and three centuries ago, resided many persons of rank and note. Many of the houses had been rebuilt; but some remained, which formerly had tenants much above the rank of their present occupiers.

The abode of "the quality" was in Old Boswell-court, adjoining Clement's-lane. This court was named from Mr. Boswell, from whose house, in 1659, Gilbert Talbot wrote a letter of London gossip to his father, the celebrated Earl of Shrewsbury. Mr. Cunningham found in the St. Clement Danes burial register: "1611, Sept. 2, Mr. Ewins, Esquier, from Boswell House; Lord Chief-Justice, and Sir Edward Lyttleton, Solicitor-general, lived here in 1695; Lady Raleigh (widow of Sir Walter), in 1622-5; and Lady Fanshawe, in Sir Richard's absence." Lady F., in her *Memoirs*, writes: "In his absence I took a house in Boswell-court, near Temple Bar, for two years, immediately moving all my goods thereto." The Fanshawes had a house in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, on the north side, where the Countess of Middlesex had lived before; and the same day that Lady F. came there was brought the body of her dear husband, who died at Madrid. After this Lady F. removed, with her five children, to the opposite side of the Fields.

As you proceeded from Old Boswell-court northward, the houses were of considerable height; a flight of steps led you into New Boswell-court, described by Hatton, in 1708, as "a pleasant one." The house westward of the steps was very lofty, had a noble staircase with twisted rails, and one of the finest attics in the neighbourhood. The houses in the court were almost exclusively let to

barristers and solicitors. The north side led to Carey-street, which had long lost some of its olden interest; and though the old fig-tree may still flourish in Cook's-court, the Grange Inn, and its galleried yard, whereat playgoers put up their horses, had given way to the site of King's College Hospital. Passing the entrance to Yeates-court, we noted the old yard of the Plough Inn (the house has been rebuilt); and then, looking into New Boswell-court, we saw how its heavy old eaves had been removed, a parapet substituted, and the doorways modernised; and upon the steps at the southern entrance was a relic of "the light of other days"—a watchman's box of very old date, which was drawn up from the pavement during the day. Returning to Carey-street, we looked in at New-court, where the Independents' chapel had been taken down: the former chapel of Burgess, Bradbury, and Winter was burnt in the Sacheverel riots in 1710.

In Carey-street, continued northward, was a public-house and stable-yard, described, in Sir William Davenant's *Playhouse to be let*, as "our house inn, the Grange." This was the Plough, taken down in 1853, as above stated.

Serle's-place is named from Mr. Henry Serle, who acquired this property from the sons and the executors of Sir John Birkenhead, the writer of *Mercurius Aulicus*, in the time of the Civil War under Charles I. Serle died about 1690, much in debt, and his lands heavily mortgaged; his arms are over the Lincoln's-inn gateway, next Carey-street. Serle's Coffee-house was of the days of the *Spectator*. Lower Serle's-place had been, since 1845, the name of the notorious Shire-lane. According to Strype, the whole thoroughfare appears to have been originally called Shire-lane, which he describes as com-

ing out of Little Lincoln's-Inn-fields and falling into Fleet-street by Temple Bar: "the upper part hath good old buildings, well inhabited; but the lower part is very narrow and more ordinary." In the time of James I. it was called Rogue-lane. But the place had a higher fame. In the burial register of St. Dunstan's we find: "1604. Sir Arthur Atie, Knight, out of Shire-lane, secretary to the great Earl of Leicester, attendant on the unfortunate Earl of Essex." Here lived Sir John Sedley; and here was born his son, Sir Charles Sedley, the dramatic poet and witty contemporary of Rochester. "Neare the Globe in Sheer-lane" lived Elias Ashmole, the antiquary; and here Antony à Wood records his having dined with Ashmole (*Cunningham*).

To Serle's-place, on Theodore Hook's "arrest under the Exchequer writ (August 1823), he was taken, to the dwelling and spunging-house of the sheriff's officer, his captor, by name Mr. Hemp" (*Quarterly Review*, No. 143). The writer describes the lane as "a vile, squalid place, noisy and noxious, apparently almost inaccessible either to air or light, swarming with a population of thief-catchers, gin-sellers, and worse." This is scarcely applicable to any but the lower portion of Shire-lane, and not to the part where Hook was shut up. Here he kept himself steadily at work in the mornings, and his few intimates commonly gathered round him in the evening. Dr. William Maginn is mentioned as a daily, or rather a nightly visitor, through Hook's diary, for a long series of months. Hook had been taken under arrest for a crown debt of 12,000*l.*, the amount of his defalcation in the Mauritius case. He was locked up here from August 1823 until the following Easter, when he left, after a banquet, for which he improvised a ballad, in the chorus not sparing himself:

"Let him hang with a curse, this atrocious, pernicious Scoundrel, that emptied the till at Mauritius."

In Middle Serle's-place was the house at which was held the Kit-Kat Club, whose history is not so well chronicled as are the members over the patronymic pies, toasting the reigning beauties out of glasses engraved with commemorative verses; and how Kneller's portraits of the club gave rise to "Kit-Kat"-sized pictures.

A portion of Middle Serle's-place had to the last its picturesque gabled and bayed house-fronts. Here the olden fame of the place may be said to have concentrated; for there remained the old Trumpet tavern, where Isaac Bickerstaff met his Tatler Club, and whence he led down the lane into Fleet-street the deputation of Twaddlers from the country to Dick's Coffee-house, as gloriously told by Addison and Steele in the *Tatler*, No. 86. We have seen a water-colour drawing of the Trumpet, by Samuel Ireland, who died in 1800; it was engraved in the *Monthly Magazine*, circa 1823. The house-front had been coated with cement, but was essentially the same to the last. In the old view there is a column on each side of the doorway, and on the house, under the first-floor window, was a small signboard of a trumpet. Many years since the sign was changed to the Duke of York. This was probably one of the oldest licensed houses in the metropolis. Andrew Marvell, who died in 1678, thus refers to the original sign by way of innuendo: "Even then, at the same time, he sounds another *trumpet* than that in Sheer-lane to horse and hem in his auditory." Steele, in No. 132 of the *Tatler*, gives an account of the club at the Trumpet, the humour of which is admirably circumstantial. The members are smokers and old story-tellers, rather easy than shining companions, promoting the thoughts tran-

quilly backward, and not the less comfortable to Mr. Bickerstaff, because he finds himself the leading soul among them. He says: "The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the Trumpet, of which I am a member, did I not, in some part of my writings, give an account of the persons among whom I have passed a sixth part of my time for these last forty years." Upon Addison's return to England he found his friend Steele established among the wits, and they were both received with great honour at the Trumpet. Its last host took great interest in the reputation of his house, and was careful of everything connected with the place; he restored the signboard (a modelled trumpet) to the house in its original place, and obtained the assent of the magistrates to the change. In removing the front, when the fascia-boards (shown in Ireland's view) were taken away, the arched heads of the three lower windows (also shown by Ireland) remained; and when the thick coating of colour was removed from the front the correct name of the place, altered in 1845, was seen to be Serle's-place, and not Lower Serle's-place, which commenced with the adjoining house. The paved court running down to Temple Bar is mentioned by way of simile; and the inimitable "Vision of Justice" was engendered in the classic mind of Addison whilst he was passing from here to Lincoln's-Inn-fields and back, it being the first paper (No. 100 of the *Tatler*) specially dated by the author "from Sheer-lane." It may be noted that the spot which Addison thus made classic ground was hereafter to be devoted to the administration of justice, thus passing from the vision to the reality. The Kit-Kat Club is generally considered to have been originated at the Trumpet; but Ned Ward, in his *Secret History of Clubs*, maintains

the maker of mutton-pies to have lived at the sign of the Cat and Fiddle, in Gray's-Inn-lane, whence he removed to the Fountain Tavern in the Strand.

Lower Serle's-place, the last portion which bore the name of Shire-lane, was a passage of squalid houses, and of reputations too black to be repeated. We have heard a few sad tales of this terrible locality. Here is one: In the time of the old parish watch, upon a winter-night, when a thick coat of snow concealed the grime of the murky alley, a dissipated man strayed into one of its vile haunts: there an altercation arose with the extortionate owner of the house; a fiendish struggle ensued, in which the luckless stranger was thrown down a flight of stairs, and was taken up almost lifeless. How to dispose of the body was a small matter for the stronger man, who, waiting for the interval of the watchman's drowsy cry, soon after two o'clock, with some help, carried the body a few doors up the lane and placed it against a neighbour's door, by the pin-head light of a single oil-lamp. Here the corpse was found by the guardian of the night, and conveyed away. Next morning there was some stir in the lane, and suspicion hovered about, not knowing where to alight amidst so many nestling-places of vice and crime. The inquest followed, without pointing to the perpetrator. But many years after, in one of the vaulted rooms of the King's Bench prison, the door of which stood ajar, there was overheard a volley of recrimination between two men of desperate character who were caged there for their least offences. In this fierce contention was gathered the above outline of one among the many dark deeds of Shire-lane. At the corner of the lane, in Fleet-street, at the Angel and Crown, one Mr. Quarrington was robbed by Thomas Carr, attorney, of Elm-

court, Temple, and Elizabeth Adams, who were executed at Tyburn, January 18, 1738. The portrait of Adams was painted and etched by Hogarth. The purification of Shire-lane was a long and tedious process; for in the Minutes of Evidence, March 14, 1865, one of the persons examined stated that three weeks previously one man in Shire-lane was prosecuted, and he pleaded guilty. Among the public-houses in the old lane was "The Bible," a house of call for printers.

One of the worst haunts of this vile neighbourhood was Newcastle-court, Strand, entered at a few doors on the right-hand side going from Temple Bar. In the Minutes of Evidence it is stated there were in this court two houses in which sixty-two persons slept. Again:

"What class reside in Newcastle-court?—They are men—those tramps and niggers and hawkers.

"Newcastle-court consisted wholly of brothels until they were indicted; and now they were inhabited by costermongers and these black-faced fellows, and a very low class of persons.

"When you stated that the poorer classes who will be dispossessed will not go into model lodging-houses, what do you found that opinion upon?—Upon the filthy state in which they live: they will not clean their rooms or open their windows to get air. Newcastle-court may be taken as a sample of that: it is the filthiest place in the neighbourhood."

Ship-yard, another place of some note, has also disappeared. It was the site of the Ship Inn, mentioned with other grants to Sir Christopher Hatton in 1571. It was standing in 1756. A token "at the Ship, without Temple Bar, 1649," is in the Beaufoy Collection. John Reynolds, a cook, issued a token, the device the fox stealing a goose in Ship-yard, in 1666. "The Ship

Tavern in Butcher-row, near Temple Bar," is noticed in an advertisement so late as June 1756 (*Burn's Catalogue of the Beaufoy Cabinet*). Most of the houses in Ship-yard had been rebuilt or refronted; but on the west side, towards the south end, was an ancient house with overhanging stories. It is engraved in Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*, as "supposed to have been the residence of Elias Ashmole, the celebrated antiquary." Faithorne, the famous engraver, kept shop "next to y^e^ signe of the Drake, without Temple Barr," according to his imprint, 1662—"the Drake" meaning the ship in which the great Sir Francis sailed round the world.

Leading from Ship-yard was Chair-court, we suspect named from chairmakers living there, or from its being a stand for sedan-chairs. It occurs in Hatton's *New View*, 1708.

The eastern boundary of the plan, Bell-yard, Pope, a century and a quarter ago, called "a filthy old place," though his friend Fortescue, to whom Pope wrote this, lived at the upper end or best part of the yard. It had lost much of its old appearance within memory. We especially miss its fishing-tackle shops, which made this a Waltonian locality. Honest Izaak lived hard by.

Part of the new Law-courts plan is to take down all the houses from Bell-yard to Pickett-street. There still remain in the narrowest part of Fleet-street, east of Temple Bar, extending to Chancery-lane, eight ancient houses. One, No. 198, was formerly Izaak Walton's; and this, like the other seven, overhangs the pathway, and has an unsightly effect. To remove these eight houses would widen the street most conveniently.

INNS-OF-COURT DINNERS.

That in good old times legal education and hospitality went hand and hand is illustrated by Chaucer's reference to the manciple, or purveyor of provisions, being presumed the oldest mention of the Temple as a place for lawyers. Hence the halls of our different Inns of Court have for several centuries composed a kind of university for the education of advocates, subject to this arrangement. The benchers and readers, being the superiors of each house, occupied, on public occasions of ceremony, the upper end of the hall, which was raised on a daïs, and separated from the rest of the building by a *bar*. The next in degree were the *utter* barristers, who, after they had attained a certain standing, were called from the body of the hall to the bar (that is, to the first place outside the bar), for the purpose of taking a principal part in the mootings or exercises of the house; and hence they probably derived the name of *utter* or outer barristers. The other members of the Inn, consisting of students of the law under the degree of utter barristers, took their places nearer to the centre of the hall and farther from the bar; and, from this manner of distribution, appear to have been called inner barristers. The distinction between utter and inner barristers is at the present day wholly abolished; the former being called barristers generally, and the latter falling under the denomination of students.

These rules were strictly observed on all festal occasions in the great hall; for, besides working-days and holy-days, there were the lighter pursuits of singing and all kinds of harmony, dancing, and other noblemen's pastimes, all of which were celebrated with glee as well as state.

The public "moots," exercises, and duties have long been dispensed with; and the general rule as to qualification in all the Inns of Court is, that a person, in order to entitle himself to be called to the bar, must be twenty-one years of age, have kept twelve terms, and have been for five or three years at least a member of the society. The keeping of terms includes dining a certain number of times in the Hall, and hence the pleasantry of "eating the way to the bar;" the preparatory studies being now private.

A Hall dinner is a formal scene. At five, or half-past five, the barristers, students, and other members, in their gowns, having assembled in the Hall, the benchers enter in procession to the daïs; the steward strikes the table three times, grace is said by the treasurer or senior bencher present, and the dinner commences. The old call to dinner was by sounding a horn kept for the purpose; and the drum and fife, trumpets and violins, sackbuts, recorders, and cornets were played at every course. The benchers observe somewhat more style at their table than the other members do at theirs. The general repast is a tureen of soup, a joint of meat, a tart, and cheese, to each mess, consisting of four persons; and each mess is allowed a bottle of port-wine. Dinner is served daily to the members of the Inn during term-time; the masters of the bench dining on the state or daïs, and the barristers and students at long tables extending down the Hall. On grand days are present the judges, who dine in succession with each of the four Inns of Court. To the Parliament-chamber, adjoining the Hall, the benchers repair after dinner. The loving-cups used on certain grand occasions are huge silver goblets, which are passed down the table filled with a delicious

composition, immemorially termed *sack*, consisting of sweetened and exquisitely-flavoured white-wine. The butler attends the progress of the cup to replenish it; and each student is by rule restricted to a *sip*; yet it is recorded that once, though the number present fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquid were consumed. At the Inner Temple, on May 29, a gold cup of sack is handed to each member, who drinks to the happy restoration of Charles II.

Complaints are made of the neglect of certain old customs at the Middle-Temple Hall dinners. Formerly, when the attendant placed the wine upon the table, he mentioned one of the Masters of the Bench in whose name it was that day given. The mess of four members before whom the bottle was placed stood up and bowed to him; the bencher named also standing in his place on the daïs, and returning the salute. During the oyster-season, two barrels of oysters were brought into the Hall every Friday in term, an hour before dinner; napkins and oyster-knives were provided, and the members helped themselves. When one bencher dined, on leaving the Hall he invited the senior bar-mess to take wine with him in the Parliament-chamber. These things are now not attended to at the Middle Temple; but the bencher's invitation and the oyster-whet are exercised at the Inner Temple, where the dinners are excellent. The loving-cup ceremony has long ceased, and the cup is now used to hold tooth-picks! The salads have been wittily condemned as "like eating a gravel-walk, and meeting with an occasional weed."

In the two Temples, for the Calves' Head Roll every bencher is taxed yearly 2*s.*, every barrister 1*s.* 6*d.*, and every gentleman under the bar 1*s.* to the cook and

other officers of the house, for a dinner of calves' heads in the Easter term; but the dinner is *nominis umbra.*

We read of strange scenes at the Hall dinners. Sir John Davys was expelled the Society of the Middle Temple for thrashing his friend, Mr. Richard Martin, also a bencher of the Inn, during dinner-time in the Hall. Davys was afterwards, on proper submission, re-admitted; and Martin is still remembered, not by his thrashing, but by Ben Jonson's noble dedication to him of his *Poetaster.* It deserves to be mentioned, in illustration of the revels at Christmas in the Hall, that in taking up the floor, about the year 1764, near one hundred pairs of dice were found, which had been dropped on different occasions through the chinks of the boards, the dice being then very small—at least one-third less than those now in use (Cunningham's *London*). Sir Symonds d'Ewes tells us how, in 1623, after supper in the Hall, he argued a moot at the Bench; "two gentlemen, under the bar, arguing first in law—French bare-headed, as I did myself before I was called to the bar at the cupboard."

The Middle Temple feasts were very sumptuous. Evelyn describes that of 1688, "so very extravagant and great as the like had not been seen at any time." He was elected one of the comptrollers of the Middle-Temple revellers, "as y^e^ fashion of the young students and gentlemen was, the Christmas being kept this yeare with great solemnity;" but he soon resigned his staff of office. Again, in 1688, he records: "Went to see the revels at the Middle Temple," which he gravely condemns as "an old but riotous custom, and has relation neither to virtue nor policy." Aubrey "enjoyed here the greatest felicity of his life;" but on St. John's-night, 1673, he was "in danger of being run through with a

sword by a young Templar at Burges' chamber in the Middle Temple." However, these excesses took place at the revel.

In Henry VIII.'s time the gentlemen of the Temple were addicted to "shove and slip groats" (games played with halfpence), which became forbidden them under a penalty; and encounters were then so frequent that Templars were prohibited from carrying any other weapon into the Hall (the dining-room) than the dagger or carving-knife which it was customary to carry about the person in those days for the mutton.

We have seen the fare of the Middle Temple impugned. Blackwood, in his lively, rattling way, says: "The Middle Temple is of a different temperament from the Inner Temple, as

'The Inner for the rich, the Middle for the poor.'

And here, accordingly, the course of professional education is confined to the scrag-end of a neck of mutton, and occasionally griskins. The consequences of this meagre course of study may be easily predicted; and the fact is well ascertained that the Middle Temple has given to the world fewer great men, and those at longer intervals, than any of the other Inns of Court. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? What professional acumen can be derived from the scrag-end of a neck of mutton? or what inspiration can the sinking advocate imbibe from griskins?"

At a late dinner there were present in the Hall but three benchers, seven barristers, and six students—in all sixteen, which has called forth regret at this decadence of one of the noblest colleges of law that ever existed in any country—one which, we can say without fear of contradiction, has turned out the most able

lawyers and statesmen that ever adorned our annals. Stanch members of the Inn have, however, made every endeavour to restore the Middle Temple to something like its ancient station and renown.

The same writer says: "The Inner Temple professes to receive the rich and great more exclusively, and accordingly the legal bill of fare at that Inn is *recherché* in a high degree—nothing plain ever being put upon the tables, and French cookery preferred. The strictest silence is enjoined in this Hall during the whole time of gastronomic study, hob-nobbing being interdicted as low, and no further intercourse permitted among the several members of the mess than an occasional scowl transmitted from one side of the table to the other, after the manner of the English who have not the honour of one another's acquaintance. In the Inner Temple it is understood that you *may*, in a case of great emergency, ask your neighbour for the salt; but it is also understood that he is not obliged to let you have it."

Lincoln's-Inn, in its new buildings, has not failed to provide for hospitalities on the old scale, for we read that "the corridor is arranged on the plan of the college halls of the Universities, and has a buttery-hatch, and stairs leading to the vaulted kitchen, 45 feet square and 25 feet high, with one of the largest fire-places in England; adjoining are cellars for one hundred pipes of wine."

In the ancient Hall were held all the revels of the Society, their masques and Christmasings; when the benchers laid aside their dignity, and dancing was enjoined for the students, as conducive "to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times;" and by an order 7th of James I. "the under-barristers were, by decimation, put out of commons for example's sake,

because they had not danced on the Candlemas-day preceding, when the judges were present." Of Christmas 1661 Pepys writes: "The King (Charles II.) visited Lincoln's-Inn to see the revels there; there being, according to an old custome, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and charge." Here were present Clarendon, Ormond, and Shaftesbury at the revels of Hale; Ley, and Denham the poet; and the gloomy Prynne standing by. At these entertainments the Hall cupboard was set out with the Society's olden plate, which includes silver basins and ewers, silver cups and covers, a silver college-pot for festivals, and a large silver punch-bowl with two handles.

Not many years ago it was the custom at Lincoln's-Inn for one of the servants, attired in his usual robes, to go to the threshold of the outer door about twelve or one o'clock, and exclaim three times, "*Venez manger!*" when neither bread nor salt was upon the table.

LIVING IN CHAMBERS.

The Chambers in our Inns of Court and Chancery are the cheap and commodious lodgings provided for the members, just as *rooms* are provided for students in the colleges of our Universities. As the buildings are of considerable age, they represent many of the inconveniences of antiquity—such as narrow staircases, upon which one person can scarcely pass another; and rooms ill-lighted and ventilated, and in their appointments presenting a sparseness of furniture and a clumsiness of fittings which bespeak anything but comfort to the inmates. Through more than five centuries has this state

of things existed, or from the eighteenth year of the reign of Edward III., when Lady Clifford demised a house in Fleet-street to the *Apprenticiis de Banco*, the origin of *Clifford's-Inn*.

The Temple first came into the hands of the same profession by virtue of a demise from the Knights Hospitallers (who had received a grant of the lands on the dissolution of the Templar order) during the same reign, though the exact date is unknown. The destruction of the books and ancient records in the Temple by Wat Tyler—"To the Inns of Court, down with them all!" (*Jack Cade*)—has thrown some obscurity over its earlier history; but Chaucer's lines beginning,

"A manciple there was of the Temple,"

sufficiently prove the antiquity of the lawyers' possession. Lincoln's-Inn was demised in early times by the Bishops of Chichester to the students of the law. The tradition that the Earl of Lincoln, in Edward II.'s time, was their first lessor rests on no good foundation. Gray's-Inn was demised to another society of the same nature by its ancient possessors, the Lords Grey of Wilton. Houses were probably first numbered in the Inns. Hatton (1708) states of Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, "instead of signs, the houses here are distinguished by numbers, as the staircases in the Inns of Court and Chancery."

The Inns of Court were originally founded for the purposes of affording legal education and lodging and entertainment to the students. By grants from James I. and other benefactors munificent endowments were made, the amount of which is unknown, but the estimate of the income is upwards of 50,000*l.* per annum. But besides the rent of land, the benchers receive large

sums from students, and the students are further compelled to pay for dinners, whether they consume them or not. Out of this large income libraries are kept up —some of them very indifferently—and a few lectureships are maintained; but what becomes of the residue is utterly unknown. No man supposes—nor, indeed, do we believe that there would be just ground for supposing—that the benchers divide the surplus amongst themselves; but this only renders the mystery deeper, and the question of what is done with the residue becomes the more curious. The Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's-Inn, and Gray's-Inn, severally possess splendid properties; and, in the Inner and Middle Temple, at least, the benchers, besides a sumptuous table, enjoy the benefit of chambers rent-free, varying in value from about 100*l.* to 120*l.* a year. But this trifling and not unjust appropriation of the funds is but a mite in the scale, and the question of what is done with the surplus funds remains to be solved.

We do not propose to enter into this much-vexed question, but to glance at what may be more entertaining to the general reader, namely, the changes which time has brought about in the customs and fashions and modes of life. It may be curious to trace our great luminaries of the law starting from their studies with such habits as those of Sir Edward Coke. When in 1572 he was admitted of the Inner Temple, he entered into a most laborious course of study. Every morning at three, in the winter season *lighting his own fire*, he read Bracton, Littleton, the Year Books, and the folio Abridgments of the Law, till the Courts met at eight. He then went by water to Westminster, and heard cases argued till twelve, when pleas ceased for dinner. After a short repast in the Inner-Temple Hall, he attended

"readings" or lectures in the afternoon, and then resumed his private studies till five, or supper-time. This meal being ended, the *moots* took place, when difficult questions of law were proposed and discussed,—if the weather was fine, in the garden by the river-side; if it rained, in the covered walks near the Temple Church. Finally, he shut himself up in his chamber, and worked at his common-place book, in which he inserted, under the proper heads, all the legal information he had collected during the day. When nine o'clock struck he retired to bed, that he might have an equal portion of sleep before and after midnight. The Globe and other theatres were rising into repute, but he would never appear at any of them; nor would he indulge in such unprofitable reading as the poems of Lord Surrey or Spenser. When Shakspeare and Ben Jonson came into such fashion that even "sad apprentices of the law" occasionally assisted in masques and wrote prologues, Coke steadily eschewed all such amusements; and it is supposed that in the whole course of his life he never saw a play acted, or read a play, or was in company with a player. In the reign of James I. the Temple was nicknamed "My Lord Coke's Shop."

In these early days the Inns of Court were out of doors—much more rural than at present. Their situation was admirably chosen, being at once in the neighbourhood of both the City and Westminster Hall, and at that period pleasant suburban retreats. The view from the Temple-gardens, when on the opposite side of the river the eye ranged over the green marshes and gradually-rising ground to the Surrey hills and the rich oak and beech woods that clothed them, must have been delightful; and beautiful was the site of both Lincoln and Gray's Inns, with their uninterrupted view over

fields and gardens to Hampstead and Highgate, then abundant in rich woodland scenery; for parts of the ancient and wide forest of Middlesex remained down to the sixteenth century. It is curious to read of the fields adjacent to Lincoln's-Inn, called the Coneygarth, "being well stocked with rabbits and game." From the period of their establishment, the Inns of Court seem always to have boasted their gardens; and we doubt not that our readers will look with additional interest at the fine elms in Gray's-Inn-gardens, when told that they were planted under the express direction and superintendence of Francis Bacon.

The retirement of life in chambers has been thus pleasantly sketched by a popular novelist of our day:

"Here, on the choicest spot of this choice ground, stands a lofty row of chambers, looking obliquely upon the sullied Thames; before the windows the lawn of the Temple-gardens stretches with that dim yet delicious verdure so refreshing to the eyes of Londoners. If doomed to live within the thickest of London smoke, you would surely say that that would be your chosen spot. Yes, you, you whom I now address, my dear middle-aged bachelor friend, can nowhere be so well domiciled as here. No one here will ask whether you are out or at home, alone or with friends; here no Sabbatarian will investigate your Sundays; no censorious landlady will scrutinise your empty bottle; no valetudinarian neighbour will complain of late hours. If you love books, to what place are books so suitable? The whole spot is redolent of typography. Would you worship the Paphian goddess, the groves of Cyprus are not more taciturn than those of the Temple. Wit and wine are always here, and always together; the revels of the

Temple are as those of polished Greece, where the wildest worshipper of Bacchus never forgot the dignity of the god whom he adored. Where can retirement be so complete as here? where can you be so sure of all the pleasures of society?"

The Court of Star-Chamber took care of the morals of the rising generation by desiring the principals of the Inns not to suffer the students to be out of their houses after six o'clock at night, "without very great and necessary causes, nor to wear any kind of weapon;" and the Court records prove the Star-Chamber to have committed to the Tower the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, and young Pickering, for breaking windows and eating flesh in Lent.

In the reign of Philip and Mary it was ordained by all the four Inns of Court, "that none except knights and benchers should wear in their doublets or hose any light colours, save scarlet and crimson; nor wear any upper velvet cap, or any scarf or wings in their gowns, white jerkins, buskins, or velvet shoes, double cuffs in their shirts, feathers or ribbons in their caps; and that none should wear their study-gowns in the City any farther than Fleet Bridge or Holborn Bridge; nor, while in Commons, wear Spanish cloak, sword and buckler, or rapier, or gowns and hats, or gowns girded with a dagger on the back."

The Inns have their criminal history. John Ayloff, member of the Inner Temple, convicted of high treason, was hanged opposite the Temple-gate, 1685. Another Temple traitor, Christopher Layer, was executed at Tyburn, March 15, 1723. His head was placed on Temple Bar, and there remained longest its tenant. Thomas Carr the Elm-court attorney, and Elizabeth

Adams, for robbing Mr. Quarrington at a tavern at the corner of Shire-lane, were executed January 18, 1738: the portrait of Adams was painted and etched by Hogarth, as already described at pages 180, 181. Henry Justice, of the Middle Temple, found guilty of stealing books from the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, was sentenced to death, but subsequently transported for life, 1757. Laundresses, or women who have charge of chambers, have sometimes murdered their masters. In 1768 Elizabeth Richardson was executed at Tyburn for the murder of Mr. Pimlott, an attorney-at-law, in Symond's-Inn, on the east side of Chancery-lane: here the Masters in Chancery formerly resided. But the most truculent criminal was Sarah Malcolm, who murdered her mistress, her companion, and servant, at chambers in Tanfield-court, Inner Temple; for which she was hung in Fleet-street, as more fully narrated elsewhere. And we have heard of an old laundress who cut off the head of her aged master as he lay asleep in a third-floor chamber in Gray's-Inn.

Peter Burchet, of the Middle Temple, the last person who was imprisoned in the Lollards' Tower at St. Paul's, mistaking the person of John Hawkins, Esq. (afterwards the famous seaman Sir John Hawkins), for that of Sir Christopher Hatton, assailed him in the high street beyond Temple Bar, and desperately wounded him with his dagger, on the 11th of October 1573. On his examination for this offence, he was found to entertain "heretical opinions," and was therefore committed to the Lollards' Tower till a consistory could be held in St. Paul's Church; on which he narrowly escaped the condemnation of death, "through the earnest persuasion of divers learned men," who prevailed on him to make a

reluctant recantation. He was afterwards committed to the Tower of London, where he barbarously murdered one of his keepers with a billet of wood; for which crime he was arraigned and condemned at Westminster, and on the 12th of November was hanged on a gibbet erected near the spot where he had wounded Hawkins, his right hand having been first "stricken off and nailed to the gibbet." Camden states that the Queen (Elizabeth) was so incensed at Burchet's design, that "she commanded him to be presently executed by martial or camp law;" and we learn from Ellis (*Original Letters*, 2d series, vol. iii.) that she ordered a commission to be prepared for that purpose, but was prevailed on not to sign it.

Notable persons have lived in most of the Inns. Dr. Johnson came from Gray's-Inn to live at No. 1 Inner Temple-lane, in first-floor chambers, in 1760, and continued till 1765. The house was taken down in 1857. The over-door was boldly carved, and on the transom was inscribed "Dr. Johnson's Staircase;" and it was impossible to look at it without remembering that here Goldsmith, Reynolds, Boswell, and a host of their literary contemporaries, visited Johnson. In this and the following year the Doctor appears to have written little, and his life was "dissipated and useless." He seems to have gone much to the theatre, to "escape from himself." The *Jealous Wife* had just been produced. Next year Johnson obtained his pension of 300*l.* a year; and we find him writing from here to Earl Bute, stating that his pension had not been paid him at Michaelmas, nor did he know where or from whom he was to ask it. Here Johnson was first visited by Boswell, who writes: "I entered the chambers with an impression given me by the Rev. Dr. Blair of Edin-

burgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having 'found the giant in his den' —an expression," says Boswell, "which, when I became pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him; and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself." Boswell describes Johnson's apartment, furniture, and morning-dress as "sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little, old, shrivelled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and the knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, 'Nay, don't go.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you.' He answered, 'Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me.'"

Boswell thus describes the Doctor's library, which was contained in two garrets over his chambers, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller, had formerly his warehouse. Boswell found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewed with manuscript leaves in Johnson's own handwriting, which Boswell beheld with veneration, supposing they might contain portions of the *Rambler* or *Rasselas*. "I observed," says Boswell, "an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. The place seemed to be very favourable for retirement and meditation. Johnson told me that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant when he wanted to study secure from interruption; for

he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was."

Here the Doctor received a visit from Mdme. de Bouffleurs; and Boswell tells us how, on her departure, Johnson forgot to accompany her to her coach; when, recollecting his want of gallantry, he hurried down the staircase and overtook Boswell and the lady before they reached the Temple-gate, seized her hand, and conducted her to her carriage.

"Dr. Johnson's Staircase" was withdrawn from the sale of the materials in 1857, the Benchers having determined to retain possession of it. The boarded and timber floor, on which the learned Doctor and his literary friends had so often walked, with the windows, doors, moulded panel partition, &c., sold for 10*l.* 5*s.* At the bottom of the lane, in Farrar's-buildings, Boswell had his chambers, to be near Johnson. Charles Lamb lived at No. 4. "Two rooms on the third floor and five rooms above," he writes to Coleridge, "with an inner staircase to myself, and all new painted, &c., for 30*l.* a year. The rooms are delicious; the best look backwards, into Hare-court, where there is a pump always going; just now it is dry. Hare-court's trees come in at the window, so that it's like living in a garden."

We have now another great literary association in the lane. Thither came Oliver Goldsmith, when he removed from Gray's-Inn. He took chambers on the library staircase of the Inner Temple, which he shared with one Jeffs, butler to the Society. His neighbour Johnson soon paid him a visit, and went prying about the rooms. Goldsmith grew fidgety, and, apprehending a disposition to find fault, exclaimed, with the air of a man who had money in both pockets, "I shall soon be in better chambers than these!" which harmless bravado

drew from Johnson four Latin words implying, "It is only yourself that need be looked for."

From these chambers Goldsmith removed to Garden-court, in the Middle Temple, to what the rich old Dr. Scott describes as a miserable garret. Goldy, nevertheless, would not accept the Doctor's proposal that he should write for the Administration. Here Oliver passed many happy hours at his window, looking over the garden at the old Temple rookery, watching the habits of the rooks, which he has so well described in his *Animated Nature*. It was while living here that Goldsmith hired a man-servant (a Patlander, of course), and was metamorphosed into a smart physician, with a professional wig and cane, purple silk small-clothes, and a scarlet roquelaure buttoned to the chin; but he soon grew tired of the profession and small amount of fees. In 1768, Oliver, with the profits of his comedy the *Good-natured Man*, purchased chambers in Brick-court, for which he gave 400*l.*; they were No. 2, second floor, right of the staircase. He furnished them handsomely; and then came waste and debt and difficulties, which he never got over. Mr. Forster tells us, in his admirable Life of the poet, that Goldy borrowed money of Mr. Edmund Bett, a barrister, who occupied the opposite rooms; he remained very intimate with him for the rest of his life.

Under Goldsmith's were the chambers of Mr. Blackstone, then finishing the fourth volume of his *Commentaries*. He used to complain of the racket made overhead; and a Mr. Children, who succeeded him, made the same complaint. And how could it be otherwise? for here Goldsmith gave dinners to Johnson, Reynolds, Barry, Bickerstaff, and other friends; and supper-parties to young folks of both sexes. These last were

preceded by noisy round games at cards, followed up by blind-man's-buff, and romping games of forfeits, and uproarious singing and dancing. Sometimes a "former friend" called most inopportunely, as was the case one evening when the Doctor was drinking wine with Topham Beauclerc and General Oglethorpe. The caller was half tipsy; he sat down with the fine connections, and all at once took from his pocket a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar, which he offered Goldsmith, as he could not repay two guineas which the Doctor had lent him. This was too much for even Goldy's good-nature, and the intruder was turned out with his tea and sugar.

In these chambers Goldsmith breathed his last. He was asked, "Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," are the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He grew too weak to talk, and scarcely took any notice of what was said to him. He sank at last into a deep sleep. He awoke, but in strong convulsions, which continued without intermission until he expired on the 4th of April 1774, at five o'clock in the morning, in the forty-sixth year of his age. On the stairs of his chambers there were the lamentations of the old and infirm, and the sobbing of women—poor objects of his charity, to whom he had never turned a deaf ear, even when struggling himself with poverty.

There was some talk of a public funeral; but as the poor poet had died 2000*l.* in debt, the idea was relinquished. Five days after his death, therefore, at five o'clock on the evening of April 9th, he was privately interred in the burial-ground of the Temple Church. Burke and Reynolds superintended the arrangements; but the chief mourner was Sir Joshua's nephew. The poet rests at a short distance from the brick wall on the

north side of the burial-ground, immediately opposite the door of the vestry. Formerly a tree shaded the spot.

In Essex-court lived another errant man of letters, Richard Porson, whose irregularities were of a more reckless cast than those of poor Noll. Porson chose this abode to be near Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, whose sister he had married. Perry's house was in Lancaster-court, in the Strand; hence Porson facetiously called him "My Lord of Lancaster." Many a time at early morn did Porson stagger from his old haunt, the Cider Cellars in Maiden-lane, where he scarcely ever failed to pass some hours, after spending the *evening* elsewhere. It is related of him, upon better authority than most of the stories told to his discredit, that one night, or rather morning, Gurney (the Baron), who had chambers in Essex-court, under Porson's, was awakened by a tremendous thump in the chamber above. Porson had just come home dead-drunk, and had fallen on the floor. Having extinguished the candle in the fall, he presently staggered downstairs to relight it; and Gurney heard him keep dodging and poking with the candle at the staircase-lamp for about five minutes, and all the while very lustily cursing the nature of things.

We read also of Porson's shutting himself up in these chambers for three or four days together, admitting no visitors. One morning his friend Rogers went to call, having ascertained from the barber's hard by that Porson was at home, but had not been seen by anyone for two days. Rogers proceeded to his chambers, and knocked at the door more than once: he would not open it, and Rogers came downstairs; but as he was crossing the court, Porson opened the window, and stopped him. He was then busy about the Grenville

Homer, for which he collated the Harleian Ms. of the *Odyssey*, and received for his labour but 50*l.* and a large-paper copy. His chambers must have presented a strange scene; for he used books most cruelly, whether they were his own or belonged to others. He said that he possessed more *bad* copies of *good* books than any private gentleman in England.

Rogers, when a Templar, occasionally had some visitors, who absorbed more of his time than was always agreeable; an instance of which he thus relates: "When I lived in the Temple, Mackintosh and Richard Sharp used to come to my chambers, and stay there for hours, talking metaphysics. One day they were so intent on their 'first cause,' 'spirit,' and 'matter,' that they were unconscious of my having left them, paid a visit, and returned. I was a little angry at this; and, to show my indifference about them, I sat down and wrote letters, without taking any notice of them. I never met a man with a fuller mind than Mackintosh,—such readiness on all subjects, such a talker!"

Although the Temple has undergone many changes since Charles Lamb's time,—old Crown-Office-row has been taken down, and rebuilt of handsome stone,—his charming recollections of "the old Benchers of the Inner Temple" have an unfading interest. "These folks had the terrace almost sacred to themselves—in the fore part of the day, at least. Here walked Jekyll, ever ready to be delivered of a jest; and Thomas Coventry, whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and path-keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarecrow of his inferiors, the browbeater of equals and superiors; who made a solitude of children wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable pre-

sence as they would have shunned an Elisha bear. His growl is as thunder in their ears; whether he spoke to them in mirth or in rebuke, clouds of snuff, aggravating the natural terrors of his speech, broke forth from each majestic nostril, darkening the air. . . . . And so he passed the terrace.

"Coventry was master of four or five hundred thousand pounds—a hoarder rather than a miser; but he gave away 30,000*l.* once in his lifetime to a blind charity. He kept the table of a gentleman, and his kitchen-chimney was never suffered to freeze.

"Then there was the pensive gentility of Sam. Salt, and his man, the quick little fellow Lovel, at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his flapper, his guide, auditory, treasurer." Lamb had access to Salt's library, and thus he was "tumbled in a spacious closet of good old English reading, where he browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage.

"With Coventry and with Salt, in their walks upon the terrace, most commonly would join them Peter Pierson, a benevolent man, but with a face implying an incapacity of being happy. Contemporary with these was Daines Barrington, another oddity, who walked burly and square. In the account of his year's treasurership was—'Item, disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders; which charge was unanimously disallowed by the Bench.' Next to him was old Barton—a jolly negation, who took upon him the ordering of the bills of fare for the Parliament-chamber, where the Benchers dine. Then Read and Twopeny—Read, good-humoured and personable; Twopeny, good-humoured, but thin, and felicitous in jests upon his own figure. If T. was thin, Wharry was attenuated and fleeting, with spiteful fea-

tures. Of this period was the omniscient Jackson: he was the Friar Bacon of the less literate portion of the Temple, and decided how the cook should write down *edye*-bone of beef in his bill of commons. Mingay, with his iron hand—he had lost his right hand, and supplied it with a grappling-hook—was somewhat later. Baron Maseres, who walks (or did till very lately, says Lamb) in the costume of the reign of George II., closes my imperfect recollections of the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple. Fantastic forms, whither are ye fled? Or, if the like of you exist, why exist they no more for me?" Then with what exquisite humour Lamb invokes the New Benchers: "So may the Winged Horse, your ancient badge and cognisance, still flourish; so may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers; so may the sparrows, in default of more melodious quiresters, unpoisoned hop about your walks; so may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nurserymaid, who by leave airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion; so may the younkers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnised the parade before you."

At Staple-Inn, whither Johnson removed, he was but poorly housed; for in a note addressed to Miss Porter, dated March 23, 1759, he informs her that he had on that day removed from Gough-square, where he had resided ten years, into chambers at Staple-Inn: here he wrote his *Idler*, seated in a three-legged chair, so scantily were his chambers furnished. At No. 11 in this Inn Isaac Read had chambers. "Here (in Read's chambers)," says Cunningham, "Steevens corrected the

proof-sheets of his edition of Shakspeare. He used to leave his house at Hampstead at one in the morning, and walk to Staple-Inn. Read, who went to bed at the usual hour, allowed his facetious fellow-commentator a key to the chambers; so that Steevens stole quietly to his proof-sheets, without, it is said, disturbing the repose of his friend."

Gray's-Inn is inseparably associated with the rise and fall of Lord Chancellor Bacon. He was admitted here and made an Ancient in 1576; here he sketched his great work, the *Organon*, though law was his principal study. In 1582 he was called to the Bar; in 1586 made a bencher; in 1588 appointed Reader to the Inn; and in 1600 the Lent double Reader. In the interval he wrote his *Essays*, dedicated "from my chamber at Graie's-Inn, this 30 of Januarie 1597." Bacon had chambers in Gray's-Inn when Lord Chancellor; and here he received the suitor's bribes. After his downfall and distress, when he had parted with York House, he resided, during his visits to London, at his old chambers in Gray's-Inn. He is traditionally said to have lived in the large house facing Gray's-Inn garden-gates, where Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, frequently sent him home-brewed beer from his house in Holborn. Basil Montagu, however, fixes Bacon's chambers on the site of No. 1 Gray's-Inn-square, first floor; the house was burnt Feb. 17, 1679, with sixty other chambers (*Historian's Guide*, 3d edit., 1688). In the books of the Society is the copy of a letter addressed to Lord Craven at the Horse Guards, for the aid of the soldiery at the fire. Lord Campbell speculatively states that Bacon's chambers "remain in the same state as when he occupied them, and are still visited by those who worship his memory" (*Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. ii. p. 274).

Gray's-Inn-gardens were laid out by Bacon at the time he was treasurer.

James I. signified by the judges that none but *gentlemen of descent* should be admitted of Gray's-Inn. The Readers had liberal allowances of wine and venison; 6*d.* and 8*d.* was paid for each mess; eggs and green sauce were the breakfast on Lenten-day; and the beer did not exceed 6*s.* per barrel. Caps were compulsorily worn at dinner and supper; and hats, boots, and spurs, and standing with the back to the fire in the hall, were forbidden under penalty. Dice and cards were only allowed at Christmas. Lodging double was customary in the old Inn; and at a pension, 9 July, 21 Hen. VIII., Sir Tho. Nevile accepted Mr. Attorney-general (Sir Christopher Hales) to be his bedfellow in his chamber here.

"In the 40 Eliz., at a pension of the Bench, 'the summe of 7*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* laid out for planting elm-trees' in these gardens, was allowed to Mr. Bacon. On the 14th November, in the following year, there was an order made for a supply of more young elms; and it was ordered 'that a new rayle and quickset hedges' should be set upon the upper long walk, at the discretion of Mr. Bacon and Mr. Wilbraham. Bacon erected a summer-house on a small mount on the terrace, in which, if we may be allowed the conjecture, it is probable he frequently mused upon the subjects of those great works which have rendered his name immortal" (Pearce's *Inns of Court*).

To this day here is a *Catalpa* tree, raised from one planted by Bacon, slips of which are much coveted. The walks were in high fashion in Charles II.'s time; and we read of Pepys and his wife, after church, walking "to Gray's-Inne, to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes."

The great Lord Burghley studied here; and we have an odd story of a mad companion enticing him to gamble, and in a short time he lost all his money, bedding, and books to his companion, having never been used to play before. Then there was the old trick of frightening the winner into restoring his gains. Lord Chief-Justice Holt studied here, at which period he is stated to have been very dissipated, and to have belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life.

Oliver Goldsmith, early in 1764, occupied chambers in Gray's-Inn; but his stay was short. He was now at work for the Dodsleys; and we get a glimpse of his straitened circumstances from a note which has been discovered by Mr. Cunningham. It is dated from Gray's-Inn, March 10, 1764, addressed to John Dodsley, and runs: "I shall take it as a favour if you can let me have ten guineas per bearer, for which I promise to account. I am, sir, your humble servant, Oliver Goldsmith. P.S. I shall call to see you on Wednesday next, with copy, &c." Whether the money was advanced, or the copy supplied, does not appear. A nephew of Goldsmith, when in town with a friend, proposed to call on uncle Oliver, in Gray's-Inn, when he was setting to work on his *Animated Nature*. They expected to find him in a well-furnished library, with a host of books; when, greatly to their surprise, the only book they saw in the place was a well-thumbed part of Buffon's *Natural History*.

In Gray's-Inn lived Dr. Rawlinson ("Tom Folio" of the *Tatler*, No. 158), who stuffed four chambers so full with books that he slept in the passage. In Holborn-court, now South-square, were the chambers of Joseph Ritson, the literary antiquary and rigid Pythagorean. We remember seeing these chambers taken down in

1841 for the site of the new libraries. Opposite lived John Britton, for three years clerk to one Simpson, an attorney, at 15*s.* a week salary! "Yet," he says, "with this small income I felt comfortable and happy, as it provided me with a decent lodging, clothes, and food, and with the luxury of books." Britton's account of his master is: "At eleven o'clock he came to the office to receive business letters, each of which he read several times, with pauses between every sentence; by which process six short letters would occupy at least an hour of his time. He devoted more than another hour to dictating equally laconic letters in reply; whilst a third was employed in reading those answers when written. This vapid waste of time was the practice of every succeeding day for three years." Britton occasionally visited Ritson at his chambers opposite; he was a special pleader, or chamber-counsel, but with little practice. He died deranged in 1803. His nephew, Sir Harris Nicolas, published some curious particulars of Ritson, and his affected and antiquated spelling was ridiculed by the witty Du Bois in the *Monthly Mirror*.

Here lived Sir Samuel Romilly, after he had overcome his disgust at the professional prototype to which his father had presented him. This was a Mr. Liddel, of Threadneedle-street, described as a shortish fat man, with a ruddy countenance, which always shone as if besmeared with grease; a large wig sat loosely upon his head; his eyes were constantly half-shut and drowsy, all his motions slow and deliberate, and his words slobbered out as if he had not exertion enough to articulate. His dark and gloomy house was filled with dirty papers and parchment deeds; and in his meagre library Romilly did not see a single volume which he was not deterred, by its external appearance, from opening. The idea of

Mr. Liddel and a lawyer was so identified in Romilly's mind that he was at once disgusted with the profession; and all thoughts of his being an attorney were for some time given up, as well by his father as himself.

The students of Gray's-Inn were formerly often refractory. Pepys writes in May 1667: "Great talk of how the barristers and students rose in rebellion against the Benchers the other day, who outlawed them, and a great deal to do." They lived in a roistering neighbourhood. There was a noted cockpit "behind Gray's-Inn." Fulwood's-rents was formerly taken up by coffee-houses, alehouses, and houses of entertainment, by reason of its vicinity to Gray's-Inn. The Rents led across Field-court to Gray's-Inn-walks, where Sir Roger de Coverley could "clear his pipes in good air;" for scarcely a house intervened thence to Hampstead: though Ned Ward, in his *London Spy*, says he found "none but a parcel of superannuated debauchees, huddled up in cloaks, frieze coats, and wadded gowns, to protect their old carcasses from the sharpness of Hampstead air; creeping up and down in pairs and leashes no faster than the hand of a dial or a county convict going to execution; some talking of law, some of religion, and some of politics." The Walks were the resort of dangerous classes: expert pickpockets and plausible ring-droppers found easy prey there on crowded days; and in old comedies the Walks are repeatedly mentioned as a place of assignation for clandestine lovers: all which led to the gardens being closed, except at stated hours. They, however, still render the Inn one of the pleasantest in London: the greensward, the old elm-trees, with the colony of rooks, presenting a scene to be enjoyed from the Inn windows.

Barnard's-Inn, a short distance from Staple-Inn,

has, in its history, a curious instance of living in chambers, which we find thus related in *A Century of Anecdote*, 1864: "Some sixty years since, in 1805, there died in his chambers, in Barnard's-Inn, Holborn, Peter Woulfe, the eminent chemist, a Fellow of the Royal Society. According to Mr. Brande, Woulfe was 'the last true believer in alchemy.' He was a tall thin man, and his last moments were remarkable. In a long journey by coach he took cold; inflammation of the lungs followed, but he strenuously resisted all medical advice. By his desire his laundress shut up his chambers and left him; she nevertheless returned at midnight, when Woulfe was still alive. Next morning, however, she found him dead; his countenance was calm and serene, and apparently he had not moved from the position in which she had last seen him. These particulars of Woulfe's end were received by the writer from the treasurer of Barnard's-Inn, who was one of the executors of the alchemist's last will and testament.

"Little is known of Woulfe's life. Sir Humphry Davy tells us that he used to affix written prayers and inscriptions of recommendations of his processes to Providence. His chambers were so filled with furnaces and apparatus that it was difficult to reach his fireside. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande that he once put down his hat and could never find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels that lay about the room. His breakfast-hour was four in the morning. A few of his friends were occasionally invited, and gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of the chamber. He had long vainly searched for the elixir, and attributed his repeated failure to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to

break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injuries by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards. These presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product or preparation. He had a heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail-coach; and a cold taken on one of these expeditions terminated in inflammation of the lungs, of which he died."

Barnard's-Inn has the smallest hall of the London Inns, but it is maintained in the olden taste. Some of the chambers are very old.

Furnival's-Inn, nearly opposite, was an Inn of Chancery in the reign of Henry IV. The original buildings were mostly taken down in the reign of Charles II., and rebuilt with a decorated brickwork street-front, and entirely rebuilt in 1818. We are here reminded that sometimes the principals of the Inns formerly had to answer for the conduct of the students. Stow tells us that in the thirty-second of the reign of Henry VI. "a tumult betwixt the gentlemen of Innes of Court and Chancery and the citizens of London happening in Fleet-street, in which some mischief was done, the principals of Cliffoord's-Inne, Furnivalle's-Inne, and Barnard's-Inne were sent prisoners to Hartford Castle."

Clifford's-Inn, as we have seen, is of great antiquity, but the hall is modern. A very peculiar dinner-custom is observed here. The society consists of two distinct bodies, "the Principal and Rules," and the junior members, or "Kentish Mess." Each body has its own table. At the conclusion of the dinner, the chairman of the Kentish Mess, first bowing to the Principal of the Inn, takes from the hands of the servitor four small

rolls or loaves of bread, and, without saying a word, he dashes them three several times on the table; he then discharges them to the other end of the table, from whence the bread is removed by a servant in attendance. Solemn silence, broken only by three impressive thumps upon the table, prevails during this strange ceremony, which takes the place of grace after meat in Clifford's-Inn hall; and concerning which not even the oldest member of the Society is able to give any explanation.

Sir Edward Coke was admitted of this Inn, 1571; and Selden, 1602. Harrison, the regicide, was an attorney's clerk here. In the same office with him was John Bramston, cousin of Sir John Bramston, who records: "When the warr begann, his fellow-clerke, Harrison, perswaded him to take armes (this is that famous rogue Harrison, one of the King's judges), which he did, that he might get to the King, which he soon did" (*Autobiography*).

Serjeants'-Inn, Chancery-lane, is the exclusive property of the serjeants-at-law, who are the highest degree in the common law. The serjeantcy-at-law, moreover, is somewhat of a title or dignity, as well as a degree, being created by the Queen's writ. The serjeant, in a knightly way, gives, on his appointment, gold rings to the Queen, the Lord Chancellor, and to his own legal friends. The serjeants-at-law form a brotherhood, to which the judges of the Common Law Courts at Westminster must belong. For this reason, as being of the same body, the judges of the Common Law Courts at Westminster invariably address a serjeant as "brother;" and they never apply the term to any other counsel. The serjeants are a body incorporated by Act of Parliament. Peculiar to the serjeant

is "the coif," or circular black patch on the top of his wig. By that mark, peculiar to his order, the serjeant-at-law may always be recognised in court. The serjeant, on joining Serjeants'-Inn, quits entirely the Inn of Court to which he, as a student and barrister, belonged. At some of the Inns of Court, if the new-made serjeant leaves the Inn in term-time, the following ceremony occurs: After giving a breakfast to the Benchers of the Inn in their council-chamber, the new serjeant proceeds to the banqueting-hall, and is there presented by the treasurer with a silver purse containing ten guineas, as a retaining fee for any occasion on which the society may in future require his services. A bell is then rung as a warning that he has ceased to be a member of the Inn.

The peculiar dress of the serjeants-at-law, besides their distinctive coif, consists in four species of robes. In term-time the gown of black cloth is worn on ordinary occasions. On holidays the serjeants appear in court in purple (violet-coloured) gowns. When they go in state to St. Paul's, they wear scarlet gowns; as also when they attend the House of Lords, if the sovereign be present, and when they dine at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's-day. At Nisi Prius they appear in black silk gowns, which, as being at hand, they generally wear when called upon to try causes or prisoners on the circuit; though for the latter purpose the scarlet gown, always accompanied with a *sentence-cap*, is understood to be the appropriate costume.

Clement's-Inn, which dates as a house for students of the law from the reign of Edward IV., is redolent of Shakspeare and swinge-bucklers. Here Falstaff and Shallow "heard the chimes" (of St. Clement's Church) at midnight. Shallow tells of Falstaff's breaking Sko-

gan's head "at the court-gate;" and Sir John remembers Shallow at Clement's-Inn "like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring." Here is a healthier story: Sir Edmund Sanders, Lord Chief-Justice of the Court of King's Bench from 1681 to 1683, was originally a poor boy, who used to beg scraps at Clement's-Inn, where an attorney's clerk taught him to earn some pence by hackney-writing.

"Hereabout this church (St. Clement's), and in the parts adjacent, were frequent disturbances by reason of the worthrifts of the Inns of Chancery, who were so unruly on nights, walking about to the disturbance and danger of such as passed along the streets, that the inhabitants were fain to keep watches. In the year 1582 the Recorder himself, with six more of the inhabitants, stood by St. Clement's Church to see the lantern hung out, and to observe if he could meet with any of these outrageous dealers" (Strype's *Stow*, vol. ii. p. 108, ed. 1755).

New-Inn adjoins Clement's-Inn. On the site, about 1485, was a guest-inn, or hostelry, which was purchased or hired by Sir John Fineux, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Edward IV., at 6*l.* per annum, for the law-students. Sir Thomas More studied here in the reign of Henry VII., before he entered himself of Lincoln's-Inn; and in after-life he spoke of "New-Inn fare, wherewith many an honest man is well contented." Over the hall is a large dial, which reminds one of an odd incident. A lad, waiting in the clerk's office for his master's return, with a stump of a pen and a piece of blotting-paper before him, was asked by a caller how he got rid of the time. "Why, sir," was the reply, "when I get tired, I go and look at the clock."

Lyon's-Inn, Strand, between Holywell-street and Wych-street, was originally a guest-inn or hostelry, held at the sign of the Lyon, and purchased by gentlemen, professors, and students in the law in the reign of King Henry VIII., and converted to an Inn of Chancery.

Sir Edward Coke, the year after his call to the Bar in 1579, was appointed Reader at Lyon's-Inn, where his learned lectures brought him crowds of clients; this being the start of our great constitutional lawyer. The whole of the Inn was taken down in 1863. The hall was built in 1700, upon a cryptal kitchen, which had not been used for many years. Upon the last occasion the clothes of the cook caught fire whilst she was attending to her roasting viands; the flames overpowered her, unaided as she was, and the poor creature is said to have been burnt to a cinder. The law-tenants having left, the chambers were let to various persons, some of them noteworthy. Here a laborious student of Jeremy Bentham, through days and nights and months and years of hard reading, qualified himself as an officer of the Poor-Law Commission. Next door, in rooms which from their low pitch and small windows resembled the cabin of a ship, there dwelt a ripe classic scholar, who by way of relief wrote leading articles for a radical newspaper. Next there came a hard-working author, one of whose toilsome feats was to make an index of 2000 references in one night, by the aid of potations of strong green tea.

In chambers at the south-east corner of the Inn lived the gambler, William Weare, who was murdered by Thurtell at Elstree in Hertfordshire, as commemorated in a ballad of the time, attributed to Theodore Hook:

"They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's-Inn."

Weare left his chambers on the afternoon of October 24, 1823, for Elstree, whence he never returned alive.

Next door, in the attics, was for many years collected the *Post-Office Directory*, which has agglomerated into a bulky volume, that has almost outgrown the Post-Office itself. In the double suite of chambers beneath lived an antiquary and genealogist, and who was an amateur herald-painter, and filled all his windows with armorial glass of his own handiwork. He set a high value upon heraldry, but declared Egyptian antiquities to be worthless stuff. A few Navy agents lingered here to the last, as did some of the officers of the now defunct Insolvent Debtors' Court, which in no way relieved the sleepiness of the place. One of the messengers was a stalwart man, who in his long service must have walked almost round the world, scattering notices—in most cases unnoticed—or consummations of bad debts, which might have been left to their natural oblivion. What an amount of ill-news must this Mercury of insolvency have sown broadcast in his time! but his occupation's gone. A few of the oldest inhabitants of this mouldy Inn had almost *grown to the spot*, so wedded do men become by habit and circumstance to such loopholes of retreat. An aged practiser of the law was heard to say that he was born there, and there he should wish to die; and his neighbour in the garret took such delight in his window-gardens that he sighed not for bowers or fields, though they had been Elysian. Here he lived to a great age, at a rent of fewer pounds than months in the year; and he left with a pang the

seedy old place where he had dwelt so long "in measureless content." He was the last to quit old Lyon's-Inn.

Lincoln's-Inn, the chambers adjoining the ancient brick gatehouse, dated 1518, are thought to be referred to by old Fuller as those which Ben Jonson helped to build, "when, having a trowel in one hand, he had a book in his pocket." Here, in Old Buildings, on the left-hand of the ground-floor, Oliver Cromwell's secretary, Thurloe, had chambers from 1645 to 1659. Cromwell must often have been here; and here, it is stated by Birch, but upon questionable evidence, was discussed, by Cromwell and Thurloe, Sir Richard Willis's plot for seizing Charles II. In the same room sat Thurloe's assistant, young Morland, at his desk, apparently asleep, and whom Cromwell would have despatched with his sword, had not Thurloe assured him that Morland had sat up two nights, and was certainly fast asleep; he, however, divulged the plot to the king, and thus saved Charles's life.

In the garrets of these chambers, concealed in a false ceiling, by the merest accident, long after Thurloe's death, were discovered the Thurloe Papers.

There is a curious story of the paternity of Sir Thomas More, who was of this Inn, and whose relatives were *butlers* to the society: his grandfather was first butler, afterwards steward, and finally the reader of Lincoln's-Inn; and John More, junior, who was also at one time the butler there, was the Chancellor Sir Thomas More's father, and afterwards the judge; which descent not only suits precisely the *non celebri sed honestâ natus* in Sir Thomas's epitaph, but also explains the silence of his biographers upon these points.

From a curious document we learn that more than

five centuries ago, 24 Edward I., the Earl of Lincoln's garden, in Holborn, attached to the Inn, produced apples, pears, large nuts, and cherries, sufficient for the Earl's table, and for sale, yielding in one year, 9*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*, equal to about 135*l.* of modern currency. The vegetables cultivated were beans, onions, garlic, leeks; the only flowers, roses.

Stone-Buildings, a stately range of stone houses, were built from the designs of Sir Robert Taylor: the working drawings were made by a young man named Leach, then a clerk in Taylor's office, who afterwards became a student of Lincoln's-Inn, and died Master of the Rolls.

The gardens were much curtailed by the building of the new hall and library, 1843-5, when disappeared "the walks under the elms," celebrated by Ben Jonson. Pepys has this entry in 1663: "To Lincoln's-Inn, to see the new garden which they are making, which will be very pretty."

We read of the *Tatler*, in mood too thoughtful for company, going into Lincoln's-Inn-walks, taking a round or two, and sitting down, "according to the allowed familiarity of these places, on a bench;" then his solitary walk in the garden, "a favour that is indulged me by several of the Benchers, who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood." Among the officers at Lincoln's-Inn is a "Master of the Walks;" and in 1662 was revived the ancient custom of electing a Lord-Lieutenant and Prince of the Grange.

A few of the Masters of the Rolls have, by choice, resided at the Rolls House, in Chancery-lane. Sir John Trevor, a rare economist, while dining here one day by himself, and quietly enjoying his wine, his

cousin, Roderic Lloyd, was unexpectedly introduced to him by a side-door. "You rascal," said Trevor to his servant, "and you have brought my cousin Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my *back stairs!* Take my cousin Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, you rascal, take him instantly back down my *back stairs*, and bring him up my *front stairs*." Roderic in vain remonstrated; and whilst he was conducted down one and up the other pair of stairs, his honour, Sir John Trevor, removed the bottle and glasses!

Sir William Grant was another resident at the Rolls House. In his time the Court sat in the evening, from six to ten; and Sir William dined after the Court rose. His servant, it is said, when he went to bed, left two bottles of wine on the table, which he always found empty in the morning. Sir William occupied two or three rooms on the ground-floor of the Rolls House; and when showing them to his successor in the Rolls, he said: "Here are two or three good rooms; this is my dining-room; my library and bedroom are beyond; and I am told," he added, "there are some good rooms upstairs; but I never was there." It was Sir William Grant who first employed the well-known phrase of "the wisdom of our ancestors;" and the menaced innovation, to stop which (says Lord Brougham) he applied it, was the proposal of Sir Samuel Romilly to take the step of reform, almost imperceptibly small, of subjecting men's real property to the payment of their debts.

Hitherto our chamber experiences have been gathered from the lives of notabilities. There is, however, a class of minor incidents which are useful in their way, and not unremunerative in their oddity. Here is

a sketch of such life; being a narrative of a residence on the top floor of some rooms in —— Inn.

Nov. 11. Entered upon the chambers (nothing like chambers for comfort), and inspected them. Staircase dirty—not the "well undefiled," the housekeeper seeming to let *well* alone. The windows of my *suite* of attics command a view of gutter and coping. Sitting-room the *beau ideal* of a sky-parlour; well ventilated, the fire-place being but a few feet from the roof-top, and the light falling upon it in *chimney oscuro*. Agreed to take the furniture of Mr. Crooks, the out-going tenant, as follows: five chairs (four-and-sixpennies), with free-labour cane seats, *i.e.* emancipated from the frames; legs fractured, and rickety throughout. Writing-table, on four legs and three castors; the top variegated with burns from cigar-ashes, like poker-painting, and rings of evaporated grog. A Cambridge lamp complete—leakage excepted. A thirty-shilling easy-chair (N.E. and S.W. castors wanting), with what Bulwer calls "a respectable smell," enough to give one the *hay*-fever. Prints of Lord Abinger, the great Lord Camden, and Cerito—the latter painted after nature. Ex-Brussels carpet and rug, of the celebrated invisible dirt-pattern, variegated with dabs of ink. Poker and shovel fossilised with rust; the latter very like the paddle of the *plesiosaurus* in the British Museum. Bedroom furniture worse for wear; mutilated services of crockery and glass; a tin teapot, blackened by the fire; a bachelor's oven, used as a pantry; coal-scuttle, resembling a large salt-box; tea-kettle, with half a spout and less handle; and the inventory will be nearly complete.

Nov. 12. Mrs. Griffin, the laundress, came: a Roman-like matron, beyond suspicion, and remarkably uncommunicative—"knows nothing of nobody." Slept

tolerably well, in a room eight feet by five and a half, though something like being laid on a shelf. Awakened by a tremendous roar—"coals had in," and shot upon the floor.

Nov. 13. *Sported the oak* (*i.e.* opened the outer door), and the public in return sported my knocker. First came the postman, with a letter of illegible address; then a Royal Blue-book compiler, to inquire my name and profession—the latter a puzzling question. Next, a creditor-like inquirer after Crooks, to whom I gave the old post-office address, "Gone; not known where." Six persons called with steel-pens, contrivances for stencilling names in books, sealing-wax, and dolls' shoes.

Nov. 16. Dined out, and did not care how late I stopped — nothing like chambers for enjoyment; you can get in at any time. Found the process not quite so easy after a bottle of port, sundry cigars, and unreckoned ginnums; Bramah's key a fine puzzle for those who have stuck to the bottle, being as difficult to insert into the key-hole as pricking-the-garter on a race-course. Our forefathers knew better; their chamber-keys were a foot long, like those of a country town-hall; but we have seen a sort of compromise — a key to fold up. Lamps all out.

Nov. 17. Rose at twelve; fire lighted at eight, and, of course, quite out. Symptoms of last night's excess: tongue parched and curled like a parrot's. Recollected I had invited Higgs and three or four more to come and dine with me before long, "just for the fun of the thing." A dead knock at the door: printer's devil for copy, and proof (unread). The devil take the devil! Gave him the papers, closed the outer door, and got into bed again. There's a great comfort in chambers, after all.

Nov. 18. Mr. Quin called for two quarters' taxes. No affair of mine, but Crooks's. Another pressing inquiry after Crooks's *changement de domicile,* of which 'twere folly to be wise.

Nov. 19. A continuous knocking at one of my neighbours' doors. He must be at home, as I just heard him fall out of bed.

Nov. 20. Great excitement in the house. My neighbour discovered within an inch of death, poisoned by the arsenic in the candle. I have bought twelve pounds of them cheap! Mrs. Griffin full of horrors. She assures me that eighty years ago, in my "very chambers," an infirm old gentleman was murdered in the dead of the night by his wicked housekeeper.

Nov. 21. Young Hartley, on the second floor, called to the bar, and had a jollification. At twelve o'clock the party sang most lustily "We won't go home till morning;" and they kept their word, it being half-past five when they turned out with "Yoicks!" "Va-ri-e-ty!" and other street-euphony; after which Hartley played the *Cracovienne* for half an hour on his *cornet-à-piston* for the gratification of his wide-awake neighbours. It is true that, living on an attic-floor, you have no one above you; but that does not protect you from noise below—"sound ascends."

Nov. 22. Higgs and four other men came to dine with me in chambers, as agreed, "for the fun of the thing." The morning was spent in ordering, mustering, hiring, borrowing, begging, and all but stealing the requisite appointments. Shortly before dinner the confectioner's man "dished-up" in the bedroom, and upset a tureen of mock-turtle soup over the clean counterpane. Nevertheless the dinner went off, or rather down, very well. The "tipsy mirth and jollity," as

Comus says, was tremendous: such toasting and swearing of eternal friendship, and giving of invitations (too many by half ever to be remembered); whilst our songs, choruses, beating of tables, and jingling of glasses, must have sounded to Hartley like the retributive echoes of his previous night's jollification. Higgs sang a drunken song so naturally as to entitle him to an anti-temperance medal. By and by came the coffee, flaming with brandy; then cigars and tumblers of grog, and more songs; and then conversation—rattling, argumentative, metaphysical, explanatory, and, finally, *altogethery*. At length the party poured downstairs, and sent forth a mighty shout at Hartley's door, "to bid him good-night;" which they prolonged into the square, and would have done so out of it, had not the police threatened to take them all into custody.—Tumbled into, or rather on to, bed, forgetting the mock-turtle disaster, and dreamt I was chief cook at the Mansion House.

Nov. 23. Chambers are very delightful after a night's jollification, with a sort of tap-room atmosphere. Mr. Took called for "half-a-year's rent, due Nov. 11. Offices, Carey-street." This agreeable refresher was on a card dropped into my letter-box. No affair of mine, but Crooks's. Counted the hired plate: incident from *La Gazza Ladra*—one spoon missing; as well as a decanter cracked and six wine-glasses and tumblers broken. Spoon still missing, and everybody suspected, from the potboy who brought the beer to Mrs. Griffin herself. Had been advertised of the folly of silver, "the frequent robberies of plate," &c. prevented by never using any. There never was a spoon lost without its breaking up the set.

Nov. 27. Spoon not forthcoming; so compromised

with the confectioner by paying one guinea, one-third more than it was worth. The same afternoon received a letter from Higgs, enclosing a pawnbroker's duplicate of the spoon, with his kind regards. Took it out for two-and-sevenpence. Felt rather poorly, and settled to go out of town for a little while.

Dec. 7. Returned from the country, and found the letter-box crammed chock-full with letters from advertising tailors, bills of caoutchouc bookbinding, dentists' circulars, writing fluid; with "Try our 3*s.* Tea." By the way, most cheap things, if they are brought to trial, are sure to be condemned.

Dec. 8. Mullfit, the tailor, called. So he has learnt the new creditor's knock—sharp and double, like the postman's, and in consequence safe to be answered quickly. [We owe this piece of acumen to the great Lord Erskine.] Found in the letter-box this straightforward note: "Unless the half-year's rent due the 11th of last month is paid in the course of this week, a warrant of distress will be issued without further notice. Carey-street, Dec. 9." No affair of mine: Crooks's business; but where is he? Higgs called; suggested that he heard the rustling of silk in the next room; but he is a superstitious ass, and believes in ghosts and other supernatural fudge. Higgs proposed a steak dinner, "for the fun of the thing." Doo dropped in, and of course approved of the scheme; it so reminded him of the Sublime Society of Steaks dining at Whitbread's Brewhouse, steaks in the stokehole, &c. Hang his reminiscences! Fortunately old Bailey called; and, as usual, his presence drove away everybody else, and put an end to the project. He is a sour old pump—the Roger Crab of his day.

Dec. 10. Met Crooks in Lincoln's-Inn-fields; showed

him the landlord's note, at which he laughed immensely. I got into a passion, when the scamp, the former tenant, threatened to eject myself and chattels out of the chambers, as I was only a tenant-at-will. Turned upon the fellow with scorn, though I feared he had the best of it. Went and told my case to Took in Carey-street. He said that it was hard my goods should be liable for another's rent, and that I could not be summarily ejected; but such eventually proved to be the case. Live and learn, pay and profit, are my warnings. But if I am caught living in chambers again after this, may I be blessed!—

These are, however, the mishaps of chamber-living. That a better style of enjoyment is compatible within the limits of a moderately-sized dining-room or library, and without the aid of a regular establishment, is proved by the following account of a plain choice dinner, which Mr. T. Walker, the author of the *Original*, once gave in the chambers of a friend in the Temple to a party of six, all of whom were accustomed to good living, and the leader of whom was bred at one of the most celebrated tables in London. "The dinner consisted of the following dishes, served in succession, and with their respective adjuncts carefully attended to: first, spring-soup from Birch's on Cornhill, which, to those who have never tasted it, I particularly recommend in the season as being quite delicious; then, a moderate-sized turbot, bought in the City, beautifully boiled, with first-rate lobster-sauce, cucumber, and new potatoes; after that, ribs of beef, from Leadenhall-market, roasted to a turn and smoking from the spit, with French beans and salad; then, a very fine dressed crab; and, lastly, some jelly. The owner of the chambers was connected with the City, and he undertook specially to order the differ-

ent articles, which it would have been impossible to exceed in quality; and though the fish and beef were dressed by a Temple laundress, they could not have been better served, principally from the kitchen being close at hand and her attention not being distracted; and the proximity of the kitchen was not the least annoyance in any way, or indeed perceptible except in the convenience of serving up. The beef deservedly met with the highest praise; the crab was considered particularly well introduced, and was eaten with peculiar zest; and the simplicity of the jelly met with approval. The dessert consisted only of oranges and biscuits, followed by occasional introductions of anchovy toast. The wines were champagne, port, and claret." Mr. Walker adds: "I have had much experience in the dinner-way, both at large and at small parties; but I never saw such a vividness of conviviality, either at or after dinner, which I attribute principally to the real object of a diner being the only one studied;—state, ornament, and superfluity being utterly excluded. I hold this up as an example of the plain, easy style of entertaining. There was nothing which anybody may not have with the most moderate establishment and the smallest house, perhaps not always in exactly the same perfection as to quality of materials, but still sufficiently good, with a little trouble and judgment."

The lawyers of London, says a professional writer, are not at the present day so corporate a class of men as at former periods; the Inns of Court are not so much a place of residence as formerly; the habits of the barristers are the habits of any other gentlemen. Morning visits are not made in black-silk gowns and powdered wigs; and the Chief Justices of our Courts have ceased to wear fans, as Sir Edward Coke was in the habit of

doing, carrying about one of those prodigious fans which Dugdale mentions, having long handles, with which the *gentlemen* of those times "slasht their daughters, when they were perfect women." Society has gained much by the abandonment of the Inns as places of residence, except for the younger members; and the curtailment of a few hours a day from professional avocations since the Masters in Chancery sat at five in the morning, must have acted beneficially on all classes.

The Temple was formerly guarded by its own servants in livery, by certain of whom the hour was cried at night, and whose duty it was, moreover, to ascend each staircase at certain hours, to see that all was safe. Till some ten or twelve years since the Temple was untrodden by policemen, and watchmen tottered about at night, proclaiming the hour and the state of the weather. The metropolitan police have supplanted the older race, though one lingered on in the adjacent Devereux-court, to wake a feeble echo of "Past twelve o'clock, on a fine starlight night!"

COWPER IN THE TEMPLE.

Dick's Coffee-house in Fleet-street is associated with two incidents of very opposite character—"from lively to severe." Hither, from his lodgings in Shire-lane, Steele conducted the twaddlers commemorated in the *Tatler*. And here the poet Cowper gave early indications of his insanity. At this time he lived in the Inner Temple; and one morning, when he came to Richard's Coffee-house, as it was then called, while at breakfast there, he fell into this strange delusion: "I read the newspaper," he says, "and in it a letter, which, the fur-

ther I perused it, the more closely engaged my attention. I cannot now recollect the purport of it, but before I had finished it, it appeared demonstratively true to me that it was a libel or satire upon me. The author appeared to be acquainted with my purpose of self-destruction, and to have written that letter on purpose to secure and hasten the execution of it. My mind, probably, at this time began to be disordered; however it was, I was certainly given up to a strong delusion. I said within myself, 'Your cruelty shall be gratified; you shall have your revenge!' and, flinging down the paper in a fit of strong passion, I rushed hastily out of the room, directing my way towards the fields, where I intended to find some house to die in; or, if not, determined to poison myself in a ditch, when I could meet with one sufficiently retired." (Southey's *Cowper*, i. 123.)

In the next page we find Cowper still bent upon making away with himself. He writes: "Not knowing where to poison myself, I resolved upon drowning. For this purpose I took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to Tower-wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom House Quay. I left the coach upon the Tower Wharf, intending never to return to it; but, upon coming on the quay, I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to the coach." (*Ibid.* i. 124.)

Our next extract is interesting, and relates Cowper's unhappy experience, in showing that although persons who have recovered from suspension do not commonly remember what has passed, it may be possible to recollect some sensations. The death of the Reader of the Journals of the House of Lords had opened a situation

which Cowper was desirous to occupy, but for which he feared he had not sufficiently prepared himself. When the time drew near in which he was to present himself before the House of Lords, to be examined as to his competency, he became nervous and excited, and his madness came over him like a cloud. In November 1763 he went to an apothecary's shop and bought some laudanum, with a view to put an end to his existence. This he carried about with him, and often was on the point of taking it, but his resolution as often gave way, or he was prevented by the fear of interruption. Once he thought of taking it whilst he was travelling in a coach; and once he shut himself up in his room in the Temple, and placed the laudanum by his bedside in a basin! He then got on the bed, and stretched out his hand to put the basin to his lips; but just then the key turned in the door, and his laundress's husband entered. He started up, hid the basin, and affected composure.

"On the day previous to that on which Cowper was to go before the House, he resolved once more to effect his purpose; he bolted his door, and with a piece of scarlet binding attempted to hang himself. First he fixed it to some ornamental work at the corner of the bed, drawing up his feet that they might not touch the ground. The carved work gave way, and the binding with it. Then he fixed it to the tester of his bed; but the frame broke, and again let him down. The third time he fastened it to the angle of the door, using a chair to reach it, which he afterwards pushed away with his feet. Whilst he hung, he thought he heard a voice say three times, 'Tis over!' When he came to himself he heard his own groans, and experienced a feeling like that of a flash of lightning passing over his whole body. In a few seconds more he found himself on his

face on the floor. He immediately jumped up, and got into bed: he had a red mark round his neck, and a broad crimson spot showed the stagnation of the blood under one eye. Soon after he got into bed, he heard a noise in the dining-room, where the laundress was lighting a fire. She must have passed the door, which was open, whilst he was hanging, but did not perceive him. Presently, however, she came, having heard his fall, and supposing that he was in a fit. 'I sent her,' says Cowper, describing the scene, 'to a friend, to whom I related the whole affair, and despatched him to my kinsman at his coffee-house. As soon as the latter arrived, I pointed to the broken garter, which lay in the middle of the room; I apprised him also of the attempts I had been making. His words were, 'My dear Mr. Cowper, you terrify me! To be sure you cannot hold the office at this rate—where is the dissertation?' I gave him the key of the drawer where it was deposited, and, his business requiring his immediate attendance, he took it away with him; and thus ended all my connection with the Parliament office." (Southey's *Cowper*, i. 130.)

It was while he was a boy at Westminster School that, late one evening, Cowper received the second of his serious impressions, which gave a colour and character to all his after-life. "Crossing St. Margaret's churchyard," says his biographer, Southey, "a glimmering light in the midst of it excited his curiosity, and instead of quickening his speed, and whistling to keep his courage up the while, he went to see from whence it proceeded. A grave-digger was at work there by lantern-light, and just as Cowper came up to the spot he threw up a skull, which struck him on the leg. This gave an alarm to his conscience, and he remembered

the incident as amongst the best religious impressions which he received at Westminster."

"THE FLOCK OF SLAUGHTER."

The old Bridewell of London was, in 1864, taken down, the committals of offenders being then made to the City Prison at Holloway; a small portion of the Bridewell only was reserved for the detention and reformation of incorrigible City apprentices, committed here by the Chamberlain, from time to time; this jurisdiction being preserved to him by the Court of Chancery.

Shortly before the demolition of the Bridewell, a very interesting identification of its early history as a prison was made by Mr. Lemon, of the State-Paper Office, who called the attention of the Rev. Dr. Waddington to a manuscript in that depository, showing that in the old Bridewell of London were imprisoned the members of the Congregational Church first formed after the accession of Elizabeth.

On the evening of the 20th of June 1567, the gates of the old Bridewell prison were opened to receive a company of Christian men and women, who were committed to the custody of the jailor for an indefinite term, at the pleasure of the authorities who consigned them to his care. A word of recantation would have saved them. The Lord Mayor of London, in pity for their condition, urged them to make the required acknowledgment, but conscience rendered them proof against all threatening, and firm amidst all persuasion. Their case, as victims of persecution, was by no means peculiar, but the circumstances connected with it, and the result of their experience whilst in bonds, render it

worthy of more attention than has yet been given by the historian.

In that company of prisoners, led to their respective cells, were men, unknown to fame, who discovered the long-neglected principles of church-government in the New Testament, which have since wrought, in silence, such mighty and beneficial changes; and, having satisfied themselves of their divine certainty, they were the first to reduce them to practice. The stages of this incipient movement it is interesting to trace.

The people, in those days, were expected to regulate their consciences by Act of Parliament. They were ordered to adopt the creed of the sovereign. In the course of a few years, there had been several changes in the state religion. Henry VII. was of the Romish Church. Henry VIII. was half Protestant and half Papist. Edward VI. was a decided Protestant. Mary was a fierce and bigoted Papist. Elizabeth was in turn opposed to the church of Rome. Every time, therefore, the people put on court mourning for these princes, they were commanded to put on a new garb of religion. To the unreflecting and the ignorant, this was no hardship. For a piece of bread many would have changed such religion as they had, if commanded, every year, or, if possible, every day. To others, these sudden changes, to say the least, were very inconvenient.

It is, no doubt, to this company that Bishop Grindal refers in his letter to Bullinger, June 11th, 1568: "Some London citizens," he says, "with four or five ministers, have openly separated from us, and sometimes in private houses, sometimes in fields, and occasionally even in ships, they have held meetings and administered the sacraments. Besides this, they have ordained ministers, elders, and deacons after their own way. The

number of the sect is about two hundred, but consisting of more women than men. The Privy Council have lately committed the heads of this faction to prison, and are now using means to put a timely stop to this sect." Subsequently, Dr. Waddington discovered a set of original papers written by the members of the church in the Bridewell, signed chiefly by Christian women, together with a document containing a brief statement of their principles, by Richard Fitz, their pastor. It appears, from these interesting records, which have been kept, though in a loose form, for nearly three hundred years, that Richard Fitz, their minister, Thomas Rowland, deacon, — Partridge, and Giles Fowler died in prison.

Pushed onward by earnest and pious people, the Puritan ministers in the City of London were placed in a most trying dilemma. The bishops threatened them with the heaviest penalties if they did not conform, and their hearers pressed them as earnestly to "go forward."

Some of their ministers were willing to make "a *kind* of separation." They were disposed, for example, to meet the wishes of their hearers so far as to hold separate services in a private way. For this purpose, they hired Plumbers' Hall, in the City, under the pretence of accommodating a wedding party—for as yet they were wanting in the firmness that scorns all manœuvre and shrinks from no danger.

Notwithstanding their precautions, they were surprised by the Sheriffs of London, and on the 19th of June 1567, several of the leaders were brought before the High Court of Commission; and thenceforth committed to Bridewell, where the Christian confessors had the testimony of conscience enlightened by the Word of God.

A Congregational Church was formed, of which Richard Fitz was pastor, with Thomas Rowland deacon. We know nothing of the solemnities of the occasion, nor yet of the exact time and place of its organisation; except, as we shall find from a document we are about to quote, that it was previous to 1571, and consequently antecedent to the Presbyterian church at Wandsworth, which was secretly constituted on the 20th of November in the following year.

The persecutions are thus set forth: "So this secret and disguised Antichrist—to wit, the Canon Law —with the branches and maintainers, though not so openly, have, by long imprisonment, pined and killed the Lord's servants (as our minister, Richard Fitz, Thomas Rowland, deacon, one Partridge, and Giles Fowler, and besides them a great multitude), whose good cause and faithful testimony, though we should cease to groan and cry unto our God to redress such wrong and cruel handling of his poor remnant, the very walls of the prisons about this city—as the Gatehouse, Bridewell, the Counters, the King's Bench, the Marshalsea, and the White Lion—would testify God's anger kindled against this land for such injustice and subtle persecution."

Brief and fragmentary as are the original manuscripts relating to Richard Fitz, we confess the recent discovery of them awakened in us peculiar emotions. These touching and simple memorials are all that remain to us; and yet it is as satisfactory as it is remarkable that they should have been preserved by the metropolitan bishop, and finally transferred to the royal archives.

It was reserved for us, in 1861, to identify Fitz in his relation to the "Flock of Slaughter," suffering bonds

and imprisonment in the Bridewell. These original papers enable us to trace with certainty the origin of the first voluntary church in England, after the Marian persecution.

From the enlarged proportions the Congregational denomination has since reached, in Great Britain and America, considerable interest is attached to Bridewell because of these associations. Dr. Waddington, following the current of history from this hidden source, shows, by indisputable evidence, from original papers in the public archives, that the succession of churches is continuous. The Bridewell may thus be regarded as the starting-point of Congregationalism after the Reformation, as Plymouth Rock is considered to be the corner-stone of America.

MEMBERS EXPELLED THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Amidst all parliamentary changes, the House of Commons reserves the right of expelling members, which it has exercised from an early date. In 1581 Arthur Hall, member for Grantham, was expelled for publishing an Absolutist book, sent to the Tower, and fined 500*l*. In 1679 Colonel Sackville was expelled for ridiculing the Popish Plot. In 1698 Mr. Wollerton was expelled, but, after reëlection, took his seat in the same Parliament. In 1711 Sir Robert Walpole was expelled for notorious bribery, and declared unfit to be elected; but he was returned again. When the candidate of the minority, Mr. Taylor, protested against this election, it was declared to be valid. In 1721 Aislabie was expelled for corruption in the affairs of the

South-Sea Company; and in 1727 John Ward, of Hackney, for forgery. Steele was expelled in 1714, for his pamphlet, the *Crisis*, which was said to be insurrectionary.

Blackstone, however, declares in the first edition of his work, that Parliament had no right to expel a properly-elected member; but in the second edition he altered his opinion, and took a mere parliamentary action for good law. It then became the custom at Opposition dinners to propose the toast of "The first edition of *Blackstone's Commentary*." This change in his views was produced by the ministerial measures against Wilkes, who had been illegally prosecuted by the Parliament in 1762, for an article in the *North Briton*, wherein he accused Bute of his treachery to Frederick the Great, and was elected for Middlesex in 1769. The King, however, wrote to Lord North that he considered it most necessary to tell him that Wilkes's expulsion appeared to him very expedient, and must be effected. This expulsion ensued on the 3d of February in the same year, on the ground of a libel, which Parliament describes to be an impudent and unfounded calumny. Wilkes, however, was reëlected; and then Parliament declared that the defeated candidate, Luttrell, was the duly-elected member, and admitted him to vote. North defended this measure on the ground of expediency. In 1782, however, the resolution against Wilkes was solemnly erased from the parliamentary journals, after he had ceased to be disagreeable. In 1714 Lord Cochrane was expelled by a majority of 140 against 40, for spreading false reports on the Stock Exchange. He was reëlected for Westminster, and the new election was not declared invalid.

In the reign of James I. Parliament had a man

flogged through the streets of London, and fined him 500*l.* into the bargain, and sentenced him to life imprisonment, merely because he was said to have spoken disrespectfully of the Bohemian Winter-King Frederick. In 1721 the House of Commons sent the printer of a Jacobite pamphlet to prison, without even asserting that he had been guilty of a breach of privilege.

Any libel on a member of either House is still regarded as breach of privilege. Thus, on April 19, 1831, the printer of the *Times* was fined 100*l.*, and confined for an unstated period in Newgate, for calling the Earl of Limerick "a thing with human pretensions." The House of Commons has, however, inflicted no fines since 1666. Formerly, when a culprit had to apologise, he did so on his knees; and when Mr. Murray, in 1750, refused to do so, the House resolved that he should be closely imprisoned in Newgate, without paper, pens, and ink, and no one be admitted to him without special permission of the House. In 1772 the House resolved that no accused person should be compelled to kneel, unless the sentence expressly stated it. Since the Declaration of Rights, both Houses enjoy perfect freedom of speech; but every member is responsible to the House he belongs to, and can be punished by it. If a member publish a speech delivered in Parliament, he can be prosecuted like any other author. Thus, Lord Abingdon was in 1795 condemned to pay a fine of 100*l.*, and find surety for his good behaviour, in consequence of a speech he made against his attorney in the Upper House, and had printed. In 1813 Mr. Creasy gave his authentic text of the speech, which the newspapers had mutilated, to a journal. Some one, feeling himself aggrieved by it, brought an action for libel, and the unhappy M.P. had to pay 100*l.* for his

love of notoriety. The King's Bench rejected his appeal, and the House of Commons did not take up the sentence as a breach of privilege. An assault on an M.P. is severely punished; and no member can be taken up without the assent of the House, unless caught in the act. If a member be arrested for an indictable act, the Speaker must at once be informed of it, and the House decides whether it will make use of its privilege or not. Thus Lord Cochrane was arrested by the King's Bench in 1815, with the assent of the House; but he broke the prison, and entered the House of Commons, where he was recaptured before the opening of the sitting. The House declared that no breach of privilege had been committed. It is a moot point whether a judge can order an M.P. to be arrested for contempt of court; but the House has at times refused its members protection, as in the case of Wilkes, when arrested for a squib in 1763. *From the German of De Fischel.*

TRIALS BY BATTLE.

The barbarous practice of "trial by battle, duel, or combat" has scarcely disappeared from our statutes half a century; the last instance being that in the year 1818, when Abraham Thornton was committed to take his trial for the murder of Mary Ashford, and a verdict of "not guilty" was returned; but the poor murdered girl's relations preferred an appeal, which involved a solemn tender of trial by battle. The challenge was formally given by throwing down a glove upon the floor of the Court of King's Bench; but the combat did not take place, and the prisoner escaped. An Act of Par-

liament was then passed abolishing the trial by battle in any suit, as a mode unfit to be used.*

In ancient times these trials were called by the French *Jugemens de Dieu*, and were held at Westminster, in the vicinity of the Abbey. In the Palace Lists occur the following trials: one was between John De Visconti and Thomas De la Marche, who had been accused by his vanquished opponent of treachery against the King of Sicily. The cause was decided in the presence of King Edward III., as "the most worthy and honourable prince in all Christendom." De la Marche won the battle by using a new sharp-pointed weapon—the "gadling"—with which he struck his dismounted adversary in the face. "He gave the said John, being thus overcome, to the Prince of Wales for a captiue; and offered uppe his owne armorer to the Prince

* Mary Ashford was buried in the churchyard of Sutton Coldfield, and over her remains is placed a stone with the following inscription, written by the Rev. Luke Booker:

"As a warning to female virtue, and a humble
Monument to female chastity,
This stone marks the grave of
MARY ASHFORD,
Who, in the 20th year of her age,
Having incautiously repaired to a
Scene of amusement, without proper protection,
Was brutally violated and murdered
On the 27th of October 1817.

Lovely and chaste as is the primrose pale,
Rifled of virgin sweetness by the gale,
Mary!—the wretch who thee remorseless slew,
Avenging wrath, which sleeps not, will pursue;
For, though the deed of blood be veil'd in night,
'Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?'
Fair blighted flower, the Muse that weeps thy doom
Rears o'er thy murdered form this warning tomb."

George, in St. Paul's Church at London, with great devotion." Another wager of battle took place, in which Sir John Annesley conquered Thomas Katrington, who had charged him with traitorously surrendering the Castle of St. Sauveur, in Normandy, to the French. The next of note was fought in 1384, when Sir John Wetch killed Mortileto, a Navarrois, for accusing him wrongfully.

In the thirteenth century we first obtain a pictorial representation of the legal duel or wager of battle; rude, it is true, but curiously confirming the testimony that has come down to us of the arms and apparel of the champions. It has been found on one of the miscellaneous rolls in the Tower, of the time of Henry III. The combatants are Walter Blowberne and Hamar Le Stare; the latter being the vanquished champion, and, fighting a second time, undergoing the punishment incident to his defeat—that is, hanging. Both are armed with the quadrangular bowed shield, and a baton headed with a double beak; and are bare-headed, with cropped hair, in conformity with an ordinance of the camp-fight. An example agreeing with this description, with the exception of the square shields appearing to be flat instead of bowed, occurs on a tile-pavement found in 1856, within the precincts of Chertsey Abbey, in Surrey.

We have a curious instance in our olden drama. The whimsical combat between Horner and Peter, in Shakspeare's *Henry VI.*, was found by the poet thus picturesquely told by Holinshed: "A certain armourer was apprehended of treason by a servant of his own; for proof thereof a day was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slain, but yet by misgoverning of himself;

for on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for, being convict of felony in court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so was at Tyburn."

This incident, as related with variations by Shakspeare, in all probability presents an accurate representation of the forms which attended a wager of battle. The names of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour. The barriers, it appears, were brought from Smithfield to Westminster; a large quantity of sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of battle was strewed with rushes. The return of the expenses contains the following item: "Also, paid to officers for watchyng of y^e^ ded man in Smythfelde y^e^ same day and y^e^ nyghte after y^t^ y^e^ bataill was done, and for hörshyre for y^e^ officers at y^e^ execution doyng, and for y^e^ hangman's labour, xjs. 6d." The hangman's labour was subsequent to the battle. All the historians agree that the armourer was slain by his servant; but the ceremonies attending the punishment of a traitor were gone through with the dead body.

The last trial by battle that was waged in the Court of Common Pleas in Westminster was in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1571, and was held in Tothill-fields, Westminster. This was fought, not by the parties themselves, but by champions chosen by them in a writ of right.

Stow has thus minutely described this challenge: "The 18 of June, in Trinity Term (1571), there was combat appointed to be fought for a certain manor and

lands in the Isle of Harty, adjoining the Isle of Sheppey, in Kent. Simon Low and John Kyme were plaintiffs, and had brought a writ against T. Paramore, who offered to defend his right by battle; when the plaintiffs accepted the challenge, offering likewise to defend their rights to the manor and lands, and to prove by battle he had no right nor good title to the same. Hereupon Thomas Paramore brought before the Judges of the Common Pleas, at Westminster, one George Thorne, a big, broad, strong-set fellow; and the plaintiffs brought Henry Nailor, master of defence, a servant to the Earl of Leicester, a proper slender man, and not so tall as the other. Thorne cast down a gauntlet, which Nailor took up. Upon the Sonday before the battell should be tried on the next morrow, the matter was stayed, and the parties agreed that Paramore, being in possession, should have the land, and was bound in 500 pound to consider the plaintifs, as upon hearing the matter the Judges should award. The Q. Maiesty was the taker-up of the matter in this wise. It was thought that for Paramore's assurance, the order should be kept touching the combat, and that the plaintifs Low and Kyme should make default of appearance, but that yet such as were sureties of Nailor their champion's appearance should bring him in, and likewise those that were sureties for Thorne, in discharge of their bond."

The Court sat in Tothill-fields, where was prepared a plot of ground 120 yards square, double-railed, for the combat, a stage being set up for the Judges representing the Court of Common Pleas. Outside the lists were built scaffolds, or galleries, for the spectators. There were, behind the square where the judges sat, two tents, the one for Nailor, the other for Thorne. Thorne was there earlier in the morning; Nailor came about seven

o'clock, through London, dressed in a doublet, gally-gascoigne breeches, all of crimson satin, cut and raised, a hat of black velvet with a red feather and band, and before him drums and fifes playing; the gauntlet cast down by Thorne was borne before Nailor upon a sword's point, and his baston (a staff an ell long, made taper-wise, and tipped with horn), with his shield of hard leather, was borne after him by Askam, a yeoman of the Queen's guard. He came into the Palace of Westminster, halted a short time before the hall-door, came back to King-street, and so along through the Sanctuary and into Tothill-street, into the field, where he stayed till past ten o'clock, when Sir Jerome Bowes brought him to his tent, Thorne being in his tent, along with Sir Henry Cheiney, long before.

About ten o'clock the Court of Common Pleas removed, and came to the place prepared, and the Lord Chief Justice, with two other Judges, being seated, Low was called solemnly to come in, or else to lose his writ of right. In a short time the sureties of Henry Nailor were called to bring him, Nailor, champion for Simon Low; and shortly Sir Jerome Bowes, leading Nailor by the hand, entered the lists, bringing him down that square by which he entered, being on the left-hand of the Judges, and so till he came to the next square, just against the Judges; and there making curtesie, first with one leg and then with the other, passed on to the middle of the place, and then made the like obeisance; and when they came to the bar he made the like curtesie, and his shield was held up aloft, over his head. Nailor put off his "neather stockes, and so barefooted and barelegged, save his silke scavilionians to the ancles, and his dublet sleeves tyed up above the elbow, and bareheaded, came in as is aforesaid. Then were the sureties of

George Thorne called to bring in the same Thorne, and immediately Sir Henry Cheiney, entering at the upper end, on the right-hand of the Judges, used the like order in comming about by his side as Nailor had before on that other side, and so comming to the barre with like obeysance, held up his shield, proclamation was made in form as followeth: The Justices commanded in the Queene's Majestie's name that no person of what estate, degree, or condition he be, being present, to be so hardy as to give any token or syne, by countenance, speech or language, either to the prooner or to the defender, whereby the one of them may take advantage of the other; and no person remoue, but still keepe his place; and that euery person and persons keep their staves and their weapons to themselves."

Then was the proover sworn in form as follows: "This heare you, Justices, that I have this day neither eate, drunke, nor have upon me either bone, stone, nor glasse, nor any other inchantment, sorcerie, or witchcraft, where through the power of the Word of God might be inlarged or diminished, and the deuil's power increased: and that my appeal is true, so help me God and his saints, and by this booke. After this solemn order was finished, the Lord Chief Justice re-hearing the manner of bringing the writ of right by Simon Low, of the answere made thereunto by Paramore, of the proceeding therein, and how Paramore had challenged to defend his right to the land by battell, by his champion George Thorne, and of the accepting the triall that was by Low, with his champion Henry Nailor, and then for default in appearance of Low, he adjudged the land to Paramore, and dismissed the champions, acquitting the sureties of their bonds. He also willed Henry Nailor to render againe to George Thorne his gauntlet; whereunto the said Nailor

answered, that his lordship might command him anything, but willingly he would not render the said gauntlet to Thorne except he would win it: and further he chalenged the said Thorne to play with him half a score blowes, to show some pastime to the Lord Chief Justice, and the others there assembled; but Thorne answered that he came to fight, and would not play. Then the Lord Chief Justice, commending Nailor for his valiant courage, commanded them both quietly to depart the field." (*Stow*, by Howes, edit. 1631.)

Some of the details of this singular mode of trial, as reported by contemporary writers, are sufficiently ludicrous. Thus, we are told that the combatants were allowed to be attended within the lists by *counsel*, and *a surgeon with his ointments*. In the reign of Charles I., Lord Rea, on a similar occasion, was indulged with a seat, and wine for refreshment; and was further permitted to avail himself of such valuable auxiliaries as *nails, hammers, files, scissors, bodkin, needle and thread*. We also learn from the Close Rolls that parties under confinement, preparatory to the trial, were allowed to go out of custody for the purpose of taking lessons in fencing. And, besides the whimsical combat in *Henry VI.* already mentioned, the scene of a judicial duel upon a criminal accusation has been still more recently presented to us in the beautiful fictions of Sir Walter Scott.

It appears probable that the Trial by Battle was introduced into our jurisprudence from Normandy. The courts of criminal jurisdiction in which it was admitted were, the King's Bench, the Court of Chivalry, and, in the earlier periods of our legal history, in the High Court of Parliament. There are certain exemptions from this law, as, by the royal charter granted by

Henry III. in 1267, to the citizens of London, as follows: "We have also granted unto the same our citizens acquittal of murder in the city aforesaid, and in the portsoken, or the liberty of the city without the walls, in the vicinity of Aldgate, this acquittal being a penalty paid by the inhabitants of the hundred within which a murder was committed; and that no one of the said citizens shall wage battle, or judicial combat in support of the justice of his cause."

DEGRADATION OF A KNIGHT.

In chivalric times, the ceremonies observed on the occasion of degrading a false knight were very curious. A knight who infringed any of the articles of his oath was punished by degradation. The golden spurs were chopped off his heels by some rude cook or scullion armed with a hatchet, his sword was broken, and the coat-of-arms upon his shield reversed. Religious ceremonies were sometimes added; and then the knight to be degraded was first armed by his brother knights from head to foot, as if he had been going to the battle-field, and solemnly conducted to a high stage raised in a church, where the king and his court, the clergy and people, were assembled. Thirty priests sang the psalms used generally at the burial of the dead, and at the end of every psalm they took from him a piece of armour. First they removed his helmet—the defence of disloyal eyes; then his cuirass on the left side—the guard of a corrupt heart; then the cuirass from the right side—as from a member consenting; and so on with the rest; and, as each piece of armour was cast in succession on the ground, the kings-of-arms and heralds cried out,

'Behold the harness of a disloyal and miscreant knight!' A basin of gold or silver, full of warm water, was then brought in, and a herald, holding it up, demanded the knight's name. When the pursuivants had repeated it, the chief king-of-arms exclaimed, 'That is not true, for he is a miscreant and false traitor, and hath transgressed the ordinances of knighthood.' The chaplain answered, 'Let us give him his right name;' and the heralds presently cast the warm water upon the face of the disgraced knight, as though he were newly baptised, saying, 'Henceforth thou shalt be called by thy right name—Traitor.' Then the king, with twelve other knights, put upon them mourning garments, declaring sorrow, and thrust the degraded knight from the platform. By the buffetings of the people he was driven to the altar, where he was put into a coffin, and the burial service of the church was solemnly read over him.

THE SANCTUARY OF ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

This strange place was originally a collegiate church and sanctuary, on the site of the General Post-office. The grant was confirmed by a charter of William the Conqueror, in 1068. It stood within the walls of the City of London, but was a liberty by itself, the Mayor and Corporation often endeavouring, but in vain, to interfere with the privileges of the precinct. Criminals, on their way to execution from Newgate to Tower-hill, passed through the south gate of St. Martin's, and often sought, sometimes successfully, to escape from their attendants into the adjoining sanctuary. The whole ground formed nearly a square, which was en-

closed by walls and gates; and it had a liberty, or sort of "Rules," around it, extending westward to the site of Bagnio-court, where was a wall dividing them from the precinct of the Grey Friars, now Christ's Hospital. Disputes concerning the exact precincts of this sanctuary ran so high that the matter was of necessity referred to a jury. The singular circumstance of the sanctuary bounds extending into the midst of the house of Roger Wright, grocer, which stood about where Cheapside commences, acquaints us with the interesting fact of Cardinal Morton's having lodged there. His flight from hence to join Richmond's standard, on his invading the kingdom, was thought to be an important defection by Richard III.; according to Shakspeare,

> "Morton with Richmond touching me more near
> Than Buckingham, and his rash levied numbers."

We may here note that Miles Forest, one of the murderers of the two princes in the Tower, according to Sir Thomas More, "rotted away piecemeal in the same sanctuary."

The most curious picture we have, however, of the ancient nature of this Sanctuary, and the sort of offenders who took advantage of it, is in a set of regulations for its government, of the age of Henry VI., when the enormities of the place had become so crying that the king and his council were obliged to interfere. It shows us, at least, that we have not retrograded in the path of morality, for there is scarcely a modern piece of villany which does not seem to have been here well known and practised four centuries ago. It enumerates amongst the minor offenders the "subtil pickers of locks, counterfeitours of keys, contrivers of seales, forgers of false evidences, workers of counterfeit chaines, beades, broaches,

ouches, rings, caps, spoones silvered, and plates of copper gilt uttered for gold, unto the common hurt of the people." And amongst the greater offenders, not only traitors and murderers were privileged, but felons were suffered to issue out of the bounds, and commit depredations at noon-day, and then to return to shelter, and to riot in their ill-gotten gains. Nay, though five of these fellows had hid themselves in Panyer-alley, and rushed out and rescued a felon who was being conveyed by the sheriffs from Newgate, they were defended on the score of church privilege, and screened from all punishment. It was therefore ordained, that all fugitives seeking sanctuary should register themselves and their offences, and that on coming in they should deliver up to the dean's officers all weapons and armour, except "a reasonable knife, to carve withall his meate," and that to be pointless.

Every known errant and open thief, murderer, and felon, requiring Sanctuary, was to find security that he did not there commit further mischief, under colour of his privilege; and if any such, having so done, should after bring in stolen goods, they were to be *restored;* as were also any sorts of merchandise a debtor might rob his creditor of, with the intention of living upon it whilst in sanctuary; and every "sanctuary man who might issue out by day or by night, and commit or do any robbery, murder, treason, felony, or battery," on his return was to be confined in the dean's prison—unless he chose to depart, and then he was to depart at an hour to be assigned him by day, "betwixt sunne and sune." There were not to be allowed deceitful games, "as plays at hazard, the dice, the guck, the kayelles, the cloysh," &c.; and finally, "all artificers dwelling within the sanctuary, as well *barbours* as others," were

to keep not only the Sundays, but other great festivals, without breach or exercise of their crafts, on pain of being *committed to ward*, or put into the Dean's prison. Among the restrictions imposed for regulating this much-abused privilege of sanctuary was that of 22 Henry VIII., enacting that "none of the said places should give immunity or defence to any person who should commit wilful murder, rape, burglary, robbery on the highway, or in any house, church, or chapel; or should wilfully burn any house or barn with corn." Henry VIII. also passed an act debarring persons accused of high treason from the benefit of sanctuary, and ordained that sanctuary men should wear badges, and not go abroad before sun-rising nor after sun-setting. Finally, the privilege of sanctuary altogether was repealed by James I.

In 1547, St. Martin's coming to the crown, its chapel was levelled, together with the rest of the college-buildings, and a number of new houses were erected on their site. These let at high rents to foreigners, who, claiming the privileges attached to the sanctuary, were allowed here to exercise their callings without molestation from the City. At the east end of the chapel, a large wine-tavern was afterwards built, named from the reigning sovereign Elizabeth, the Queen's Head; and to this circumstance was probably owing the preservation of the crypt met with beneath that building, these vaults happening to be the most appropriate possible for wine-cellars. The other parts of the college site and liberty were chiefly inhabited by French, German, Dutch, and Scots. The trades carried on there were those of shoemakers, tailors, makers of buttons and button-moulds, goldsmiths, manufacturers of pouches or purses, stationers, and merchants. There were also two throw-

sters, or weavers of silk thread, who are recorded as being the first that practised that art in this country. Each of these particular trades at first had its own quarter, but they afterwards got mixed. "Mould-maker's-row," amongst the old courts pulled down, clearly marks the spot occupied by the mouldmakers; and as early as the reign of Henry VII. we see the shoemakers here gave name to Shoemakers'-row, now forming the west side of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

The "strangers born" of this kind of Alsatia were chiefly manufacturers of counterfeit ware, latten and copper articles, beads, &c., "Saint Martin's trumpery," as it was called:

> "'Tis not these paltry counterfeits,
> French stones, which in our eyes you set,
> But our right diamonds that inspire,
> And set your am'rous hearts on fire.
> Nor can those false Saint Martin's beads,
> Which on your lips you place for reds,
> And make us wear like Indian dames,
> Add fuel to our scorching flames." *Hudibras.*

Strype mentions that in his time the place was noted for a sort of copper lace, called Saint Martin's lace.

OLD TAVERN SHARPING.

Many curious particulars attach to the wine-houses of the seventeenth century, of which we find this specimen in *Look about You*, printed in 1600: "The drawers kept sugar folded up in paper, ready for those who called for sack." And we further find, in other old tracts, that the custom existed of bringing two cups, of *silver*, in case the wine should be wanted to be diluted,

and that this was done by rose-water and sugar, generally about a pennyworth. A sharper in the *Bellman of London*, described as having decoyed a countryman to a tavern, "calls for two pintes of sundry wines; the drawer setting the wine with *two cups*, as the custome is, the sharper tastes of one pinte, no matter which, and finds fault with the wine, saying, 'Tis too hard, but rose-water sugar would send it down merrily;' and for that purpose he takes up one of the cups, telling the stranger he is well acquainted with the boy at the barre, and can have twopennyworth of rose-water for a penny of him; and so steps from his seate. The stranger suspects no harme, because the fawne guest leaves his cloake at the end of the table behind him—but the other takes good care not to return, and it is then found out that he hath stolen ground, and outleaped the stranger more feet than he can recover in haste, for the cup is leaped with him, for which the wood-cock that is taken in the springe must pay fifty shillings, or three pounds, and hath nothing but an old threadbare cloake not worth two groats to make amends for his losses."

Another similar low scene of villany, laid at one of the taverns of this period, is told by the above old author. It is the account of a countryman who is decoyed into one of those places by three associates—and of course plucked:

"The stage on which they play their prologue is either in Fleet Street, the Strand, or Paule's, and most commonly in the afternoon, when countrie clyents are at most leasure to walke in those places, or for dispatch of their business travel from lawyer to lawyer, through Chancerie-laine, Holborne, and such like places. In this heat of runing to and fro, if a plaine fellowe, well and cleanely apparrelled, either in home-spun russet or

frieze (as the season requires), with a side pouch at his girdle, happen to appear in his rusticall likeness; 'There is a couzen,' says one; at which word out flyes the decoy, and thus gives the onset upon my olde *penny-father*. 'Sir, God save you! you are welcome to London! How doe all good friends in the countrie? I hope they be well?' The russetting, amazed at these salutations of a stranger, replies, 'Sir, all our friends in the countrie are in health; but pray pardon me, I know you not, believe me.' 'No!' answers the other, 'are you not a Lancashire man?' or of such a countrie? If he saies 'yes,' then seeing the fish nibbles, he gives him more line to play with: if he say, 'no,' then attacks he him with another weapon, and sweares soberly, 'In good sooth, sir, I know your face, I am sure wee have beene merie together; I pray (if I may beg it without offence) bestow your name upon mee, and your dwelling-place.' The innocent man, suspecting no poison in this gilded cup, tells him presently his name and abiding—by what gentlemen he dwells, &c.; which being done, the decoy, for thus interrupting him in his way, and for the wrong in mistaking him for another, *offers a quart of wine*. If the cozen be such an asse to goe into a taverne, then he is sure to bee 'unkled;' but if he smack my decoy and smell gunpowder-traines, yet will not be blown up, they part fairly; and to a comrade goes the decoy, discovering what he hath done, and acquaints *him* with the man's name, countrie, and dwelling; who hastening after the countryman, and contriving to cross his way and meet him full in the face, takes acquaintance presently of him, salutes him by his name, inquires how such and such a gentleman doe that dwell in the same town by him; and albeit the honest *hobnail-wearer* can by no means bee brought to remember this new friend,

yet, will he, nill he, to the taverne he sweares to have him, and to bestowe upon him the best wine in London; and being come here, they are soon joined by two or three associates, who drop in as strangers, and who, having by some trick or other contrived to fleece the simpleton, and make him completely drunke, steal off one by one, and meet at another taverne to share their plunder; which is the epilogue to their comedie, but the first entrance (scene) to the poore countryman's tragedie."

BURNINGS IN SMITHFIELD.

Within twenty years, a square space of dark-coloured pavement, not far from the west gate of St. Bartholomew's Priory, in Smithfield, marked the spot where that ominous instrument, *the stake*, used to be planted. Upon this spot, in the construction of a sewer, a quantity of bones, believed to be the remains of persons burned at the stake, were discovered and carried away as relics of martyrs.

The earliest application in this country of the cruel punishment of death by fire seems to have been practised on reputed sorcerers and witches. In the Anglo-Saxon time the nature of sorcery appears to have consisted chiefly in a lapse from Christianity into the old rites and superstitions of their original heathen worship; and the mode of punishment by fire, used in cases both of witchcraft and heresy, originated probably in the association of these offences.

The practice of swimming a witch—viz. of throwing the accused into deep water, as a test preliminary to the stake—is presumed to have had its source

in the Saxon ordeal by water; while the final burning was resorted to as the most effective means of corporal annihilation, the ashes of the subject being scattered to the wind.

The words of the king (*Henry VI.* part 2)—"The witch in Smithfield shall be burned to ashes"—are significant of this feature in the ancient usages of Smithfield. But the record of faith and constancy, maintained under the most severe test of corporal suffering, is sufficient to absorb all minor associations in the manifold examples of spiritual heroism which dignify the martyrology of this spot; standing, as it does, the rallying-point of the English church, and the altar on which its faithful servants were offered a holocaust for its purification. In the general schism which succeeded the death of Pope Gregory XI., in the year 1378, the spread of opinions which had already taken root in Germany now extended into England, and first moved individuals here and there, who adopted and maintained them, and eventually congregations of men, who took upon themselves the exercise and responsibilities of the new doctrines. Such professors were distinguished by the name of *Lollard*, derived, as some hold, from the Latin *lolium* (tares); but, as one Walter Lollhard is reported to have been burned at Cologne in 1322, for heretical opinions, it is most probable that, as one of the founders of the sect, he had bequeathed his name to it. In 1395 the Lollards appear to have gained some footing in this country, for in that year they presented a petition to the House of Commons, setting forth many objections to the church then established, the Romish priesthood, their outward rites of worship, &c. Hitherto, although there existed laws for the suppression of heresy, yet it does not appear that any had been put to death

upon such a charge. But in the reign of Henry IV. a new law for the suppression of heresy was obtained. It states the features and symptoms of the obnoxious doctrines which it is intended to visit, and an order for the first steps to be taken with the nonconforming; and it is finally ordered, for the punishment of the obdurate, "that they should be made over to the secular power, and they, the same persons, and every of them, before the people in a high place, do be burnt, that such punishment do strike fear into the minds of others, whereby no such wicked doctrine and heretical and erroneous opinions, nor their authors and fauteurs in the said realm and dominions, against the Catholic church," &c.

The so-called heresy, however, gained ground; and some of the clergy espousing its doctrines, one of them, William Sawtree, rector of Lynn in Norfolk, became the first English martyr to the cause of Reformation. This Sawtree had already been suspended, but, on recantation, was appointed priest of St. Osyth's, in London; but he returned to an open profession of his opinions, and was dealt with accordingly, being sentenced, as a relapsed heretic, to be degraded from his priestly office, and dealt with according to the new law. The Primate Arundel and six other bishops assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral to perform the preliminary ceremony. The recusant was brought before them in his priestly attire, with the chalice for the host, and the paten or cover in his hands. As the Archbishop pronounced his degradation from the priestly order, he took from him the sacred instruments, and at the same time stripped him of the chasuble, or distinctive robe of the priesthood, made in type of the scarlet robe of the mockery of the Saviour. His degradation from the office of deacon was then effected by putting the New

Testament into his hands, and then taking it from him; and by depriving him of the stole, or tippet, worn about the neck in memory of the cord with which Christ was bound. He was next divested of the alb or surplice, and also of the maniple scarf worn on the left wrist; and he then surrendered, as acolyte, the candlestick, taper, and small pitcher called urceole; as exorcist, the book of exorcisms; as reader, the lectionary, or book of daily lessons; and as sexton, the surplice of that office and the key of the church-door. Finally, his priest's cap was taken off his head, and the tonsure obliterated, and the cap of a layman put upon him. The ceremony of degradation was then complete. He was delivered over to the High Constable and Marshal of England. The Primate then pronounced the form of recommendation to mercy, the gates of the cathedral closed on him; and a spectacle to Englishmen, new and terrible, was presently exhibited in the crowded area of Smithfield. Sawtree was burned at the stake in March 1401.

Nine years after the immolation of Sawtree, Thomas Badby, a layman, followed on the same fiery path. He was burned in a tun at Smithfield. The King's eldest son, Lord Henry, Prince of Wales, was present, and offered him his pardon: first, before the fire was kindled, if he would recant; and after, *when the fire was kindled*, hearing him make a roaring noise very pitifully, the Prince caused the fire to be plucked back, and exhorted him, being with pitiful pain almost dead, to remember himself, and renounce his opinions, promising him not only life, but also threepence a day so long as he lived, to be paid out of the King's coffers: but he, having recovered his spirits, refused the Prince's offer, choosing rather to "taste the fire, and so to die, than to forsake his opinions." By the Prince's command he

was again put into the tun, the fire was put to him again, and he was consumed to ashes.

In the first year of Henry V. (1413) the Lollards rose, headed by Sir John Oldcastle; their number swelled by a tumultuous mob bent upon plunder. They were speedily routed, and their suppression was followed by hangings and burnings at Smithfield and St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. Their leader, whom the early friendship and intimacy of Henry, when Prince of Wales, could not succour in this strait, was taken and condemned to be hanged and burnt as a rebel and a heretic, which sentence was performed upon him at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, his memory being long after cherished as a saint and martyr.

The number of victims being now greater than the fire could consume, imprisonment and scourging were resorted to in many cases. But the stake was not allowed to cool: the work of martyrdom went on with the accession of Henry VI., the terrors of burning being chiefly reserved for the recusant clergy. In 1423 four priests were committed to the flames in Smithfield, and other parts of the country witnessed the like sad spectacle in numerous instances. The wars of York and Lancaster gave the persecuted Lollards a period of rest; and it was not till the time of Henry VII. that the fire of religious persecution was rekindled, and Smithfield witnessed a variety in martyrdom in the burning of Joan Boughton, the first Englishwoman who suffered at the stake for her religious profession. She was a widow upwards of eighty years of age, and had been a disciple of Wycliffe. "The most part of her ashes," says Foxe, "were had away of such as had a love for the doctrine that she died for."

The transition period of Henry VIII. brought in a

polemical medley to feed the fires of Smithfield; and it was needful to walk warily in order to escape the various theological snares which beset the path of the church. Then Cranmer superseded Wolsey, and the persecutor and the persecuted changed places. Latimer preached patience to Friar Forest, when suffering the torture of a slow fire for denying the King's supremacy, while he ordered the flames to be replenished with the wooden image of Welsh celebrity, called *Darvel Gatherer;* another change in the succession of events bringing him, with the weight of eighty years upon his head, to the same doom. Cranmer shared in the persecuting spirit of the times; and it is related that when he had persuaded Edward VI. to send to the stake Joan Bocher, a young woman, the King said, when he signed the warrant, that he would "lay all the charge thereof upon Cranmer before God." Cranmer in turn took his place at the stake; and likewise John Rogers, divinity reader in St. Paul's: he also had been urgent for the death of Joan Bocher; and replied to the intercession of a friend, that burning alive was no cruel death; when the friend said to him, "Well, it may perhaps so happen that you yourself shall have your hands full of that mild burning;" and so it came to pass, and Rogers was the first man who was burned in the gloomy time of the bigot Mary. Foxe himself is supposed to have been the friend here spoken of.

The last woman burned for religious opinions at Smithfield was Anne Askew, a young and accomplished person, who bore her sufferings not only at the stake, but in the previous application of the rack, with noble constancy. The last person burned in Smithfield was Bartholomew Legatt, in the reign of James I. A monumental brass in the church at Rayne in Essex, to

the memory of Elizabeth Blencowe, of Thoby Priory, records that she was the sixth in lineal descent from William Barbor, who narrowly escaped the flames of persecution under Queen Mary, having been brought to the stake in Smithfield, and only rescued by the arrival of the intelligence of the Queen's death. A curious jewel associated with this event is preserved in the family. Of the 277 persons burnt for heresy in the reign of Mary, the great majority suffered in Smithfield: a large gas-light (in the middle of the pens) denoted the reputed spot; but the discovery of the blackened stone, ashes, and charred human bones, at three feet from the surface, opposite St. Bartholomew's church, induces the belief that here was the great *hearth* of the bigot fires. Charred human bones and ashes were also discovered, at five feet from the surface, at the west end of Long-lane, in July 1854.

In Smithfield, too, poisoners were "boiled to death" by statute, in the reign of Henry VIII.

"xiij° A°. Thys yere was a man soddyne in a cautherne (boiled in a caldron) in Smythfelde, and lett up and downe dyvers tymes tyll he was dede, for because he wold a poyssynd dyvers persons.

"xxij° A°. This yere was a coke boylyd in a cauderne in Smythfeld, for he wolde a powsynd the byshoppe of Rochester, Fycher, with dyvers of hys servanttes; and he was lockyd in a chayne, and pullyd up and downe with a gybbyt, at dyvers tymes, tyll he was dede.

"xxxiij° A°. The x day of March was a mayde boyllyd in Smythfelde for poysynyng of dyvers persons." —*Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London*, edited by J. Gough Nichols, F.S.A. Printed for the Camden Society, 1852.

From this *Chronicle* we learn that the gallows was

"set up at sent Bartylmewys gate." The entries of burnings for "errysye" are also very numerous. Burning for other crimes was still continued. Evelyn records: "1652, May 10. Passing by Smithfield, I saw a miserable creature burning who had murdered her husband."

The southern tower at the west end of old St. Paul's, called the Lollards' Tower, was used as the Bishop's prison for heretics; and was the scene of at least one "foul and midnight murder," perpetrated in the month of December 1514, on a respectable citizen, named Richard Hunne, who, for presuming to bring an action of premunire against a priest, was himself accused of heresy, and imprisoned in the Lollards' Tower, where he was found hanged, as if he himself had committed suicide. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder against those who had charge of the prisoner; and it was afterwards discovered that Dr. Horsey, chancellor of the diocese, assisted by the bellringer, had first murdered Hunne, and then hung up his body against the wall in his own "silken girdle." As a means of stifling the vehement clamour which this event excited, and lest the clergy should become answerable to civil jurisdiction, the Bishop of London held a court at St. Paul's, in which Hunne, who had now been ten days in his grave, was condemned as a heretic, for having had a Wickliffe's Bible in his house; and his body was ordered to be taken up and burnt in Smithfield.

John Rough, the strong-hearted pastor of the proscribed London Congregation, on the 21st of December 1557 was burned in Smithfield. Foxe quaintly adds, "Bonner burnt him half-an-hour before six of the clock in the morning, because the day, belike, should

not be far spent before he had done a mischievous deed."

On May-day in the following year, we find it recorded that "a certain company of godly and innocent persons, to the number of forty men and women," were assembled in the woods of Islington, for prayer and meditation on God's word. They had not been there long before a suspicious-looking stranger, leaning over the hedge that enclosed the field, startled the little company. "Good morning," said he; "you look like men who mean no hurt." "Can you tell us," asked one of the congregation, "whose close this is, and whether we may be so bold as to sit here?" "Yes," he rejoined, "you seem to me such persons as mean no harm." He then left them, but it was to fetch the constable and his men, who demanded the books of the worshippers, and carried twenty-seven of the people themselves before Sir Roger Chomley, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. Out of the twenty-seven, twenty-two were sent to Newgate. About seven weeks elapsed before any of them were examined, and during that period two of the sufferers were released by death. Of the twenty others, seven escaped with their lives, some of them not without cruel scourging; seven were burnt at Smithfield, and six at Brentford.

One of the Smithfield martyrs was Roger Holland, whose examination is deeply interesting. His Protestantism was as intelligent as it was firm, and he defended himself in a tone of the most earnest feeling. His martyrdom, and that of his six companions, took place on the 27th of June. On this occasion, some officers of Queen Mary read a proclamation, forbidding any of the people, under pain of imprisonment, to speak a word to the forthcoming martyrs. But the prohi-

bition was little likely to be obeyed by a certain group there, members of the London Congregation, who surrounded their honoured pastor, Master Bentham, afterwards made Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry by Queen Elizabeth. As the seven witnesses for truth approached, the sympathising band, in spite of the royal edict, pressed forward, affectionately embraced their brethren, and brought them in their arms to the place of suffering. The proclamation was now again read; but the heroic Bentham, nothing daunted, turned his eyes to the crowd, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "We know that they are the people of God, and therefore we cannot choose but wish well to them, and say, God strengthen them! Almighty God, for Christ's sake strengthen them!" The Queen's proclamation availed not: a murmur rolled along the multitude, echoing Amen, Amen, Amen, to the pastor's prayer; and while the officers were abashed, the martyrs gathered courage. "Lord, bless Thy people," said Holland, "and save them from idolatry." These seven martyrs were the last victims of Romish persecution who suffered at Smithfield.

THE REVOLUTION PLOT IN BLOOMSBURY.

Mr. Dobie claims for Bloomsbury "the honour of being the scene of a plot most momentous to the future welfare of Britain;" "yet," he adds, "it does not seem to be known to any considerable extent, nor properly appreciated." The reader may probably inquire why Mr. Dobie should take such cognizance of the matter; but be it known that Mr. Dobie has written a history of the district wherein this plot was hatched by no less

notable a person than Mrs. Eliza Thomas, the *Corinna* of Curll, and who lived with her mother in Dyot-street, now George-street, St. Giles's. Mrs. Thomas had undergone many vicissitudes; but above all, in her widowed state, she had been the dupe of a visionary alchemist, whose scheming impoverished herself and daughter. Time and patience at last overcame the pangs which this produced, and she began to stir among her late husband's great clients. She took a house in Bloomsbury, then a fashionable quarter of the town:

> "In Palace-yard, at nine, you'll find me there;
> At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square."—*Pope.*

Mrs. Thomas, by means of great economy and a showy appearance, was supposed to be better off in the world than she really was. Her husband's clients received her like one risen from the dead; and they came to visit her, and promised to serve her. At last, the Duke of Montague advised her to let lodgings, which mode of life she declined; she could not make up her mind to receive ordinary lodgers; "but," added she, "if I knew any family who desired such a convenience, I would readily accommodate them." "I take you at your word," replied the Duke, "I will become your sole tenant; nay, don't smile, for I am in earnest; I like a little more freedom than I can enjoy at home, and I may come sometimes and eat a bit of mutton with four or five honest fellows, whose company I delight in." The bargain was made, though on a deeper scheme than drinking a bottle; and his Grace was to pass for Mr. Freeman, of Herefordshire. In a few days he ordered a dinner for his friends, Jack, Tom, Will, and Ned, good honest country fellows, as his Grace called them. They came at the time appointed; but how

surprised was the widow when she saw the Duke of Devonshire, Lords Buckingham and Dorset, and a certain Viscount, with Sir William Dutton Colt, under the above feigned names. After several meetings at the lady's house, the noble persons, who had a high opinion of her integrity, entrusted her with the grand secret, which was nothing less than the project for the Revolution. Though these meetings were held as privately as possible, suspicions arose, and Mrs. Thomas's house was narrowly watched; but the messengers, who were no enemies to the cause, betrayed their trust, and suffered the noblemen to meet unmolested, or at least without any dread of apprehension.

The Revolution being effected, and the State become more settled, the place of rendezvous was quitted; the noblemen took leave of the lady, with promises of obtaining for her a pension or some place in the Household, as her zeal in the cause merited: besides, she had a very good claim to some appointment, having been ruined by the shutting of the Exchequer. Alas! the court promises had but an aerial foundation, and the noble peers never thought of her more. The Duke of Montague, indeed, made offers of service, and being Captain of the Band of Pensioners, Mrs. Thomas asked him to admit to the post Mr. Gwinnet, a gentleman who had made love to her daughter. This the Duke promised, but upon these terms, that her daughter should herself ask him for the favour. The widow unsuspectingly thanked him: but was amazed to find her daughter, in the most determined manner, refuse to ask any such favour of his Grace. Her mother then insisted upon her explaining the cause of her refusal. She then told her that the Duke of Montague had already made an attack upon her; that his designs were dishonourable;

and that if she submitted to ask his Grace one favour, he would reckon himself secure of another in return, which he would endeavour to accomplish by the basest means. Thus, the profligate Duke had made use of the mother for carrying on his political designs: he found her distressed, and, as a recompense for her services, and under the pretext of mending her fortune, assailed the virtue of her daughter, and would provide for her on no other terms than the sacrifice of her child's innocence.

BLACK SPOTS IN CLERKENWELL.

Turnmill-street, the western side of which was taken down in 1856-7 for the Clerkenwell Improvements, is one of great antiquity, and of peculiar interest, from its disreputable associations, it having been infamous for centuries past.

Early in the fourteenth century, in the reign of Henry IV., it is mentioned in an old document as Trylmyl-street, as this highway was then called. It is also to be traced, and is distinctly named in one of the earliest maps of London, date 1560. At a later period it is referred to in a letter addressed by Mr. Recorder Fleetwood to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, dated "the vj. of Julie 1585," containing some curious disclosures concerning the thieves of London, and their school for thievery; and having appended to it a list of "Harboringe howses for maisterless men, and for such as lyve by thiefte and other such lyke sheeftes," in which list "Baker's howse, Turnmyll Streate," is mentioned as one of the proscribed places of resort. Stow, writing about this time, explains that Turnmill-street was so

called from its proximity to the Fleet, or Turnmill or Tremill Brook, because divers mills were erected upon it. It was long vulgarly called Turnbull and Trunball-street. So well known was once the depraved character of the street, that frequent references are to be found in the works of our early dramatists and their contemporaries to Turnbull-street and its profligate inhabitants. Nash, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Dieul*, published in 1595, says: "I commend our uncleane sisters in Shoreditch, the Spittle, Southwarke, and Westminster, to the protection of your portership, hoping that you will speedily carry them to hell, there to keep open house for all you devils that come, and not to let our ayre be contaminated with their sixpenny damnation any longer. Your dieulship's bounden executor, Pierce Penniles."

Shakspeare (*Henry IV.* p. ii., written about 1598) alludes to this highway. Falstaff, reflecting upon what Justice Shallow has been saying, remarks, "This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, the feats he hath done in Turnbull-street, and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than Turks' tribute." In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Ladie*, a very vicious life is described as living in a continual Turnbull-street. Taffeta, the rich widow, in Lodowick Barry's *Ram Alley, or Merrie Trickes*, a comedy printed in 1611, offended at the impudence of her would-be suitor, Captain Puff, a hectoring bully, bids him begone, with this dismissal, "You swaggering, cheating, Turnbull-streate rogue!" In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, Ursula is indignant at being charged with frequenting Turnbull-street. Another character in *Bartholomew Fair* is "Dan Jordan Knockem, a horse-courier and a ranger of Turnbull:"

"*Ursula.* You are one of those horse-leeches that gave out I was dead in Turnbull-street of a surfeit of bottle-ale and tripes.—*Knockem.* No; 'twas better than that, Urse; cows' udders, cows' udders." "Turnbull-street," says Lupton, 1632, "it is an ill name, and therefore half-hanged." "The Merry Man's Revolution," in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, contains this singular enumeration of the questionable localities of London, not long before the Restoration:

"Now, farewell to St. Giles,
That standeth in the fields;
And farewell to Turnbal Street,
For that no comfort yields.
In Whitecross Street and Golden Lane
Do strapping lasses dwell,
And so there do in every street
'Twixt that and Clerkenwell.
At Cowcross and Smithfield
I have much pleasure found,
Where wenches like to fayres
Did often trace the round."

In Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, presented before the Prince, 1613, it appears, from an entry in the Revels account, one of the narrators, in describing the vicious career of a common woman, says: "So much for her vocation, trade, and life. As for her death, how can it be bad, since their wickedness is always before their eyes, and a deathe's head most commonly on their little finger? To conclude, 'tis most certain they must needs both live well and dye well, since most commonly they live in Clerkenwell and dye in Bridewell."

Vice of every kind long continued rampant in this locality, no measures being taken for its suppression; the appointed officers of the law were both defied and terrified. At the close of the last century a reward of

300*l.* was offered by proclamation for the apprehension of one Bunworth, the leader of a desperate gang of thieves; yet none dared attempt his capture, such was the weak state of the law. Once, on the approach of evening, he and his gang ventured towards London, and having got as far as Turnmill-street, the keeper of the Clerkenwell Bridewell happening to see Bunworth, called to him and said he wanted to speak with him. Bunworth hesitated, but the other assuring him that he intended no injury, and the thief being confident that his associates would not desert him, swore he did not regard the keeper, whom he advanced to meet with a pistol in his hand, the other miscreants walking on the opposite side of the street, armed with cutlasses and pistols. This singular spectacle attracted a considerable crowd; on which Bunworth joined his companions, who thought their safest plan would be to retreat towards the fields; wherefore they kept together, and facing the people, retired in a body, presenting their pistols, and swearing they would fire on anyone who should offer to molest them. The same Bunworth also gave another proof of his audacity: sitting down at the door of a public-house in Holborn, where he was well known, he called for a pint of beer, and drank it, holding a pistol in his hand by way of protection; he then went off with the greatest apparent unconcern.

The White Hart in Turnmill-street, opposite Cock-court, was formerly a noted house for footpads and highwaymen: it has long since been pulled down. Formerly a large portion of this district was called "Jack Ketch's Warren," from the fact that a great number of persons who were hung at Newgate were brought from the courts and alleys here, especially at the period when one-pound bank-notes were in circulation, and forgeries

were common. The disturbances which occurred in the neighbourhood were of so desperate a character, that from thirty to forty constables would be marched down with cutlasses, it being frequently impossible for officers to act in less numbers or unarmed. This statement is verified in *Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London*, by J. Vanderkiste.

In *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1709 we read: "Catalogus Librorum. The Eighth Liberal Science, or the Art of Scholding, in a new and plainer method than hath formerly been practised at Billingsgate, Turnmill-street, and Ratcliffe-highway, by Mrs. Abigail Tattlewell, Professor of that Science."

In 1416, says Stow, "was a partchment-maker, of Trillmelle-street, drawn, hanged, and headed, for he had harboured Sir John Oldcastle;" and among the issue rolls of the first year of Henry V. is an entry of money paid to certain constables of Smithfield, for having kept a careful watch in the night-time to take Sir John Oldcastle, and for having seized certain books of the Lollards in the house of William, the parchment-maker.

In 1624, Dr. Thomas Worthington, one of the translators of the Douay Bible, lived in Turnbull-street: the Douay Bible he sold for forty shillings; and *The Anker of Christian Doctrine*, written by Worthington, in four parts, was "sold by him at his lodgings in Turnbull-street," for fourteen shillings.

The Journal of the House of Commons, May 21st, 1664, seems to refer to this locality: "Sir Arthur Hesilrigge, by command of the House, related the circumstance of an assault made on him by the Earl of Stamford, and Henry Poulton and Matthew Patsall, his servants, in the highway leading from Perpole-lane to

Clerkenwell, as he was peaceably riding from the House of Commons to his house in Islington, by striking him with a drawn sword and other offensive instruments, and was enjoined to keep the peace, and not to send or receive any challenge."

Of the Great Plague of 1665 hereabout we have some striking records: "The infection," writes Defoe, "kept chiefly in the out-parishes, which being very populous, and fuller also of poor, the distemper found more to prey upon than in the City." The inhabitants of Clerkenwell, many of whom were at that time of noble birth and high station, could not have been very numerous, as there were not as yet five hundred houses in the entire parish; more than a fifth of these dwellings were in the purlieus of Turnmill-street, which thus early had become infamous, and in which were as many courts and alleys as it had at any time within memory. In an old ballad the filthy condition of the south-west portion of the parish is thus glanced at:

> "Noysome alleys and the stink
> Of stifled buildings, whose unsavoury breath,
> With soultry venom, cloyes the jaws of death;
> For next to sin, what doth the pest advance
> So much as sluttery and intemperance?"
>
> *Fulsehood Chastised*, 1663.

Here is a list of the chief alleys which are now existing, or disappeared in the carrying out of the Clerkenwell Improvements in 1856-7: Back-yard, Bell-alley, Bite-alley, Back Spread Eagle-alley, Block-alley, Bowling-alley, Brewer's-yard, and Broad-court—a nest of squalid human kennels and fever-dens, with reeking dust-heaps before the doors, yards overflowing with filth, and sleeping-places without light or ventilation. Then there are Brill-alley, Cinnamon-alley, and Cock-

alley. Frying-pan-alley had an entrance exactly 2 feet 6 inches wide, and the length about 20 feet. George-alley, Jack-alley, Parker's-alley, Roebuck-alley, Rose-alley, Sand-yard, Stewart's-alley, White Foot-alley, White Hart-alley, White Horse-alley, and Windmill-alley.

Rose-alley, a narrow dirty place, in the purlieus of Turnmill-street, although an insignificant thoroughfare, appears to be named from a house incidentally mentioned in a vestry minute of the 23d of March 1642, wherein certain houses in Turnmill-street are described as "abutting on the highway, westward upon the house of Hugh Trapps, called the 'Rose,' northward." "This tavern," says Mr. Daniel, in his *Merrie England in the Olden Time*, "was the scene, under the rose, of Falstaff's early gallantries, and was kept at one time by John Sleep, or Sleepe, a wide-awake man in mirth and pastime, famous for his mummeries, and of a locomotive turn, who emulated the zodiac in the number of his signs. He kept the Gun in Salisbury-court, the King William and Queen Mary in Bartholomew-fair, and the Whelp and Bacon in Smithfield-pounds."

Among the many bequests to the parish is that of Constantius Bennett, a Greek born, who left by will, in 1577, five or six houses in Turnmill-street and elsewhere, to distribute in alms four cartloads of coals amongst the poor people of Clerkenwell, about Christmas. Lady Weston left, in 1616, 20*l.* to be put forth by the vestry and churchwardens, for 40*s.* a year, to be paid to the poor of the parish, on the day of her burial, *to the end of the world*—in reference to which bequest it is reported: "as far as regards this distribution being continued to the end of the world, it would appear as if the world had been at an end many years, no payment to the poor having been made, nor anything known now of the gift,

but the extract from the vestry minute describing it. Doubtless the parish had the money.",

In Faithorne's rare View or Map of London, dated 1658, the houses on the western side of Turnmill-street are represented as having gardens leading down to the Fleet, which stream appears from the map to have been fenced on both sides.

We have selected and condensed these sketches of Turnmill-street from Pinks's diligently compiled *History of Clerkenwell*. It may be interesting to supplement these scenes with a picture of the locality, drawn by John Britton, the well-known topographical writer, who came to reside in this locality some eighty years since. He was then in his sixteenth year; he took leave of his parents and friends, receiving from his mother, as a small token of remembrance, a crown-piece and a pair of silver knee-buckles. He came from Tetbury to London in a coach which travelled little more than five miles an hour, and which reached the metropolis late at night. As he passed through Piccadilly, between apparently endless rows of twinkling lamps, he thought that he should never reach Clerkenwell-close, the home of his uncle; that London was endless; and that to live in an underground kitchen into which he was shown, was unnatural and inhuman. His uncle soon apprenticed him to Mr. Mendham, of the Jerusalem Tavern, Clerkenwell-green, without either consulting his inclination or caring much about the result. Mr. Earlom, the eminent mezzotinto scraper, who lived in Rosaman-row, would have taken young Britton with a small premium, but this opportunity was neglected.

Our author, writing in the year 1850, tells us how different was the parish of Clerkenwell when he

first visited it in 1787. "The church, which now stands at the junction of the Close and the Green, was not then erected; but in its place was the church of the old Priory, with parts of the cloisters, &c. Spa-fields, from the south end of Rosaman-row to Pentonville, and from the St. John-street-road to the Bagnigge-wells-road, were really fields, devoted to the pasturage of cows, and to a forest of elm-trees, not standing and clothed with foliage in the summer, but lying on the ground to the southward of the New River-head, being destined to convey water in their hollow trunks to the southern and western parts of London, in combination with similar pipes laid under the roadways of the streets. Old Clerkenwell Prison, now replaced by 'the New Prison,' was comparatively a small building; and the large edifice called 'the Middlesex House of Correction,' in Cold-bath-fields, was not commenced.

"Within Clerkenwell-close were three or four spacious mansions with gardens, formerly occupied by wealthy personages. That called Newcastle House, as belonging to the Dukes of Newcastle, was used as the drinking-house and workshops of a cabinet-maker and upholsterer. Opposite was another spacious mansion, popularly called Cromwell House, without any proof of its having ever been occupied by the Protector; though most likely the town-house of Sir Theodore Chaloner, one of his intimate friends. There was a priory of Benedictine nuns at Clerkenwell. The priory of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem was in St. John's-square, in the immediate vicinity. The Earls of Aylesbury, Albemarle, and Compton, had mansions within the parish; Nell Gwynne resided at Bagnigge-wells; Baron Swedenborg lived in Cold-bath-street; Brothers, the poor deranged "prophet," was confined in a mad-

house in St. John-street-road, a house which belonged to the Northampton family. Thomas Britton, the musical small coal-man, lived in Aylesbury-street, whither the chief nobility of London came to hear his concerts. Sadler's-wells, the Islington-spa, Merlin's-cave, and Bagnigge-wells tea-gardens and ball-room, were all places of crowded resort in my apprentice days. On Clerkenwell-green I witnessed a man pilloried and pelted; and in Red Lion-street, another flogged at a cart's-tail, both horrifying sights." Britton happily outlived such enormities; and in one of the quiet nooks of modern-built London, in an abode of comfort approaching luxury, he passed away, in his 86th year.

We now return to Clerkenwell. Ninety years have rolled away since it was proposed to open a great road from Blackfriars-bridge to Clerkenwell and Islington, and thus to sweep away the nestling-places of much of the infamy at which we have just glanced. Dr. Fothergill was the originator of this scheme, which, however, did not get beyond paper and print. Some forty years ago the project was revived; when a writer in the *Quarterly Review* said: "We venture to consider this important improvement already secured,—which is, the extension of the great street from Blackfriars-bridge to Clerkenwell, sweeping away Fleet-market, and all that hive of infamy which has swarmed for centuries on Saffron-hill." In 1830 Fleet-market disappeared; the Fleet-prison followed in 1844. In 1840 an Act for opening a street to Clerkenwell-green, in continuation of the new road from Farringdon-street to the City of London, received the royal assent. After glancing at the ruinous and dilapidated condition of the streets, lanes, passages, and alleys to be removed, it was found that the district was densely populated, and inhabited

and resorted to by many persons of vicious and immoral character, and intersected by the common sewer called Fleet-ditch. Further Acts were passed in 1842, 1848, and 1851, and the ground was cleared for the new street in 1856. In excavating the soil were found in and near Fleet-ditch—medalets of old London, they may be called. Thus, there were a series of silver coins of the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and James II.; the sovereign or sceptre unit of James; a coin in tin, struck by James II. for America; also several halfpence and farthings of the same metal, with copper plugs in the centre; numerous leaden money-pieces, impressed with trade-devices, merchants' marks, &c.; a number of spurs and keys of various date, and a dagger presumed to be of the reign of James I.; spoons in pewter and brass, differently marked and lettered, one stamped with the date 1598; objects in leather, comprising jerkins, collars, and shoes of periods ranging from Henry VIII. to James I.; sheaths of daggers and girdle-knives; with many notable varieties of the ink-horn; and a series of tradesmen's tokens. "These we owe," says Mr. Butterworth, "to the preservative qualities of the mud of the Fleet-river."

Among the streets and places which were pulled down for the Clerkenwell Improvements, was the notorious West-street, formerly called Chick-lane, which Stow, in 1633, described as "Chicken-lane, towards Turnmill-brook, and over that brook by a bridge of timber into *the field*." "This," says Mr. Pinks, "must have been Chick-lane, and *the field* written of must have been the field which was in those days at the end of *Field-lane*. Tenements and a storehouse in Chick-lane, belonging to Thomas Stevens in 1574, were, in

1797, taken down, and the Workhouse was rebuilt thereon."

In the periodical, *God's Revenge against Murder*, No. 9, June 21, 1833, appeared an account of the committal and discovery of a murder perpetrated by Sarah and Sarah M. Metyard on Anne Naylor, in 1758. The murderesses cut up their victim's body, and Sarah Metyard took bundles of its pieces to a gully-hole in Chick-lane, where she endeavoured to throw them over the wall into the common sewer; but failing to do this, she left them among the mud and water which had collected before the grate of the sewer. The women were ten years afterwards convicted of the murder, and they were both executed at Tyburn on July 19, 1768.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxxii. p. 369.

Amongst Mr. Antlfony Crosby's drawings in the Guildhall library, are several views of old houses in West-street, an arch over the river Fleet, &c. The most notorious house here was that long known as the Red Lion tavern; but for the century preceding its destruction, in 1844, it had been used as a low lodging-house, and was the resort of thieves. It was on the north-west side of the Fleet-ditch, a few houses from Saffron-hill. From its remarkable adaptation as a hiding-place, with its various means of escape, it was a strange place. Its dark closets, trap-doors, sliding panels, and secret recesses, rendered it one of the most secure places for robbery and murder. It was here that a chimney-sweep, named Jones, who escaped out of Newgate, about three years before the destruction of the house, was so securely hidden for about six weeks, that although it was repeatedly searched by the police, he was never discovered until his hiding-place was divulged by one of its inmates. Jones was concealed by

parting off a portion of a cellar with brickwork, well besmeared with soot and dirt, to prevent detection. This cell, or den, was about four feet wide by nine in depth; and Jones had food conveyed to him through a small aperture, by a brick or two being left out next to the rafters. Part of a butcher's steel was found here, the handle marked, "Benj. Turle, July 19, 1787." It is represented to have belonged to a butcher, a man of bad character, who about that period, or somewhat later, suffered the last penalty of the law. One room, which was used as a chandler's shop by way of blind, was provided with a trap-door, through which both thief and booty could immediately be lowered to a cellar beneath, and might thence pass by a plank over Fleet-ditch, and gain a refuge in some of the alleys inhabited by other "family people," as they are termed, who communicate with Cow-cross. It was here that a sailor was robbed, and afterwards flung naked through an aperture in the wall into the Fleet, for which crime two men and a woman were transported. A skull and numerous bones were found in the cellars. The wretched place was said to have been the rendezvous of Jonathan Wild, and often the hiding-place of Jack Sheppard and Jerry Abershaw: many a foul deed had doubtless been there planned and decided on. On one occasion the police had surrounded the house to take a thief, whom they knew to be there, but he made his escape in their actual presence. Another escape was made by a trap-door beneath a bed. In this house a gang of coiners carried on their nefarious work; there was a private still, communicating with the sewer; and in a garret was a secret door which led to the roof of the next house.

Shortly before the notorious old place was taken down, in 1844, it was visited by many thousand per-

sons of all ranks, from the royal duke to the professional rogue, when the public appetite for such sights was doubtless whetted by gross exaggerations and tales of outrage and murder. In Ned Ward's time "the little stinking lane" was called Chick-lane; where measly pork and neck-of-beef stood out in wooden platters, adorned with carrots, and garnished with leaves of marigold. Plate ix. of Hogarth's "Industry and Idleness" represents a scene in the Blood Bowl House in Chick-lane, believed to be the same as the Red Lion: the whole place was true to Hogarth's picture; though Nichols tells us that "Blood Bowl House, where seldom passed a month without the commission of a murder," was in Blood Bowl-alley, down by the fishmonger's in Water-lane, Fleet-street.

Near this spot, in 1598, stood Cow-bridge, over the river of Wells, north of Oldbourne-bridge, by Cow-bridge-street, or Cow-lane, which was rebuilt of timber, more north by Chick-lane. In Hatton's *London*, 1708, we read in reference to Cow-lane, between Smithfield and Snow-hill, that there was formerly a cow-bridge over the town-ditch. After the ditch was filled up it was called Cow-lane. The name of this thoroughfare was afterwards called King-street and Raven-alley. In the time of Elizabeth the ground from Cow-cross towards the Fleet river and towards Ely House was either entirely vacant or occupied with gardens.

The notorious Saffron-hill, now divided and subdivided into courts and alleys, was long a rookery; yet many of the lodging-houses were evidently erected with some regard to the comfort of their owners. The ground on which this rookery stands formerly belonged to the Bishops of Ely; it was originally Ely-gardens, and derives its name from the crops of saffron which it

bore. It runs from Field-lane into Vine-street, so called from the vineyard attached to old Ely House. We see the gardens in Aggas's map, as a parallelogram, extending northward from Holborn-hill to the present Hatton-wall and Vine-street; and east and west from Saffron-hill to the present Leather-lane; but except Ely-rents, on Holborn-hill, the surrounding grounds were entirely open and unbuilt upon. Ely House was the town mansion of the Bishops of Ely: its first occupier was Bishop John de Kirkby, after whom is called the modern Kirby-street. Strype minutely describes Saffron-hill as "a place of small account both as to buildings and inhabitants, and pestered with small and ordinary alleys and courts, taken up by the meaner sort of people, especially the east side unto the Town-ditch, which separates this parish from St. James's, Clerkenwell; and over this ditch most of the alleys have a small boarded bridge, as Castle-alley, Bell-alley, and Blue Ball-alley. Other places on this hill are Bull-head-alley, and Dobbins's-alley, &c."

The veritable Saffron-hill is bounded by Ely-place, west; Clerkenwell and St. Saviour's parish, east; south by Holborn-hill; and north by Brook-street, generally called Mutton-hill. On the east side runs Fleet-ditch or sewer; it was once so large a creek of the Thames that at high water vessels of small size came up it a considerable distance. The Rev. Mr. Beames, in his interesting account of London Rookeries, describes from a cottage-window, Fleet-ditch as "a most unsavoury black stream of some width, not flowing so much as rushing impetuously between the walls of the houses on either side. It is only visible from the back of these tenements; it carries along with its current all sorts of refuse, corks, &c., floating on the surface. Its waters are dark and

fœtid, and it is difficult, even in cold weather, to stand a few minutes in the room when the windows looking down upon it are opened. In summer, the inhabitants tell you the stench is intolerable. This may readily be supposed, when a wide deep, open sewer, momentarily recharged with putrid matter, is running just under the kitchen of the houses." Happily this pest of a sewer is now overarched.

In like manner the name of Holborn-bridge was used long after the bridge itself had disappeared, and was applied to the valley between Skinner-street and Holborn-hill; the patronymic bridge crossing Fleet-ditch at the point where the river of Wells, called also Turnmill-brook, fell into it. Next this roadway was called Holborn-valley, and the grand improvement of crossing it with a stupendous viaduct has been termed the raising of Holborn-valley.

Mr. Crosby, who, in 1841, made drawings of the Holborn bridges, tells us that there were no fewer than four bridges over the Fleet-river, at the part called Holborn-bridge. They were joined together at the sides; two of these evidently having been added at different periods to widen the passage of the original bridge: and the additional bridge, which was erected by Wren, of red brick, in 1674, was introduced not only to widen the passage, but to supply a terminus to the canal that was formed after the Great Fire of 1666, by the cutting and embanking of the river Fleet, from Holborn to the Thames. Mr. Crosby adds: "the whole of these bridges are now hidden under the surface of the street which still bears the name of Holborn-bridge, and of the thousands who still daily pass over them, perhaps there is scarcely one who ever heard of their existence. And yet what dreams have come to him who

has stood under them and heard the rumbling of carriages passing the old arches! How imagination, awakened by the sound, is carried back to remote times, and pictures the flight of London's early citizens, their combats and slaughters at this bridge; the ancient navies too, which came up to the old arch and the stored argosy; the procession of armed knights to the combat, and of pious churchmen to St. Paul's; the resigned walk of martyrs to the stake in Smithfield; the midnight murder here committed, and the bound and chained criminals passing to execution; the lagging steps of the plague-stricken, and fearful rush of the Great Fire-frighted denizens! The scene changes, and then masons, sounds of hammers, the busy traffic of barges laden with the supplies of life, are crowding the canal. All is conjured up by busy imagination, and the realised scene only vanishes on our re-ascent to the street's surface, where we find no trace of the memorials which had called back the past to the mind's-eye—the only true magician that exists."

Early in 1838 was taken down the large Old Swan Inn, Holborn-bridge, the premises covering an acre and a half; and one of Mr. Crosby's views shows the inner yard of the inn, with a distant view of chimneys of houses in West-street. Then we read in the *Times* of August 22d, 1838: "the rear of the houses on Holborn-bridge has for many years been a receptacle for characters of the most daring and desperate condition. It was here, in a brick tenement now called by the Peachems and Lockits of the day 'Cromwell's House,' that murderous consultations were held, by the result of one of which the assassination of the unfortunate Mr. Steel was accomplished; and here, in a secret ménage (now a slaughter-house for her species), did Turpin suffer

his favourite Bess to repose many a night previously to her disastrous journey to York. It was here that the words Hounslow, Bagshot, and Finchley, resounded in boisterous revelry, while they drank to their comrades on the road."

Field-lane has been incidentally mentioned. It was well known to the present generation as a depository for stolen pocket-handkerchiefs, in the good old days when smuggled bandanas bore a premium. We remember, in boyhood, shuddering as we passed through these straits of thievery, having been told that young persons were often decoyed into the shops here, and plundered in broad daylight. That such a colony of thieves and receivers should grow up on the foul stream of the Fleet is not to be wondered at in this region of festering humanity. Thirty years ago, Mr. Dickens thus vividly painted the vile place:

"Near to the spot on which Snow-hill and Holborn meet, there opens upon the right hand, as you come out of the City, a narrow and dismal alley leading to Saffron-hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale huge bunches of pocket-handkerchiefs of all sizes and patterns —for here reside the traders who purchase them from pickpockets. Hundreds of these handkerchiefs hang dangling from pegs outside the windows, or flaunting from the door-posts; and the shelves within are piled with them. Confined as the limits of Field-lane are, it has its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried-fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself—the emporium of petty larceny, visited at early morning and setting in of dusk, by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back-parlours, and go as strangely as they come. Here the clothesman, the shoe-vamper, and the rag-merchant, display their goods as sign-boards

to the petty thief; and stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen-stuff and linen, rust and rot in the grimy cellars."

UP "THE HEAVY HILL."

This was the cant phrase for Holborn-hill, part of the old road from Newgate and the Tower to the gallows at Tyburn. The criminals were conveyed to execution in a cart, which passed from Newgate up Giltspur-street, and through Smithfield to Cow-lane; Skinner-street had not then been built, and the crooked lane which turned down by St. Sepulchre's Church, as well as Ozier-lane, did not offer sufficient width to admit of the cavalcade passing by either of them with convenience to Holborn-hill. The hill has now disappeared; but the phrase is preserved by our old dramatists. Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, has:

"*Knockem.* What! my little bear Ursula! my she-bear; art thou alive yet, with thy litter of pigs to grunt out another Bartholomew Fair? ha!

Ursula. Yes; and to amble a-foot, when the fair is done, to hear you from out of a cart up the heavy hill—

Knockem. Of Holborn, Ursula? mean'st thou so?"

In Dryden's *Limberham*, 4to, 1678, we have:

"*Aldo.* Daughter Pad; you are welcome! What, you have performed the last Christian office to your keeper! I saw you follow him up the heavy hill to Tyburn."

Then Congreve makes Sir Sampson say, in his *Love for Love*, 4to, 1695:

"Sirrah! you'll be hanged; I shall live to see you go up Holborn-hill."

Gay, in the *Beggars' Opera*, 4to, 1728, makes Polly thus anticipate Macheath's fate:

"*Polly.* Now I'm a wretch, indeed! Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity!—what volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace!—I see him at the tree."

But more to the purpose is Swift's "Clever Tom Clinch going to be hanged," 1727:

"As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
He stopped at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it when he came back.
His waistcoat and stockings and breeches were white;
His cap had a new cherry-ribbon to tie't!
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, Lack-a-day, he's a proper young man!"

The Holborn line of road, from Aldgate to Tyburn, was also chosen for the cruel whippings which Titus Oates, Dangerfield, and Johnson endured in the reign of James II. "Execution-day" must then have been a carnival of frequent occurrence. Tom Brown, in a sly piece of satire, says that "an old counsellor in Holborn went every execution-day to turn out his clerks with this compliment: 'Go, ye young rogues, go to school and improve.'"

One of the most memorable rides up the heavy hill was that of the murderer Earl Ferrers, from the Tower to Tyburn, in the first year of the reign of George the Third. Each day of his trial he was conveyed from the Tower to the House of Lords, and back: Walpole

tells us the whole way from Charing-cross to the House of Lords was lined with crowds. Upon the last day a destructive fire broke out, occasioned by a circumstance connected with the trial. On the morning of Friday, April 18th, on the premises of Messrs. Barron and Reynolds, oilmen, in Thames-street, and adjoining St. Magnus Church, a servant was watching the boiling of some inflammatory substances, when the alarm was given that Lord Ferrers was returning from his trial and condemnation. The man left his charge on the fire, and ran out to see the procession; before he could get back the whole place was in flames. By this catastrophe were consumed seven dwelling-houses, all the warehouses of Fresh Wharf, with goods in them, and the roof of the church; the whole destruction being estimated at 40,000*l.*

But the great ride was on execution-day, from the Tower to Tyburn. Lord Ferrers, according to Walpole, bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours with as much tranquillity as if he was only going to his own burial, not to his own execution. Even the awful procession, with its mixture of pageantry, shame, and ignominy, nay, of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards at each side; the other sheriff's chariot followed empty, with a mourning coach and six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe, that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the landau with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the French bookseller in the Strand. Lord

Ferrers at first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people (the blind was drawn up on his side), he said—"But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another." One of the dragoons was thrown, by his horse's leg becoming entangled in the hind wheel; Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, "I hope there will be no death to-day but mine," and was pleased when Vaillant told him the man was not hurt. The procession was stopped by the crowd. The Earl said he was dry, and wished for some wine-and-water. The sheriff said he was sorry to be obliged to refuse him. By late regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, as great indecencies had been formerly committed by the lower species of criminals getting drunk. Then the delay would be great from the vastness of the crowd, as the carriage must draw off at some tavern. "Then," said the Earl, "I must be content with this," and he took some pigtail tobacco out of his pocket. Thus, Lord Ferrers had respect unto his rank; and, declining to journey to Tyburn in a cart, went slowly and stately thither in his landau,* drawn by six horses, wherein, dressed in his wedding-suit, he rode as calmly to the gallows as the handsomest highwayman of his day; and dropped from it with as little unnecessary affectation, as though, like many a gentleman of the road, he had looked to such end as the appropriate and inevitable conclusion of his career.

These refreshings on the road have a little history. When the clearance was made in St. Giles's, some

* The landau was never afterwards used: it stood in a coach-house at Acton until it decayed and fell to pieces.

twenty years since, the Bowl Brewery was demolished. It was here that St. Giles's bowl was handed to the criminals as their last draught. Previously the gibbet stood at the Elms in St. Giles's, having been removed thither from Smithfield in the year 1413. The fatal tree was placed in the north corner of the hospital garden. The Duchess of Dudley gave to the church a great bell to be tolled on execution-days. It was at the door of this establishment that condemned criminals are said to have received the refreshment above mentioned. The practice was afterwards continued at an hostel which appears to have been built on the site of the old monastic house; of this the Bowl Brewhouse was the representative. The Bowl itself existed to our time. The culprits were likewise refreshed at a spring in Oxford-street, opposite Stratford-place, where, a few years since, a block of stone was found, bearing date 1627. It had formed the facing to a fountain or spring; and the City arms beneath the date testified, upon the history of the locality being traced back, to the fact that it belonged to a conduit which supplied the City in those days with water—most likely from the Hampstead and Highgate hills. From an opening in the front of the stone had trickled a refreshing beverage for the weary wayfarer, or the pleasure-seekers who sought Oxford-street for the cool and invigorating air of the country.

St. Sepulchre's Church, at the west end of Newgate-street, by its clock still regulates the execution of criminals. On the right-hand side of the altar is a board with a list of charitable donations and gifts, containing this item:

"1605. Mr. Robert Dowe gave for ringing the greatest bell in this church on the day the condemned prisoners are executed, and for other services for ever,

concerning such condemned prisoners, for which service the sexton is paid 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*,—£50."

It was the custom formerly for the clerk or bellman of St. Sepulchre's to go under Newgate on the night preceding the execution of a criminal, and, ringing his bell, to repeat the following verses:

"All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;
Watch and pray, the hour is drawing near,
That you before the Almighty must appear;
Examine well yourselves; in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent.
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy on your souls!"

Munday, in his edition of Stow, further explains this custom, describing Dowe's gift of the "somme of 50*l.*, that after the several sessions of London, when the prisoners remain in the gaol as condemned men to death, expecting execution on the following morning, the clarke of the church shall come in the night-time, and likewise early in the morning, to the window of the prison where they lye, and there ringing certain tolls with a handbell, appointed for the purpose, he doth afterwards (in most Christian manner) put them in mind of their present condition and coming execution, desiring them to be prepared therefor as they ought to be. When they are in the cart, and brought before the wall of the church, there he standeth ready with the same bell, and after certain tolls, rehearseth an appointed prayer, desiring all the people there present to pray for them. The beadle also of Merchant-Tailors' Hall hath an honest stipend allowed him to see that this is duly done."

Hatton describes the form in his time, 1702: "Such as are condemned to die (and are not Peers) are, after

the sheriff has received a warrant under the Queen's own hand for that purpose, drawn in a cart, except for treason, when they are dragged on a hurdle, to be hanged by the neck. They have commonly a week or ten days given to prepare them for death, and a minister (called the *Ordinary of Newgate*) to assist them therein; and the night before their execution, about 12, or midnight, these following words are spoken under the prison in the hearing of those to be executed the next day:

The Words said in the gateway of the Prison the night before the execution.

"You prisoners within, who for your wickedness and sin:

"After many mercies showed you, you are now appointed to be executed to death to-morrow in the forenoon. Give ear and understand, that to-morrow morning the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's parish shall toll for you from 6 till 10, in order and manner of a passing-bell, which used to be tolled for those which lie at the point of death, to the end that all godly people hearing that bell, and knowing it is for you going to your deaths, may be stirred up to hearty prayer to God to bestow his grace and mercy upon you, whilst you yet live. Seeing the prayers of others will do you no good, unless you turn to God in true sorrow for your sins, and pray with them for yourselves also; I beseech you all, and every one of you, for Jesus Christ's sake, to keep this night in watching, and hearty prayer to God for the salvation of your own souls, whilst there is yet time and place for mercy, as knowing that to-morrow you must appear before the judgment-seat of your Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torment for your sins

committed against him, unless upon your hearty and unfeigned repentance you obtain mercy, through the merits and death and passion of Jesus Christ your only Mediator and Redeemer, who came into the world to save sinners, and now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for you, if you penitently return to him. So, Lord have mercy upon you, Lord have mercy upon you all!"

The Words said in St. Sepulchre's Churchyard as the Prisoners are drawn by to be executed.

"All good people, pray heartily to God for these poor sinners going to their deaths, and for whom this great bell doth toll; and you that are condemned to die, repent yourselves with lamentable tears, and ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of your own souls, through the mercies, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, your only Mediator and Redeemer, who came into the world to save sinners, and now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for you, if you heartily return to him.

"So, Lord have mercy upon you, Lord have mercy upon you all!"

Formerly, the parishioners of "St. 'Pulcher's" would not suffer a traitor's corpse to be laid in their burial-ground. Awfield, executed in 1585, for "sparcinge abrood certen lewd, sedicious, and traytorous books," was presented as above for burial; but Fleetwood says, in a letter to Lord Burghley, they (the parishioners) "would not suffer a traytor's corpes to be layed in the earthe where theire parents, wyeffs, chyldren, kynred, maisters, and old neighbours did rest: and so his carcase was returned to the buryall ground neere Tyborne." A century and a half later, how-

ever, the parishioners of St. Sepulchre's admitted Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, to be buried in their churchyard.

Another curious custom was formerly observed at St. Sepulchre's Church — the presenting of a nosegay to every criminal on his way to Tyburn. One of the latest was given to "Sixteen-String Jack," which was witnessed by John Thomas Smith, who thus describes the scene in his admirable anecdote-book, *Nollekens and his Times:* "I remember well, when I was in my eighth year, Mr. Nollekens calling at my father's house in Great Portland-street, and taking me to Oxford-road, to see the notorious Jack Rann, commonly called 'Sixteen-String Jack,' go to Tyburn to be hanged for robbing Dr. William Bell, in Gunnersbury-lane, of his watch and eighteenpence in money; for which he received sentence of death on Tuesday the 26th of October 1764. The criminal was dressed in a pea-green coat, with an immense nosegay in the button-hole, which had been presented to him at St. Sepulchre's steps; and his nankeen small-cloths, we were told, were tied at each knee with sixteen strings. After he had passed, and Mr. Nollekens was leading me home by the hand, I recollect his stooping down to me and observing in a low tone of voice, 'Tom, now, my little man, if my father-in-law, Mr. Justice Welch, had been high constable, we could have walked by the side of the cart all the way to Tyburn.'"

A popular writer has thus passed in review a few of the worthies who have ridden up the Heavy Hill: "It would take a volume to tell the names only of all the villains whose passage down Snow and up Holborn Hills was demonstration clear of their having achieved that 'greatness' which Fielding has so happily illus-

trated. Look, through your fingers if you will, at the solemn spectacle. Generally speaking, it had little of solemnity in it. The heroes of the day were often on good terms with the mob, and jokes were exchanged between the men who were going to be hanged and the men who deserved to be. There they pass, from the Tower, or any one of the City prisons, to the strangular erection on 'Dedley Never-Green.' There pass Southwell, the sweet versifier; and Felton, the assassin of Buckingham; and five of the three-score-save-one who signed away the life of Charles I.; and victim after of Titus Oates; and John Smith the burglar of Queen Anne's time, the only unlucky individual who ever really came to life after being duly executed at Tyburn. And there, amid the greetings and clamour of a quarter of a million of people, passes smilingly that hideous young murderer, Jack Sheppard, whom the brightest talent cannot polish up into a hero. And there is the doubly-hideous Jonathan Wild uttering *Amen* as he picks the chaplain's pocket of a corkscrew —if the treacherous coward had enough of the energy of evil left to allow of his committing that last felony. A nobleman follows him, Lord Ferrers, gaily dressed in his wedding-suit; then a nobleman's servant, who for small pilfering suffered the same penalty that his 'betters' did for murder. Lord Harrington's man rode over the London hills to Tyburn in a frock of blue and gold, with a white cockade in his hat, as a continual assertion of his innocence. That reverend gentleman who succeeds is the very pink of fashionable preachers, Dr. Dodd. He had long lain hid in the house known as Goodenough House, at the corner of Gunnersbury-road and Brentford-lane; and for robbing the Reverend Doctor Bell, the old Princess Ame-

lia's chaplain, in front of that very house, that remarkably handsome young highwayman, with sixteen ribands at the knees of his breeches, is going also to 'the three-square stilt at Tyburn,' whither Dr. Dodd followed him."

THE ST. GILES'S AND TYBURN GALLOWS.

On the removal of the gallows from the Elms at Smithfield in the first year of Henry V. (1413), it was set up at the north corner of St. Giles's Hospital-wall, between the termination of High-street and Crown-street, opposite where the Pound stood, at which place it continued till it was transferred to Tyburn.

Pennant and others, says Robie, are incorrect in their account of St. Giles's gallows. Their authority seems to be founded on the fact of Lord Cobham having been hanged and barbarously treated there during the reign of Henry V., anno 1418, seven years after the removal of the gallows from the Elms, Smithfield. Now, it is upon record that Judge Tressillian and Sir Nicholas Brembre were executed at Tyburn as early as 1388, being twenty-seven years prior to the transfer from the Elms to St. Giles's.

This fearful picture of Tressillian's barbarous execution is taken from the *State Trials*: "Immediately Tressillian is taken from the Tower, and placed on a hurdle and drawn through the streets of the City, with a wonderful concourse of people following him. At every furlong's end he was suffered to stop, that he might rest himself, and to see if he would confess or acknowledge anything; but what he said to the friar, his confessor, is not known. When he came to the

place of execution, he would not climb the ladder until such time as being soundly beaten with bats and staves, he was forced to go up; and when he was up, he said, 'So long as I do wear anything upon me I shall not die;' whereupon the executioner stripped him, and found certain images painted like to the *signs of the heavens, and the head of a devil* painted, and the names of many of the *devils* written on parchment: these being taken away, he was hanged up naked: and after he had hanged some time, that the spectators should be sure he was dead, they cut his throat, and because the night approached they let him hang till the next morning, and then his wife, having a license of the King, took down his body, and carried it to the Grey Friars, where it was buried."

Mr. Dobie has taken some trouble to ascertain when Tyburn first became a place of execution, but has not been able to trace it earlier than the period when the above eminent persons suffered there. Fuller in his *Church History*, speaking of Lord Cobham's execution, says: "At last he was drawn on a hurdle to the gallows; his death, as his crime, being double, he was hanged and burned for a traitor and a heretick." "Hence," he adds, "some have deduced the etymology of Tyburn, from *ty* and *burn*, the necks of offending persons being tyed thereunto, whose legs and lower parts were consumed in the flame." If this definition has any foundation, the question is set at rest at once. The last criminal, Ryland, was executed here for forgery, in 1783; and the site of the gallows is identified with a house, No. 49 Connaught-square; also, in the lease granted by the Bishop of London, this is particularly mentioned. In the year 1784, the mode now adopted was first introduced, called the New Drop, the first

notice of which is a melancholy record of crime, no less than fifteen being then executed, June 23d, 1784; and in the following year, from February to December 1st, no fewer than the unprecedented number of ninety-six individuals suffered at Newgate by this novel process.

SOME ACCOUNT OF JACK KETCH.

The earliest hangman whose name has descended to us, as far as that accomplished antiquarian writer, Dr. Rimbault, has been able to trace, is one Bull, who is mentioned in his public capacity in Gabriel Harvey's tract against Nash, called *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593.

Bull was succeeded by the more celebrated Derrick, who appears to have been a "prime villain," and well adapted for his odious occupation. Derrick cut off the head of the unfortunate Earl of Essex in the year 1601. This circumstance is the more remarkable because Derrick, on one occasion, had his own life saved by the interposition of the Earl. Both these facts are stated in a ballad of the time. It seems that Derrick had accompanied the Earl of Essex in the well-known expedition to Cadiz, and had there hanged no fewer than twenty-three prisoners; but that having himself committed a gross outrage upon a woman, he would have been hanged in his turn, had not Essex interfered to save him. In the ballad in question, the Earl, on the scaffold, thus addresses the executioner:

> "Derrick, thou know'st at Cades I sav'd
> Thy life, lost for a rape there done;
> Where thou thyself can'st testify
> Thine own hand three-and-twenty hung."

Everybody is familiar with Sir Walter Scott's allusions

to Derrick and his successor Gregory, of whom we shall speak presently, in Sir Mungo Malagrowther's inimitable description of the mutilation of Stubbs and Page for the publication of a violent book against the match of Elizabeth with the Duke of Alençon. (See the *Fortunes of Nigel.*) He appears to have gained an extensive reputation, and to have been frequently alluded to in the publications of the day as a well-known character. In Dekker's *Bellman of London*, 1608, under the article "Prigging Law," are the following notices of this worthy: "For he rides his circuit with the Devil, and Derrick must be his host, and Tiburne the land at which he will light." "At the gallows, where I leave them, as to the haven at which they must all cast anchor, if Derrick's cables do but hold." Again, at the end of his *Wonderful Year* is this passage: "But by these tricks imagining that many thousands have been turned wrongfully off the ladder of life; and praying that Derrick or his successors may live to do those a good turn that have done so to others. *Hic finis Priami!* Here is an end of an old song." In that amusing chronicle of life and manners, the *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, is another notice: "Salerne stands in the luxurious country of Naples; and who knows not that the Neapolitan will, like Derrick the hangman, embrace you with one arm?" &c. Middleton also mentions him in the *Blacke Booke*, 1604: "Then another door opening rearward, there came puffing out of the next room a villanous lieutenant without a hand, as if he had been new cut down, like one at Wapping, with his cruel garters about his neck, which fitly resembled two of Derrick's necklaces." These necklaces are, of course, the hangman's ropes. He filled his unenviable calling for nearly half a century.

In a political broadside, entitled *Prattle your Pleasure*, printed 1647, he is thus spoken of:

"Pray stay till Sir Thomas doth bring in the King,
Then Derrick may chance have them all in a string."

In the ballad of the *Penitent Taylor*, 1647, another executioner is mentioned:

"I had bin better to have liv'd in beggary,
Than thus to fall into the hands of Gregory."

We have thus, probably, the exact period of his death. At any rate, he was dead before the year 1650, when Edward Gayton alludes to him in his *Festivious Notes upon Don Quixote:* "And a father of all these have Derrick, or his successor; and the mother of the grand family, Maria *Sciss*—Marsupia (Moll Cutpurse), who is seldom troubled at the loss of any of them, having many and to spare." From Derrick was named the temporary crane formed on board ship for unloading and general hoisting purposes, by lashing one spar to another, gibbet fashion.

Derrick was succeeded by the notorious Gregory Brandon, who seems early to have been his pupil, and the assistant of his declining years. In a paper called the *Parliament Kite*, 1648, is the following:

"What would you say to see them fall,
With both their houses vile;
Because they have deceived us all,
Now Gregory they'll beguile."

In connection with this man a remarkable trick was played off by Ralph Brooke, then York Herald, upon Sir William Segar, Garter-King-of-Arms, as related in the Life of Camden, prefixed to the *Britannia;* and whence has originated the strange notion, so currently entertained, that an executioner who had beheaded any state

criminal for high treason was advanced to the rank of esquire. The story goes, that this Ralph Brooke employed a person to carry a coat-of-arms, ready drawn, to Garter-King-of-Arms, and to pretend it belonged to Gregory Brandon, a gentleman who formerly lived in London, but then residing in Spain, and to desire Garter to set his hand to it. To prevent deliberation, the messenger was instructed to pretend that the vessel that was to carry the confirmation into Spain, when it had received the seal of the office and Garter's hand, was just ready to sail. This being done and the fee paid, Brooke carries it to Thomas, Earl of Arundel, then one of the commissioners for executing the office of Earl Marshal; and in order to defame Garter, assures his lordship that these were the arms of Arragon, with a canton for Brabant, and that Gregory Brandon was a mean and inconsiderable person; which was true enough, he being the common hangman for London and Middlesex. Ralph Brooke afterwards confessed the circumstance to the commissioners who represented the Earl Marshal; the consequence of which was that Garter was by order of the King, when he heard the case, committed to prison for negligence, and the herald for treachery. In this wise it happened that Brandon became a *gentleman*, which the mob in joke soon elevated into esquire; a title by which he was known for the rest of his life, and which was afterwards transferred to his successors in office."

This functionary was very popular in his calling, and frequently acted as a substitute for Derrick. The gallows was sometimes called by his Christian name:

> "This trembles under the Black Rod, and he
> Doth fear his fate from the *Gregorian* tree."

Gregory Brandon did not long retain his post of chief

executioner. He was succeeded by his son Richard, the infamous butcher of Charles I. Among the Civil War tracts in the British Museum is "the Confession of Richard Brandon the Hangman (upon his deathbed), concerning his beheading his late Majesty. Printed in the Year of the Hangman's downfall, 1649." In another, "the Last Will and Testament of Richard Brandon," printed in the same year, at p. 7 Brandon is stated to have been twice condemned by the law to be hanged for having two wives, and by the mercy of the state pardoned, as a fit instrument of their new reformation."

He was the only son of Gregory Brandon, and claimed the gallows by inheritance. First he beheaded the unfortunate Earl of Strafford. In the burial register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, the following entry occurs: "1649. June 21. Richard Brandon, a man out of Rosemary-lane." To which is added, "This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles the First." He was assisted by his man Ralph Jones, a ragman in Rosemary-lane; and a tract in the British Museum, entitled "The Confession of Richard Brandon, the Hangman, upon his Deathbed, concerning the Beheading of his late Majesty," printed in 1649, relates that the night after the execution he returned home to his wife, living in Rosemary-lane, and gave her the money he had received, 30*l.*; that about three days before he died, he lay speechless. For the burial whereof *great store of wines were sent by the sheriff of the City of London*, and a great multitude of people stood waiting to see his corpse carried to the churchyard, some crying out, 'Hang him, rogue!' 'Bury him in the dunghill!' others pressing upon him, saying they would quarter him for executing the king; insomuch that the churchwardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for

the suppression of them; and with great difficulty he was at last carried to Whitechapel churchyard. See Ellis's *Letters on English History*, vol. iii. second series; and the *Trial of Charles I.*, vol. xxxi. of the *Family Library*.

The next public hangman was the well-known "Squire Dunn:"

> "And while the work is carrying on,
> Be ready listed under Don;
> That worthy patriot, once the bellows
> And tinder-box of all his fellows."

The same author, in his *Proposals for forming Liberty of Conscience*, published in 1663, amongst other resolutions, gives: "Resolved that a day of fasting be appointed, praying to be delivered from the hand of Dun, that uncircumcised Philistine." Cotton mentions him in his *Virgil Travestie:*

> "Away, therefore, my lass doth trot,
> And presently a halter got,
> Made of the best string hempen seer;
> And ere a cat could lick her ear,
> Had tied it up with so much art,
> As Dun himself could do for his heart."

In the collection of Richard Heber was the following rare tract; "Groans from Newgate; or, an Eligy upon Edward Dun, Esq., the Cities Common Hangman, who Dyed Naturally in his Bed, the 11th of September, 1663. Written by a Person of Quality, and licensed according to order. London, Printed by Edward Crouch, dwelling on Snow Hill, 1663." On the title-page is a coat of arms, and on a label underneath, the words, "Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw." The brochure consists of fifty-eight lines, concluding with the following:

"HIS EPITAPH.

Underneath this place doth lie
The miracle of crueltie;
I'll tell thee now I have begun;
Then know, kind reader, all's bad *Dun*."

From the body of the work is the following:

"He's gone (she cries), that often stood
More than *knuckle*-deep in *blood*.
Oh! with what a dextrous art
He would pull out a *traytor's* heart!
Never did musick please him well,
Except it were *St. 'Pulcher's bell*.
'Twas his altar and his spouse,
To whom he often paid his vows."

This monster was succeeded by the infamous Jack Ketch—that dreaded name which has descended with his successors down to the present time. Pegge, in his *Curialia Miscellanea*, 1818, p. 338, says: "Whether the name of *Ketch* be not the provincial pronunciation of *Catch* among the Cockneys, I have my doubts, though I have printed authority to confront me; for that learned and laborious compiler, R. E. Gent, the editor of the *Canting Dictionary*, says that Jack Kitch, for so he spells it, was the real name of a hangman, which has become that of all his successors. When this great man lived, for such we must suppose him to have been, and renowned for his popularity and dexterity, biographical history is silent."

The earliest notice Dr. Rimbault has found of Jack Ketch (although he believes he *immediately* succeeded Dun) is in the year 1678, in a broadside—"The Plotter's Ballad; being Jack Ketch's incomparable receipt for the cure of traytorous recusants." And in the same year appeared a quarto tract: "The Tyburn Ghost; or Strange Downfal of the Gallows, a most true Rela-

tion how the famous Triple Tree, near Paddington, was pluckt up by the roots, and demolisht by certain Evil Spirits; with Jack Ketch's Lamentation for the Loss of his Shop, 1678."

Jack Ketch seems to have got into trouble, for next year produced "Squire Ketch's Declaration concerning his late Confinement in the Queen's Bench, and Marshalsea, whereby his hopeful harvest was liked to have been blasted, 1679."

In 1681 we find him at Oxford: "Aug. 31, 1681, Wednesday at 11, Stephen College suffered death by hanging in the Castle Yard, Oxon, and when he had hanged about half-an-hour was cut down by *Catch*, or *Ketch*, and quartered under the gallows." (*A. Wood's Life*, by Bliss, 1848.) D'Urfey mentions Ketch in his humorous poem entitled *Butler's Ghost*, 1682; and in the following year he is thus alluded to in the Epilogue to Dryden and Lee's *Duke of Guise:*

> "Lenitives, he says, suit best with our condition:
> Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician."

This man was the executioner of Lord Russell and the Duke of Monmouth. Macaulay, in his account of the death of the latter, says: "He then accosted John Ketch, the executioner, a wretch who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office. 'Here,' said the Duke, 'are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some gold if you do the work well.'" (*Hist. England*, ed. 1858, ii. 205.)

The name of Ketch was often associated in the lam-

poons of the day with that of his brother in crime, the infamous Lord Jeffreys. One poet says:

"While Jeffreys on the bench, Ketch on the gibbet sits."

In the year which followed Monmouth's execution, Ketch was turned out of his office. In the Diary of Narcissus Luttrell we read: "January 1685-6. Jack Ketch, the hangman, for affronting the Sheriffs of London, was committed to Bridewell, and is turned out of his place; and one Rose, a butcher, put in."

This event gave occasion to "The Tyburn Poet," and a broadside appeared (a copy of which is preserved in the City Library), under the following title: "A Pleasant Discourse by way of Dialogue, between the Old and New Jack Ketch, 1685." How long Ketch continued in his office, or whether he died peaceably in his bed, is not added. It appears that he grew rich. Titus Oates is made to say in his *Melancholy Complaint:*

"The many famous deeds that I have done,
Since the kingdom's naughty work begun,
Have made Ketch half as rich as Squire Don."*

In Lloyd's *Ms. Collection of English Pedigrees* (Brit. Museum) occurs the origin of this notorious cognomen: "The manor of Tyburn was formerly held by Richard *Jaquett*, where felons were for a long time executed; from whence we have *Jack Ketch*." There is skill in his art. Dryden observes, with rare humour: "A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of her servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband."

Formerly, when a person prosecuted for any offence, and the prisoner was executed at Tyburn, the prose-

* Abridged from *Notes and Queries*, 2d series, xi. pp. 445-9.

cutor was presented with a "Tyburn Ticket," which exempted him and its future holders from serving on juries; this privilege was not repealed until the 6th Geo. IV.

The following document, which we copied from the "bill" in the possession of one of the family of the hanged man, in 1841, tends to rectify the old error that it costs only thirteenpence-halfpenny for the hangman's fees. It is copied verbatim from a bill made out by the executioner, when Sir John Silvester was Recorder of London:

SILVESTER.	*s.*	*d.*
Execution Fees	7	6
Stripping the Body	4	6
Use of Shell	2	6
1813. *Nov.* 10.	14	6

Some forty years since, there were always two persons employed in London to perform all executions, hangings, whippings, pillories, &c., and each of them had a salary of 50*l.* a year; and when a vacancy occurred, there were many candidates for the office (*Notes and Queries*, 1855). This statement is corroborated by the following evidence, which we remember to have heard from the lips of the Sheriff, who has inserted the same in the *Anecdote Library*, published by him in 1826:

"*Wages of Jack Ketch.*—During the shrievalty of Sir Richard Phillips (1808-9) no execution took place in London; but on some culprit being ordered to be whipped, Jack Ketch came to the sheriff, and plainly told him he might do it himself. 'What do you mean by such conduct?' exclaimed the sheriff. 'Why, to tell your honour the truth,' cried Jack, 'you have made my place worth nothing at all. I used to get a few suits of clothes after a sessions; but for many months I have

had no job but whipping, and that puts nothing in a man's pocket.' 'Well, but, Mr. Ketch, you are paid your salary of a guinea a week by the under-sheriff; and this seems sufficient, as your office has now become almost a sinecure.' 'Why, as to the matter of that,' said Ketch, 'do you see, sir, I've half-a-guinea a week to pay my man, and therefore only half-a-guinea for myself; and if it wasn't for a hanging job now and then in the country, where there's few in my line, I should lately have been quite ruined. I used to get clothes, and very often some gentleman would tip me a few guineas for civility, before he was turned off. However, I'll go on so no longer; so, if your honour won't raise my salary, I mean no offence, but you must perform this whipping yourself.' There was reason in the man's argument; and as there seemed no alternative, the sheriff demanded his expectation. 'A guinea-and-a-half, your honour; that is, a guinea for me, and half-a-guinea for my assistant there; and without the customary perquisites, I can't fill the office for less; and no man knows his duty better. I've tied up many a good fellow in my time, and never had the least complaint.' 'Well, well, Mr. Ketch,' said the sheriff, 'as I hope to be able to continue to deprive you of your favourite perquisite, you shall have the guinea-and-a-half.' 'Then God bless your honour!' exclaimed the fellow; and he and his man began to their whips in high spirits."

James Botting retired from this post about the year 1820, when he petitioned the Court of Aldermen for a pension, at the same time representing the services he had performed for the country, and the disagreeable duties of his office: the result was the settlement of a pension of 5*s.* per week for life. Botting was a good

deal excited about Greenacre the murderer, and on the day appointed for his execution the retired hangman called aloud from his bed, at the moment of the clock striking the hour of eight, "That's the time o' day—I'm blest if he ain't coming out to nap it!"

Daines Barrington says that, in his day, when an executioner was wanted in the maritime counties of North Wales, the hangman was always procured from Cheshire, and paid an extraordinary price.

RESUSCITATION AFTER HANGING.

Vague and indiscriminate tales are related of persons who, as criminals, have undergone the infliction of the punishment of hanging without total extinction of life. In the *Craftsman* of Saturday, Sept. 27, 1740, it appears one William Duell had been concerned in the violation, robbery, and murder of a young woman in a barn at Acton; and the *Craftsman* of Saturday, Nov. 29, 1740, states that Duell having undergone execution, and being brought to Surgeons'-hall to be anatomised, *symptoms of life appeared, and he quite recovered.* But Mat o' the Mint in the *Beggars' Opera* says: "My poor brother Tom had an accident this time twelvemonth; and so clever a made fellow he was, that I could not save him from those flaying rascals the surgeons; and now, poor man, he is among the 'atomies at Surgeons'-hall." Yet in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. x. p. 570, we find it stated that the body of Duell was brought to Surgeons'-hall to be anatomised; "but after it was stripped and laid on the board, and one of the servants was washing him in order to be cut, he

perceived life in him, and found his breath to come quicker and quicker; on which a surgeon took some ounces of blood from him. In two hours he was able to sit up in his chair, and in the evening was again committed to Newgate. On the 9th of December following Duell was ordered to be transported for life."

The compiler of a curious memorial, 1686, records, among "Notable Events in the Reign of Henry VI.," that "soon after the good Duke of Gloucester was secretly murthered, five of his menial servants, viz. Sir Roger Chamberlain knt., Middleton, Herber, Artzis, and John Needham gent., were condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; and hanged they were at Tyburn, let down quick, stript naked, marked with a knife to be quartered; and then the Marquis of Suffolk brought their pardon, and delivered it at the place of execution; and so their lives were saved."

Hatton, in his *London*, 1708, relates: "On Dec. 12, 1705, one John Smith, condemned for felony and burglary, being conveyed to Tyburn, after he had hanged about a quarter of an hour, a reprieve coming, he was cut down, and being let blood, came to himself, to the great admiration of the spectators."

When it is considered that death takes place after hanging, in most cases by asphyxia, in very rare cases by dislocation of the spine, we can understand the possibility of recovery within certain limits.

An odd story is told by Brasbridge, the silversmith of Fleet-street, of a surgeon in Gough-square, who had purchased for dissection the body of a man who had been hung at Tyburn. The servant-girl, wishing to take a peep at the defunct, stole upstairs to the room where the body had been deposited, and was horrified at seeing *him* sitting up, when she ran downstairs in

great terror. The surgeon humanely concealed the resuscitated subject in his house until he could get him conveyed to America. This he did, and outfitted him at his own expense. The man prospered, made a handsome fortune, which he gratefully left, many years after, to his deliverer and benefactor.

In *Notes and Narratives of a Six-Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London*, by R. W. Vanderkiste, is the following: "A woman lived close by who was hung at Newgate, but lived for many years afterwards. She kept harbour for thieves and other bad characters for nearly twenty years subsequently. This person was condemned to death for passing 1*l.* forged notes, and by some means managed to introduce a siver tube into the gullet. Prison regulations were at that period very lax. As many as ten or even more persons were executed at Newgate at once, and the care which is now exercised was not taken then. She was delivered to her friends for burial immediately after the execution, and hurried home, where, after considerable difficulty, she was restored to life."

Theodore Hook, in his *Maxwell*, relates a story of resuscitation, said to be founded on the supposed recovery of a distinguished forger, who had paid the last penalty for his offences, but who did not really die until a long time after.

There is a powerfully written story in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April 1827, entitled "Le Revenant," in which a resuscitated felon is supposed to describe his feelings and experience. The author, in his motto, makes a sweeping division of mankind: "There are but two classes in the world—those that are *hanged*, and those that are *not hanged;* and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

A person of great accuracy and responsibility informed a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* that he had seen and recognised Fauntleroy in Paris, after the supposed execution of that criminal. But another correspondent writes: "I lately made inquiries of an esteemed friend, Thomas Herring, Esq., of Weybridge-heath, who assured me that he knew Fauntleroy well when alive, and that he witnessed Fauntleroy's execution at the Old Bailey on November 30, 1824; and I think that Mr. Herring added that he saw the dead body after the execution. Mr. Herring positively asserted that he saw Fauntleroy 'hanged by the neck until he was dead,' and that there could have been no mistake in the matter."

A SCHOOL FOR THIEVES.

The readers of *Oliver Twist* will recognise something like the seminary kept in the darkened old house near Field-lane in the following account of a School for Thieves, discovered in 1585 by Fleetwood the Recorder, and reported by him to Lord Treasurer Burghley. He relates that "one Wotton, a gentleman born, and some time a merchant of good credit, but fallen by time into decay, kept an ale-house at Smart's Quay, near Billingsgate; and after, for some misdemeanour, being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about the City to repair to his said house. Here was a school-house set up to learn young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up: one was a pocket, and the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawks'-bells; and over the top

did hang a little scaring-bell. The purse had silver in it; and he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a public Hoyster; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, was adjudged a judicial Nupper. Note—that a Hoyster is a pickpocket, and a Nupper is termed a pick-purse or a cut-purse. Syft is to rob a shop or a gentleman's chamber; shave is to take a cloak, a sword, a silver spoon, or such-like that is negligently looked unto."

In Wotton's house at Smart's Quay were written in a table divers poysies, and among the rest:

"Si spie sporte, si non spie, tunc steale.
Si spie, si non spie, hoyste, nyppe, lyfte, shave, and spare not."

As a companion sketch, take the following from the *Annual Register* for 1765: "March 25. At an examination of four boys, detected at picking pockets, before the Lord Mayor, one of them, admitted as evidence, gave the following account: 'A man who kept a public-house near Fleet-market has a club of boys whom he instructed in picking pockets and other iniquitous practices. He began by teaching them to pick a handkerchief out of his own pocket, and even his watch; by which means the evidence at last became so great an adept, that he got the publican's watch four times in one evening, when the master swore that his scholar was as perfect as one of twenty years' practice. The pilfering out of shops was the next art. In this, his instructions to his pupils were, that at such chandlers' and other shops as had hatches, one boy should knock for admission for some trifle, whilst another was lying on his belly close to the hatch, who, when the first boy came out, the hatch remaining on jar, and the owner

being withdrawn, was to crawl on all-fours, and take the tills, or anything else he could meet with, and to retire in the same manner. Breaking into shops by night was the third article, which was to be effected thus: As brick walls under shop-windows are generally very thin, two of them were to lie under a shop-window as destitute beggars, asleep in appearance to passers-by; but when alone, were with pickers to pick the mortar out of the bricks, and so on, till they had opened a hole big enough to go in; when one was to lie, as if asleep, before the breach, till the other accomplished his purpose.'"

There was an olden locality in London, which had an unmistakeable name; this was Thieves' (Thies') Lane, leading out of King-street, Westminster; so called because it was the passage for rogues and prisoners to be conducted to the Gate-house, in order to preclude the possibility of their making an escape into the Sanctuary.

JACK SHEPPARD—FROM THE PULPIT.

In the *Annals of Newgate,* by the Ordinary, the Rev. Mr. Villette, is the following strange story, which was told to the clerical functionary by a friend: "One evening," he says, "as I was returning home from the other end of the town, I somehow missed my way, and passing by a porch, I heard the sound of a preacher's voice, upon which I turned back and stepped in. He was pretty near the conclusion of his sermon. What I heard was so small a part, and so remarkable, that I believe I can repeat it almost *verbatim.* These were his words, or at least to this effect: 'Now, my beloved, what a melancholy consideration it is that men should

show so much regard for the preservation of a poor perishing body; that can remain at most for a few years, and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul, which must continue to the ages of eternity! . . . . We have a remarkable instance of this in a notorious malefactor, well known by the name of Jack Sheppard. What amazing difficulties has he overcome, what astonishing things has he performed, for the sake of a stinking, miserable carcass, hardly worth hanging! How dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail! how manfully burst his fetters asunder, climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him, till he got upon the leads of the prison: and then, fixing a blanket to the wall with a spike, he stole out of the chapel! How intrepidly did he descend to the top of the turner's house, and how cautiously pass down the stairs and make his escape at the street-door! *O, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!* Mistake me not, my brethren; I don't mean in a carnal, but in a spiritual sense; for I purpose to spiritualise these things. . . . . Let me exhort you, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take from thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourself to the leads of divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the church; let yourself down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility: so shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner

the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.'"

With what eloquence has the preacher here embellished the incidents of the notorious housebreaker's wicked life! They are told in an unvarnished form in a pamphlet entitled "A Narrative of all the Robberies, Escapes, &c. of John Sheppard: giving an exact description of the manner of his wonderful escape from the *castle* in *Newgate*, and of the methode he took afterwards for his security. *Written by himself during his confinement* in the Middle Stone-room, after his being retaken in Drury-lane. To which is prefixed a True Representation of his Escape from the *Condemned Hold*, curiously engraved on a copper-plate. The whole published at the particular request of the prisoner. The Third Edition. London: *Printed and Sold* by John Applebee, a little below Bridewell-bridge, in Black-fryers, 1724. (*Price Sixpence.*)" This pamphlet, somewhat rare, and for which we paid half-a-crown, is dated

> "Middle Stone-Room, in
> Newgate, Novem. 10,
> 1724."

Sir James Thornhill, "historical painter to his Majesty," we know, painted, in Newgate, the vagabond physiognomy of the housebreaker: the picture was engraved, and sold by thousands at one shilling a-piece by the Bowleses of St. Paul's Churchyard and Stock's Market, and it was said, "no housebreaker was ever so highly honoured before;" but all this falls short of the preacher's eloquence.

JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

At No. 68, the second door south of Ship-court in the Old Bailey, and three doors from Ludgate-hill, on the west side, lived Jonathan Wild, the infamous thief and thief-taker. His house was distinguished by the sign of the head of Charles I.

Almost every great man achieves his greatness by distinction in some particular sphere. Jonathan Wild's lay in the trade of the restoration of stolen property, carried on from about the year 1712, through a secret confederacy with all the regular thieves, burglars, and highwaymen of the metropolis, whose depredations he prompted and directed. His success received some check by an Act of Parliament passed in 1717, by which persons convicted of receiving or buying goods, knowing them to have been stolen, were made liable to transportation for fourteen years; and by another clause of which it was enacted, with a particular view to Wild's proceedings, such as trafficking in stolen goods, and dividing the money with felons. Wild's ingenuity and audacity enabled him for some years to elude this new law, but at length he was convicted upon the above clauses, and executed at Tyburn, on the 24th of May 1725; and thus was broken up and ended the iniquitous system which Wild had invented, and so long carried on. Jonathan really in one sense merited the surname of *the great*, bestowed upon him by Fielding, in whose history of him, although the incidents are fictitious, there is no exaggeration of his talents or courage, any more than of his unscrupulousness and destitution of all kinds of moral principle. Wild professed to be the most zealous of thief-takers; to ordinary observation his life and strength appeared to be spent in the pursuit

and apprehension of felons. At his trial he had a printed paper handed to the jury, entitled "A List of Persons discovered, apprehended, and convicted of several robberies on the highway, and also for burglary and house-breaking, and also for returning from transportation, by Jonathan Wild;" and containing the names of thirty-five robbers, twenty-two house-breakers, and ten returned convicts, whom he had been instrumental in getting hanged. This statement was probably true enough: in the accounts of the trials at the Old Bailey for many years before it came to his own turn, he repeatedly appears as giving evidence on the side of the prosecution, and in many cases as having taken a leading part in the apprehension of the prisoner.

Of course, in carrying on his trade of blood, Wild was occasionally turned upon by his betrayed, maddened, and desperate victim; but whenever this happened, his matchless effrontery bore down everything before it. In a trial of three persons indicted for several robberies in January 1723, he gave the following account of his proceedings: "Some coming (I suppose from the prosecutors) to me about the robbery, I made it my business to search after the prisoners, for I had heard that they used to rob about Hampstead; and I went about it the more willingly because I had heard they had threatened to shoot me through the head. I offered 10*l.* a-head for any person who would discover them; upon which a woman came and told me that the prisoners had been with her husband, to entice him to turn out with them; and if I would promise he should come and go safely, he would give me some intelligence. I gave her my promise; and her husband came accordingly, and told me that Levee and Blake were at that time cleaning their pistols at a house in Fleet-lane. I

went thither and seized them both." The husband of the woman, it appears, had actually been a party in one of the robberies, though he now came forward to convict his associates, having been no doubt all along in league with Wild; and Blake (more famous under his other cognomen of Blueskin) also figured as king's evidence on this occasion, and frankly admitted that he had been out with the prisoners. They, the three unlucky persons who found themselves placed in the dock, while their associates were thus preferred to the witness-box, "all," says the account of the trial, vehemently "exclaimed against Jonathan Wild;" but they were all found guilty, and swung in company upon Tyburn-tree a few days after.

Jonathan, however, to do him full justice, did not to the last moment altogether desert even those of his friends whom, in his bold and comprehensive view of the true policy of trade, he thus occasionally found it expedient to sacrifice for the general good of the concern. It came to Blueskin's turn to be tried for his life, convicted, and hanged, within two years after this occurrence. Wild was to have been an evidence against him; but a day or two before the trial, when he went to pay a visit to his intended victim in the bail-dock, Blueskin suddenly drew a clasped penknife, and falling upon Jonathan, cut his throat, though the blade was too blunt to do the work effectually. When the verdict was given, Blueskin addressed the court as follows: "On Wednesday morning last, Jonathan Wild said to Simon Jacobs (another prisoner soon after transported), 'I believe you will not bring 40*l.* this time: I wish Joe (meaning me) was in your case; but I'll do my endeavour to bring you off as a single felon' (crimes punishable only by transportation, whipping, imprisonment,

&c., were denominated single felonies). And then, turning to me he said, 'I believe you must die; *I'll send you a good book or two, and provide you a coffin, and you shall not be anatomised.*'"

The reward of 40*l.*, which Wild could not manage to make Jacobs bring "this time," was part of a system established by various Acts of Parliament, which assigned certain money-payments to be made to persons apprehending and prosecuting to conviction highway robbers, coiners, and other delinquents. Four of a gang were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for seven years; to be each twice set in the pillory. The first time it was set up in Holborn, near Hatton Garden, when three of the wretches were pilloried, and were so severely handled by the mob, that they with difficulty escaped with their lives; and when, three days after, the other two were pilloried in the middle of Smithfield Round, they were assaulted with showers of oyster-shells, stones, &c., and one was struck dead. The payments made to the miscreants were termed *Blood-money*, which, when received, was divided during an entertainment significantly termed the *Blood-feast.*

There is preserved in the Corporation Library at Guildhall a letter addressed to the civic authorities by Jonathan Wild, applying for a situation as a sort of public prosecutor; and some years since the skeleton of Wild was in the possession of a surgeon at Windsor.

Another object which formerly belonged to this notorious thief and thief-taker has been judged of sufficient interest to be exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries, in the year 1866, when Colonel the Hon. Percy Fielding exhibited a musketoon given by Jonathan Wild to Blueskin, and by Sir John Fielding, the well-known

magistrate, to his half-brother, Henry Fielding, Esq., as shown by inscriptions upon the weapon.

HOGARTH'S "LONDON APPRENTICES," OR "INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS."

The moral of this famous story is thus admirably told in one of Mr. Thackeray's celebrated *Lectures:*

"Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of Whittington and the London 'Prentice, whilst that reprobate Tom Idle prefers Moll Flanders, and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to church of a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery; while Tom lies on a tombstone outside playing at halfpenny-under-the-hat with street blackguards, and is deservedly caned by the beadle. Frank is made overseer of the business, while Tom is sent to sea. Frank is taken into partnership, and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his nightcap and gown, with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the City bands and the marrow-bones and cleavers; whilst idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets. The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq., becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which money can purchase or alderman devour; whilst poor Tom is taken up in a night-cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday. What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his country, in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognises his old brother 'prentice as Tom's

one-eyed friend peaches on him, and the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes. Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it; whilst the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his Mansion-house in his gilt coach with four footmen and a sword-bearer, whilst the companies of London march in the august procession, whilst the trainbands of the City fire their pieces and get drunk in his honour, and oh! crowning delight and glory of all, whilst his Majesty the king looks out from his royal balcony, with his ribbon on his breast and his Queen and his star by his side, at the corner house of St. Paul's-churchyard, where the toy-shop now is. In that last plate of the 'London Apprentices' in which the apotheosis of the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild is drawn, a ragged fellow is represented in the corner of the simple kindly piece, offering for sale a broadside purporting to contain an account of the appearance of the ghost of Tom Idle, executed at Tyburn."

END OF VOL. I.

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INDEX TO VOL. I.

ALLEYS in Clerkenwell, 271.
Ashmole, the antiquary, 182.
Askew, Anne, burning of, 259.
Aylesbury House, Leicester-square, 158.

Barnard's, Furnival's, and Clifford's Inns, 211.
Barristers, outer and inner, 183.
Bell-yard, 182.
Benchers of the Temple, by C. Lamb, 203, 204.
Black spots in Clerkenwell, 266.
Boiling to death in Smithfield, 260.
Boswell-court, Old, 175.
Brewerresses of Fleet-street, 87.
Brandon, Gregory, the hangman, 293.
Brandon, Richard, the executioner, 300.
Bridewell, Clerkenwell, 269.
Bridewell, last of the, 231.
Burford's Panorama, 169.
Burghley, Lord, in Gray's-Inn, 267.
Burning of Savile House, 160.
Burning in a tun, 257.
Burnings in Smithfield, 254.
Bush taverns, 89.
Butter sold liquid, 91.

Carey-street, Old, 176.
Chambers, living in, 193, 220.
Charing-cross, ancient, 105.
Cheapside, *temp.* Elizabeth, 112.
Chick-lane murders, 276, 277.
City, *temp.* Elizabeth, 112.
Civic charter of 1067, 1.
Clement's, St., Strand, old, 173.
Clement's-Inn, Falstaff and Shallow, 213.
Clerkenwell, black spots in, 269.
Clerkenwell 80 years since, 273.
"Clever Tom Clinch," 285.
Cobham, Lord, execution of, 295.
Cock-fighting in Tothill-Fields, 148.
Coke, Sir E., in chambers, 191.
Cold Harbour and Queenhithe, 99.
Congregational church, first, 232.
Courts-of-Justice site, Strand, 172.
Cowper in the Temple, 227.
Cowper at Westminster School, 230.
Cranmer and Rogers, burning of, 259.
Criminal history of Inns of Court, 194; 195.
Crosby's Drawings, 277.

Dagger in City arms, 7.
Dances in London, the, 84.
Degradation of a knight, 246.
Degradation of a priest, 256.
Derrick, the executioner, 296, 297.
Dinner in the Temple, 225, 226.
"Dr. Johnson's Staircase," Inner Temple, 198.
Duels in Tothill-Fields, 147.
Dyers' and Vintners' Companies' swans, 81.

Eastcheap, the old Saxon market, 98.
Elizabethan London, 102.

Faithorne's map, *temp.* Charles I., 119.
Farringdon street and road, 275.
Faringdon Ward, antiquity of, 80.
Ferrers, Earl, execution of, 284, 285.
Field-lane described by Dickens, 283.
Finsbury and Moorfields, *temp.* Elizabeth, 118.
Fire of London, the Great, 124.
Fish consumed in London, 90.
Fishmongers' Company, Lord Mayors from, 9.
Fitz, Richard, the Congregational pastor, 233.
Five Houses, or Seven Chimneys, Tothill-Fields, 145.
Fleet bridges, 281.
Fleet-ditch antiquities, 276.

Fleet-street, *temp.* Elizabeth, 107.
"Flock of Slaughter, the," 231.
Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Leicester House, 155.

Gallows, St. Giles's and Tyburn, 294.
Gardens and Walks, Gray's-Inn, 206.
George I., statue of, in Leicester-square, 167.
Giles's, St., Bowl, 287, 288.
Goldsmith in Gray's-Inn, 207.
Goldsmith, Inner and Middle Temple, 199-201.
Goldsmiths' Company, Lord Mayors from, 36.
Gray's-Inn and Francis Bacon, 205, 206.
Great Globe, Leicester-square, 168.
Gresham House, *temp.* Elizabeth, 114.
Gunpowder Plot and St. Clement's, 175.

Hall dinners in the Temple, 184, 185.
Hangman's fees, 305.
Hogarth in Leicester-square, 163.
Hogarth's "London Apprentices," 319.
Holcroft, Thomas, born, 171.
Hook, Theodore, and Dr. Maginn, 177.
Horseferry, Westminster, 160, 161.
House of Commons, Members expelled, 235.

Inns-of-Court dinners, 183.
Inner-Temple dinners, 185, 188.
Inns of old Southwark: Bear at the Bridge-foot, 139; Boar's Head, 137; George, 133; King's Head, 142; Tabard and Chaucer, 130-133; White Hart and Jack Cade, 135; White Lion, 141.

Jack Ketch, some account of, 296, 302-304.
"Jack Ketch's Warren," 269.
Johnson, Dr., Inner Temple, 196, 197.
Jousts in Tothill-Fields, 145.

Katherine's, St., by the Tower, 117.
Kit-Kat Club, 178, 179.

Lamb, Charles, birth of, 203.
Law Courts, new, site of, 172.
Lawyers' habits, change in, 226.
Leicester Fields and Square, 160, 161.
Leicester House, history of, 154.
Leverian Museum, the, 161.
Lincoln's-Inn and its Gardens, 218.
Lincoln's-Inn Masques and Christmasings, 188.
Linwood, Miss, her Needlework-pictures, 159.
Living in chambers, 189.
Lollards, the, 255, 258, 261.
Lombard-street, *temp.* Elizabeth, 113.
London in the 13th and 14th centuries, 91.
London Bridge and Tower, *temp.* Elizabeth, 116.
London, *temp.* Charles I., 119.
London houses, 12th century, 92.
London, Plantagenet, 86.
London in the time of Shakspeare, 123.
London Stone, 112.
Lyon's-Inn, last of, 215, 216.
Lord Mayor at the Accession of Queen Victoria, 68-74.
Lord Mayor's Day and Shows, 63-65.
Lord Mayors nonplused, 41.
Lord Mayor's State-coach described, 74-77.
Lord Mayors and Memorable Mayoralties: Abney, Sir Thomas, 33; Acton, Sir W., his great feast, 24; Barber, John, the patriotic printer, 39; Bat, Gerard, and Henry III., 3; Bateman, Sir Anthony, 27; Beckford, William, and his mayoralties, 42; his monument and speech, 43; Birch, Samuel, the confectioner, 55; Bowes, Sir Martin, 16; Boydell, engraver and print-publisher, 49; Bullen, Sir Geoffrey, 13; Chadworth, Sir John, his obit, 9; Clark, Richard, friend of Dr. Johnson, 49; Clayton, Sir Robert, 29; Colet, Sir Henry, and drinking to sheriffs, 15; Combe, H. C., brewer, 53; Craven, Sir William, 22; Crosby, Brass, imprisoned in the Tower, 41; Dashwood, Sir Samuel, 34; Dixie, Sir W., first pageant printed, 21; Domville, Sir. W., Allied Sovereigns at his feast, 54; Duncomb, Sir Charles, and St. Magnus' clock, 35; Edwin, Sir Humphrey, 32; Eyre, Sir

Simon, founder of Leadenhall, 11; Fitz-Ailwyn, first Mayor, 3; Fludyer, Sir Samuel, 40; Foster, Sir Stephen, and the rich widow, 13; Frederick, Sir John, and Pepys at his feast, 26; Garratt, John, 58; Gayer, Sir John, and the Lion, 25; Gresham, Sir Richard, 15; Heathcote, Sir Gilbert, 37; Hewet, Sir William, and the Leeds family, 20; Humphreys, Sir Thomas, and his lady, 37; Judde, Sir Andrew, epitaph on, 17; Kelly, Thomas, and Marshall, Chapman, their humble origin, 59; Key, John, twice Mayor, 58; Lawrence, Sir John, and the Plague, 27; Leman, Sir John, his pageant, 8; Magnays, father and son, Lord Mayors, 56; Musgrove, Sir John, Show re-designed, 61; Myddelton, Sir Thomas, 24; Norman, Sir John, 13; Osborne, Sir Edward, 21; Parsons, Humphrey, his coach-and-six, 39; Pennant, Sir Samuel, 40; Phillips, B. S., second Mayor of the Jewish faith, 61; Rainworth, Sir John, his tomb, 10; Reynardson, Sir Abraham, committed to the Tower, 26; Rokesley, Gregory, and Henry III., 5; Rose, Sir W. A. (Marriage of Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra) 62; Salomons, David, first Jewish Mayor, 61; Saunderson, Sir James, expenses of his mayoralty, 49-52; Sawbridge, robbed by highwaymen, 48; Sevenoake, Sir William de, 12; Shaw, Sir James, 54; Shaw, Sir John, built Guildhall Kitchen, 15; Shorter, Sir John, 30; Staines, Sir William, 53; Swinnerton, Sir John, and the Palsgrave, 23; Thorpe, Sir Thomas, 56; Venables, William, his "View of the Thames," 58; Viner, Sir Robert, and Charles II., 28; Waithman, Robert, his active life, 56; Walworth, Sir W., and Wat Tyler, 7; his epitaph, 8; Waterman, Sir George, and his Show, 28; White, Sir Thomas, splendid show, 17; Whittington, Sir Richard, 11; Wilkes, John, anecdotes of, 44-48; Wilson, Samuel, 60; Wood, Sir Matthew, twice Lord Mayor, 86.

Maire, Norman title, 2.
Marching Watch-pageants, 16.
Mayors, brave, 15.
Mayor's office, origin of, 1.
Mayors, three in one year, 15.
Maze in Tothill-Fields, 147.
Members expelled the House of Commons, 235.
Middle-Temple feasts, 186.
Millbank, antiquity of, 149.
Montague, Duke of, and Mrs. Thomas, 264.
More, Sir Thomas, paternity of, 217.

Ned Ward's account of Gray's-Inn Walks, 209.
New-Inn, and Sir Thomas More, 214.
Newton, Sir Isaac, his house, 171.
Nosegays, Tyburn, 292.

Old bourne, or Holborn, 108.
Oldcastle, Sir John, 270.

Pageant, picturesque, in 1575, 65.
Palmer's Village, Westminster, 153.
Panopticon and Alhambra, Leicester-square, 162, 163.
Paul's, St., Cathedral, old, 111.
Picard's mayoralty, 7.
Pilkington, Sir Thomas, satirised, 30, 31.
Plague, the Great, Clerkenwell, 271.
Plague in Tothill-Fields, 146.
Police, ancient, 95.
Population, *temp.* Elizabeth, 104.
Porson in the Middle Temple, 201.
Prefix of Lord to Mayor, 9.
Presentation of Mayor, 3.

Resuscitation after hanging, 307.
Revolution Plot in Bloomsbury, 263.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, in Leicester-square, 164, 165.
Rimbault, Dr., his account of Jack Ketch, 302.
Riots of 1780, 158.
Ritson in Gray's-Inn, 207, 208.
Rolls House, Chancery-lane, 218, 219.
Rose-alley, Clerkenwell, 272.

Saffron-hill, 279.
Sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, 247.
Sanctuaries in Westminster, 153.

Sanitary regulations, 13th century, 93.
Savile House and Leicester-square, 154.
School for thieves at Smart's-quay, 310-312.
Serjeants-at-law, brotherhood of, 212, 213.
Serle's-place and Shire-lane, 170.
Sewage, ancient, 96.
Sheppard, Jack, from the pulpit, 312.
Ship-yard, Strand, 181.
Shire-lane, last of, 180.
Smithfield, ancient, 109.
Smithfield, battles in, 240, 241.
Smithfield Martyrs, 262.
Southwark Great Fire, 134.
"Spenser, rich," 22.
"Squire Dunn," the executioner, 301.
St. Martin's-le-Grand Sanctuary, 247.
St. Sepulchre's Bell, 288, 289.
Staple-Inn, Dr. Johnson in, 204.
Statue in Leicester-square, 165.
Strand, *temp.* Elizabeth, 106.
Swans, laws relating to, 80.
Swan-upping on the Thames, 79.

Tavern sharping, old, 251.
Temple, the early, 183.
Temple Bar, ceremony at, 71.
Thornhill's portrait of Jack Sheppard, 314.
Thurloe Papers, the, 217.
Tothill, origin of, 143.
Tothill-Field fairs, 144.
Tothill-Fields in former days, 142.
Tothill-Fields, Scotch prisoners in, 146.
Tothill-Fields, Trial by Battle in, 241-245.
Tressilian's execution, 294.
Trials by Battle: Abraham Thornton for murder, 238; Blowberne and Le Stare, 240; Horner and Peter, 240.
Trumpet Tavern, Shire-lane, 178, 179.
Turnmill or Turnbull-street, infamy of, 266.
Tyburn ticket, 304.
"Tyburn tree," 295.

"Up the Heavy Hill," 284.

Victualling Plantagenet London, 86.

Waddington, Dr., literary discovery by, 233.
Wages of Jack Ketch, 305.
West-street, Clerkenwell, 277.
Wild, Jonathan, the Great, 315.
Witch-burning in Smithfield, 254, 255.
Woollett, the engraver, 170.
Woulfe, the alchemist, in Barnard's-Inn, 209, 210.

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